February 10, 1940

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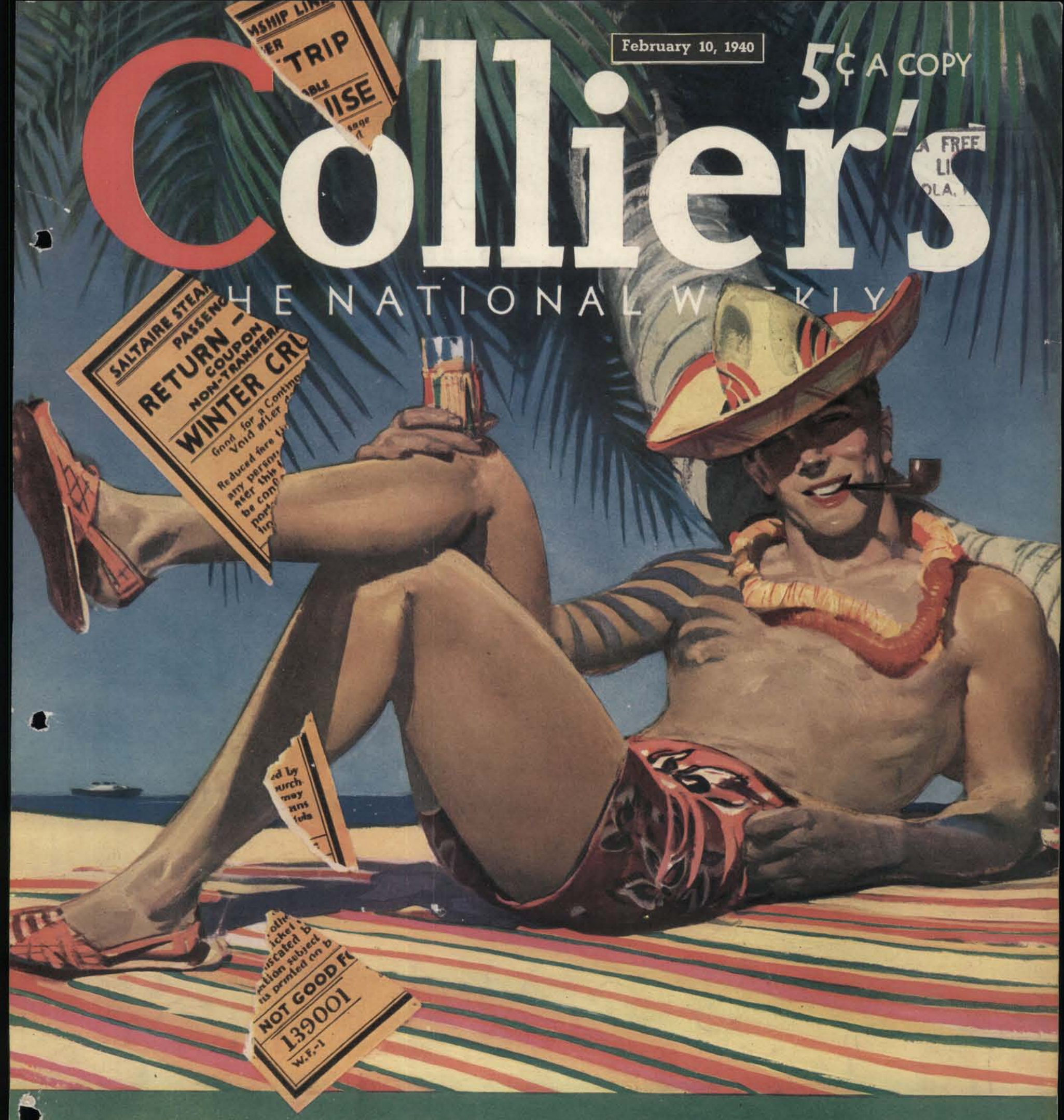
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



LET ME CALL YOU COMRADE

A NOVEL – Gay, Turbulent, Youthful – BY FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN

© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY PUBLISHERS OF THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE – COLLIER'S – WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

JUNE E THOMPSON
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FEB. 10, 1940

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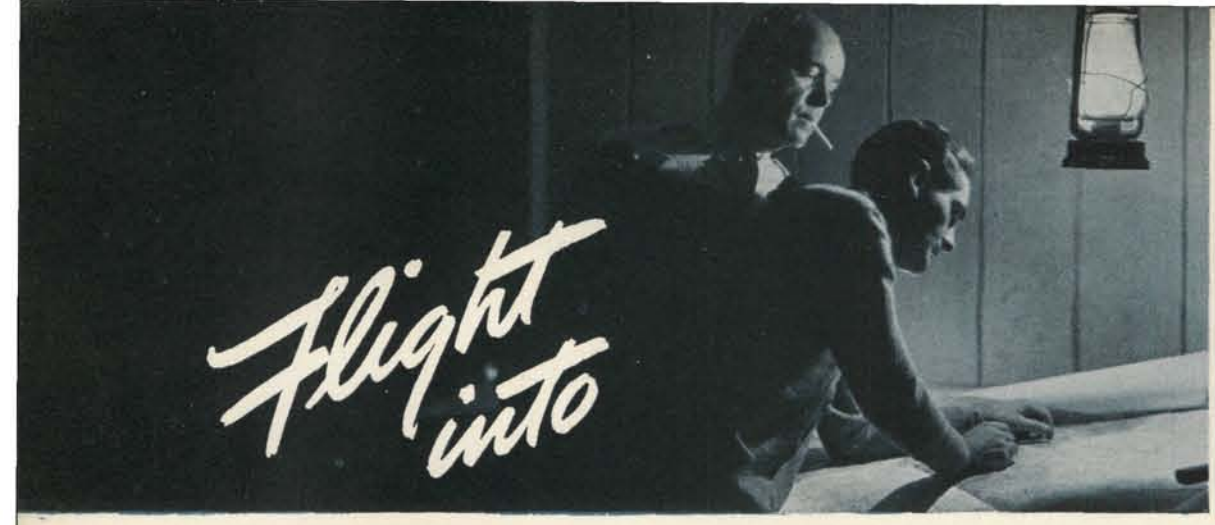

Flight into CANADA

1. "*Not long ago* I made an aerial survey trip from Seattle, over British Columbia, to Juneau, Alaska," writes an aviator. "You may be interested in the story connected with it because it involves Canadian Club.

2. "*The camera I use* is a 50-pound instrument for making aerial photographs of large areas of land. When we had it installed, I took off. I was to land at Prince Rupert, B. C., to refuel, but I was a hundred miles from there, when the motor began to sputter and die...

3. "I *had no choice* but to bail out. The wind was so strong it was completely impossible to guide the chute. I couldn't tell where I was going to land. Then I hit ground, and almost knocked down a trapper who had been standing there watching me! He helped me collapse the chute. Then, without a word, he handed me a bottle of Canadian Club. I wish I could tell you how good that warming, friendly flavor seemed after what I'd just been through. That whisky of yours served as a perfect introduction. We're still good friends, the three of us—the trapper, Canadian Club, and I!"

CHANGE TODAY, AS THOUSANDS HAVE

Taste for yourself why more Americans drink Canadian Club than any other Imported Whisky

WHY do *twice* as many Americans now drink Canadian Club as did a few years ago? Why have they changed to this rare, imported whisky?

The answer is in Canadian Club's utterly *distinctive* flavor—its all-round agreeable nature—that surprises and delights *all* tastes. Men themselves say Canadian Club is "*light* as Scotch," "*rich* as rye," "*satisfying* as bourbon." Yet it has a delicious flavor all its own.

In Scotland, as in U.S.A., Canadian Club is the leading imported whisky. It is a favorite in 87 lands. Discover why, for yourself. Just try this unusual whisky in your usual drink, and taste the pleasing difference. Start to enjoy Canadian Club today! Canadian Club Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof. Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

IN 87 LANDS WHISKY-WISE MEN ASK FOR

"Canadian Club"

6 YEARS OLD

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Now Find Out Easily which is Your Best Buy

IN EASY "ONE-TWO" ORDER YOU CAN TELL WHICH OF "ALL THREE" LOW-PRICED CARS GIVES YOU BIGGEST VALUE FOR YOUR MONEY

ONE: See the 1940 Quality Chart...a revealing comparison of "All Three" in size... safety...luxury and long-life engineering. **TWO:** Take Plymouth's delightful Luxury Ride—it completes the evidence that Plymouth is most like the high-priced cars!

IN TWO EASY STEPS YOU KNOW THE BEST BUY...

1. SEE THE QUALITY CHART FOR FACTS...

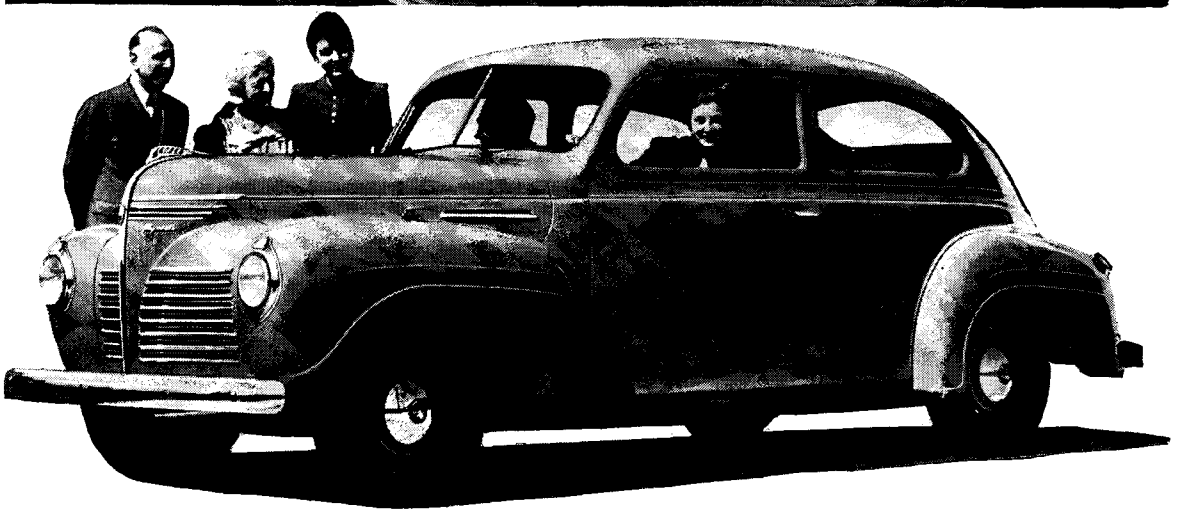
2. TAKE THE LUXURY RIDE FOR PROOF

Of 22 Important Features Found in High-Priced Cars— PLYMOUTH has 21..CAR "2" has 11..CAR "3" has 8

THERE ARE GREAT differences among the 1940 low-priced c ...differences in size, quality, and *value* that are switching thousands to the 1940 Plymouth!

This year, *high-priced* cars resemble each other on 22 important quality features. However, of "All Three" *low-priced* cars, the new Plymouth is the only one that gives you a majority of these features.

The 1940 Quality Chart tells the big story at a glance. See it at your nearby Plymouth dealer's. And to find out how these quality features contribute to your riding and driving enjoyment—take Plymouth's thrilling Luxury Ride. And remember, this brilliant 1940 Plymouth is remarkably *easy to buy!*



TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' HOUR, COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM, THURS., 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.
BUSINESS MEN! SEE THE LOW-PRICED 1940 PLYMOUTH COMMERCIAL PICK-UP AND PANEL DELIVERY!

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

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WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Next Week

YOU are a great singer; you are Tito Schipa, Galli-Curci, Lawrence Tibbett — any operatic star you want to be. Nonsense? Not any more. For a young physicist-writer named Gilbert Wright has invented an apparatus that enables you to be anything that makes a noise, from a cement mixer to a philharmonic orchestra. It's not a toy; it's a scientific apparatus called Sonovox. Nancy Pope shows you how it works in "Thanks for Your Voice."

ONLY dyed-in-the-wool nickelodeon fans could understand why a fine girl like Josie Farrell, with a chance for a good manicurist job in a big hotel, wasted her time acting in moving pictures. But Josie had a reason: she was pretty sweet on Eddie, who was general utility man at Megascope. That is, she was until she met Mr. Lawrence, who had just completed a smash-hit tour of the provinces starring in Ten Nights in a Barroom. For Josie it became a struggle between her art and her romance, with both winning when it became apparent that "Pictures Are Here to Stay." Matt Taylor tells a gay story of motion pictures in their swaddling clothes.

IN THE stalemated armies defending Germany's Siegfried Line, there's more gossip than fighting. It's behind the lines that one sees the dramatic high lights, in the everyday life of a great people struggling to adapt themselves to the emergency conditions imposed by war. W. B. Courtney takes you to Berlin and shows you "Now, in Germany—"

PERHAPS Captain Brame, of the British steamer Tarnbrook, should have known better than to carry a passenger through submarine-infested waters on the trip from Pernambuco to the Thames. But the man had begged passage to escape the vengeance of German agents. What it led to was a crashing climax as the ship neared its "Rendezvous." W. Townend tells this timely short story of an audacious bit of international intrigue.

FREDERICK NEBEL gives you the story of "One Cold Night," in which four peoples' destinies are shaped. Edwin Muller takes you "Above Timber Line" with the daredevils who challenge snow peaks in winter. And Frank Condon, Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, Octavus Roy Cohen and others join in to entertain you. Just be patient till Friday.

Collier's

February 10, 1940

This Week

SHORT STORIES

CHARLES ALEXANDER
Red Petticoat. Education and romance come to pioneer Oregon. Page 12

THOMAS WALSH
Ed Mahoney's Boy. The good that men do lives after them. Page 16

MARY FREELS ROSBOROUGH
Bright Leaf. Suwannee River lullaby. Page 22

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
National Heart Throb, by Caroline Clark. Page 21

SERIAL STORIES

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN
Let Me Call You Comrade. The first of five parts. International intrigue can be pretty funny. Page 9

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN
Romance in Crimson. The second of ten parts. Vacation from peril. Page 18

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WALTER DAVENPORT
Kelley Won't Budge. The world's hottest pianist, shunning fame. Page 20

DAN PARKER
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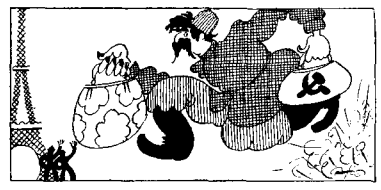
COVER E. M. JACKSON

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	W. B. COURTNEY	Germany
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	FRANK GERVASI	France
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Sports	MARTHA GELLHORN	Scandinavia
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	JIM MARSHALL	The Orient
KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction	WM. HILLMAN	European Manager
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction	DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor	FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs
		JOHN T. FLYNN	Associate Editor

Any Week

ALL too soon we shall be listening to a vast amount of wholly unreliable stuff about somebody who is going to run unsuccessfully for President. We receive this dismal information from Mr. Carl Balt of Buffalo, New York. He adds that we shall be deluged with a like quantity of untrustworthy roaring about the gentleman who will be the successful nominee. Mr. Balt is quite eager to do something corrective about it. He proposes to beseech Congress to pass what he calls his Bonded Ballyhoo Bill, under which all candidates will be held financially responsible for all misinformation broadcast about their records, capabilities and reliability. Mr. Balt seems rather worked up about it, saying, almost bitterly, that "the political arena is filled with second-rate men striving mightily to become third-rate."

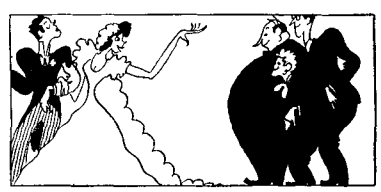


IN THE interest of the neutrality we are striving with more or less success to maintain, we felt that we ought to tell Mr. Stalin, the Primo Carnera of the European war, what Mr. Gregory Prenner of Wheeling, West Virginia, thinks. Mr. Prenner thinks that Mr. Stalin made a great mistake in teaching Russian soldiers the joys of liquidating their officers. "It used to be a great joke about Latin-American armies having more officers than enlisted men," says Mr. Prenner, "but it's no joke. Those Latin-Americans knew what they were doing. The usual army has more men than officers and that's bad. Times have changed. A thousand men can lick ten or twenty officers. I am a Russian and get letters to tell me what's going on in the Russian army. After a couple more battles, Stalin had better beat it for Switzerland or Paris."

MR. JAMES H. CRUICKSHANK of New York City, accuses us of saying that antivivisectionists "are watery-eyed and beg in the streets." We have, like Mr. Cruickshank and many others, said a great many foolish things in our time but never that. Mr. Cruickshank adds that he is an antivivisectionist "and proud of it." There was something else we wanted to say to Mr. Cruickshank. Oh, yes. It's pretty unimportant but we wanted him to know that our first name is not Homer.

IN THE meantime Mr. Alexander Joestman of Minneapolis, Minnesota, notifies us that he has been writing a bit of proposed legislation that would make war an even more expensive national pastime. Mr. Joestman thinks that war might be made a completely unattainable luxury and therefore beyond the reach even of the United States. "All I'm asking," says he, "is that, after peace is restored, the government guarantee to each veteran and other person whom war has deprived of his job, a weekly sum equal to what they were getting when war took them or threw them out of their jobs. This grant would continue until we got our jobs back again."

AFTER several years of concentrated thought about "poverty, pensions, purchasing power and prosperity," Dr. B. B. Jump of Los Angeles, California, is about to organize the National Graduated Currency Plan, which, he advises us, is "my last word on the subject." The doctor would divide us all into income groups. For each group, from the lowest to the highest, the dollar would have a varying purchasing power. For example, the person getting twenty dollars a week would be able to buy with that sum the same amount of merchandise as the fellow getting forty. And the person getting fifty a week would be able to buy as much as his neighbor who got a hundred. And so on. "The only difficulty I have to surmount," says the doctor, "is doubt. Perhaps you doubt whether it will work. It will not work if that's your attitude. So please stop doubting. Once we stop this doubting we'll be okay. Graduated currency is the short cut to paradise."



AND we've just been asked by a young lady in Illinois to give her the name of "two or three prominent men who would like to take part in my wedding." She says that she is willing to set the date to suit. "I am very fond of interesting men such as writers, artists and big businessmen. We will have a very nice time. I do hope you can suggest somebody, otherwise there will be nobody of interest at my wedding."

POOR guy. . . . W. D.

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MY DAD KNOWS A LOT ABOUT DRIVING AND HE SAYS BLOW-OUTS ARE MUCH WORSE THAN SKIDS!
YOU'RE CRAZY, MY DAD KNOWS TWICE AS MUCH AS YOURS AND HE SAYS SKIDS ARE MUCH MORE DANGEROUS!
WHY ARGUE? BOTH ARE DANGEROUS!

New Goodrich Tire Protects You Against *BOTH* Skids and Blow-outs

● Usually "kid" fights start over something mighty trivial. But the cause of this battle is something that every grown-up car driver needs to take seriously. Because when you realize that thousands are killed or injured every year by skids and blow-outs *alone*—it's plenty plain that *both* are dangerous.

Yes, and there's no argument, either, when it comes to the tire that will give you *real* protection against these hazards . . . it's the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown.

Quickest Non-Skid Stops

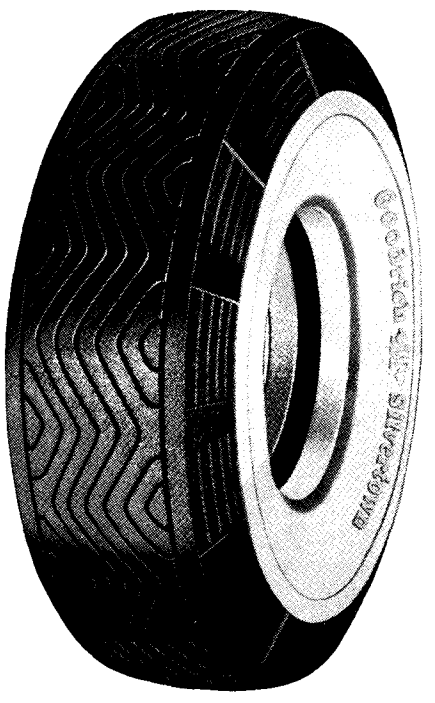
'Way up the list of safety features in this new Silvertown is the Life-Saver Tread—that is specially designed to act on wet roads like a whole *rapid-fire* battery of windshield wipers. It sweeps the water right and left—forces it out through the deep drainage grooves—leaves a track so dry you can actually *light a match on it!* And when a pavement is swept *that* dry, it's easy to understand why this tire will stop you quicker, safer than you've ever stopped before!

And, adding one safety feature to another, this new Silvertown gives you the famous Golden Ply. By resisting internal tire heat, this *exclusive* Golden Ply provides scientific protection against high-speed blow-outs.

Don't take chances with either a skid *or* a blow-out. See your nearest Goodrich Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store now about putting Silvertowns on your car—the tire that does "double duty" as a life-saver.

MINIATURE REPRODUCTION OF
YOUR NEW 1940 LICENSE PLATE
On a Key Chain

Made of brass with rounded corners. Drive in to your nearest Goodrich Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store and ask them to get one for you. No obligation. Only 10 cents to cover cost of handling.



The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

LIFE-SAVER TREAD SKID PROTECTION — GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION

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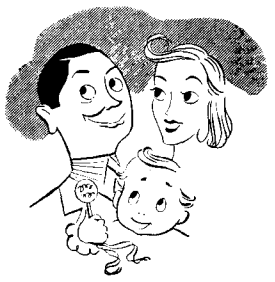
GET AHEAD IN THE WORLD

by Paul V. Barrett



Despite the millions of unemployed in this country, there is actually an acute shortage of *skilled* labor and *trained* men.

Contrary to popular belief, the International Correspondence Schools do not compete with resident schools and universities. The average I.C.S. student is 27 years old, employed, married, a parent, and unable to attend a resident, full-time school.

"Our Manager and Vice-President, our Steel Shop Foreman, our Chief Engineer, our Foundry Foreman, and our Machine Shop Foreman are I.C.S.-trained, and rank high in their fields," writes James H. Fuller, President, Inter-State Foundry and Machine Company, Johnson City, Tennessee.

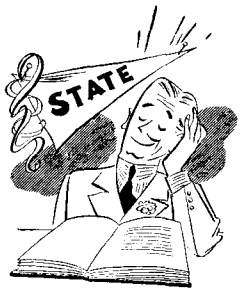
Slightly more than 10% of I.C.S. students are college or university graduates.

80% of all I.C.S. students are studying courses directly related to their present employment.

Men without special training face long odds. 2000 men recently applied for one $35-a-week job in Philadelphia.

America's technological progress is reflected in the tremendous task of keeping 400 I.C.S. business and technical courses abreast of every new development.

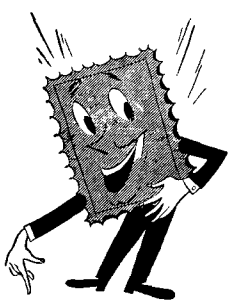
About 700,000 lessons and drawing plates are handled yearly at the I.C.S. home office, representing more than 10,000,000 study hours by adult students in their homes.



I.C.S. has never "taught by mail." The mails simply act as a go-between between the I.C.S. faculty and the student body.

More than a score of State Universities have adopted textbooks originally prepared by the International Correspondence Schools.

In the city of Fort Wayne, Indiana (population 115,000), there are more than 8000 I.C.S. students and former students. In New York City, there are more than 200,000. Every city, town and village in the United States has its quota.



More than 2000 companies, large and small, have current employee-training agreements with I.C.S.

The coupon below has been mailed by approximately 10,000,000 persons since the founding of I.C.S. in 1891. Of these men and women, thousands are among today's leaders in business and industry.

A postage stamp will bring you complete information on the services offered by these world-famous Schools. Simply check the subject you are interested in, fill in the information blanks, and mail the coupon below. This simple act has started thousands on the road to success.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
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Please send me complete information on your courses on the subject indicated:

☐ Accounting	☐ College Preparatory	☐ Mechanical Engineering
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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Censorship of programs on national networks has become so strict, through much absurd criticism, that, for a time, NBC even banned the word "beer" in the song Beer Barrel Polka for fear it might offend some temperance society.

Several cottonseed oil mills in the South still use the coarse hair of Chinese women to weave the mats through which the oil is separated from the seeds after they have been mashed by hydraulic process. One large mill in Memphis purchases two thousand heads of such hair a month for this purpose.—*By Katherine Gauger, Memphis, Tennessee.*

For one dollar paid to beneficiaries of life-insurance policies in the United States, two dollars are paid to living policyholders in dividends, matured endowments, discontinued policy proceeds and annuity and disability payments.—*By W. K. Carr, Tulsa, Oklahoma.*

The Japanese hold the world's most sentimental ceremonies—Buddhist masses for the "souls" of such objects as ships that have been sunk, oysters that have been eaten, dolls that have been smashed and needles that have been broken in the past year.

Because an etching is drawn directly on a metal plate, there is no such thing as an "original etching" on paper.—*By Dr. W. T. Adelhelm, Upper Darby, Pennsylvania.*

In 1910, almost twenty-four per cent of the high-school students of the United States studied the German language. Today this figure has declined to approximately one per cent.—*By L. R. Thompson, Sioux Falls, South Dakota.*

The American Museum of Natural History in New York keeps a small "army" of live beetles, whose job is to clean the bones of animals before they are mounted.

Of the ten thousand persons who have been convicted of espionage in this country, not one was a Negro.—*By Harold Ziegler, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

All species of snakes shed the outer film of their eyes when they shed their skins.—*By Louise Mathisen, Los Angeles, California.*

The American Legion now has fifty-nine posts composed entirely of women.—*By C. W. Dickerson, Nowata, Oklahoma.*

Not long ago, almost all air-line revenue was derived from a government mail subsidy. Today more than sixty-five per cent of air-line income is from passenger fares.

Because of its high nitrogen content, most of the hogs' hair obtained in the slaughtering houses of this country is made into fertilizer.

More fish is used in manufacturing processes and products than is eaten as food.—*By Mrs. J. M. Cornelison, Houston, Texas.*

A million dollars invested in a recent issue of ninety-one-day United States Treasury Bills, which had an average selling price of 99.996, would have made only $40 income in the three months, or $3.08 a week.—*By Ralph Irving, New York, New York.*

When the Empress of Ireland sank in the St. Lawrence River on May 29, 1914, the amount of money and jewels that the heirs of the victims claimed had been deposited in the purser's safe was so large that the insurers went to the expense of having it salvaged. When opened, the safe contained less than five per cent of the alleged loss.

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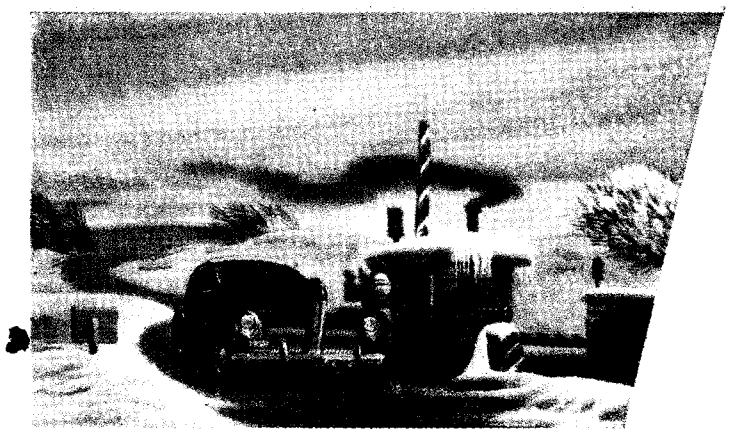


IT'S JUNE-IN-JANUARY with automatic "Weather Eye". Nash Manifold-Sealed engine gives unvarying performance, flash starting, all year 'round; pick-up of 15 to 50 MPH in 12.9 seconds, *high* gear. Service everywhere at more than 1800 Nash dealers. Take a ride today!

RIDE IN LUXURY! It's the world's only car with amazing "Arrow-Flight" principle of front coil springs, and super shock-absorbers controlling synchronized springs in back. Nash longer life assures you higher resale value.

Today's Your Day!

WILL YOU TRADE four stuffy walls for an amazing adventure—this afternoon?

Then come with us!

Don't say it's too cold. We will spin a dial and conjure up a warm May day . . . put you in a seat that's softer than your favorite arm-chair . . . then show you sights no motorist ever saw before!

You're going to drive a 1940 "Weather Eye" Nash.

Just hold on tight—when you trip the trigger to that engine up front. This Nash just hates the ground it stands on!

It has something *new* in power—and it's terrific. Three flicks of your gear-finger, and you vanish from sight. Then a Fourth Speed Forward cuts in—and the scenery goes by in double-quick time!

But wait—1940 has put a new thrill in that throttle! Press a little harder, and an entirely new sprinting speed—the new Nash Automatic Overtake—whisks you by the car ahead.

You're in the country now, in a maze of frozen ruts. But—before your astonished eyes—that sleek and slender hood out front stays steady as a rock—and you never feel the bounce from the wheels.

Cradled close to the flying road, skimming the powdery snow, you listen to the sweet whisper of that engine, and relax in "Weather Eye" Spring.

What matter, if the way gets rougher, and the gale blows stronger? You don't care—for you've found a whole new season of the year to have fun in!

• • •

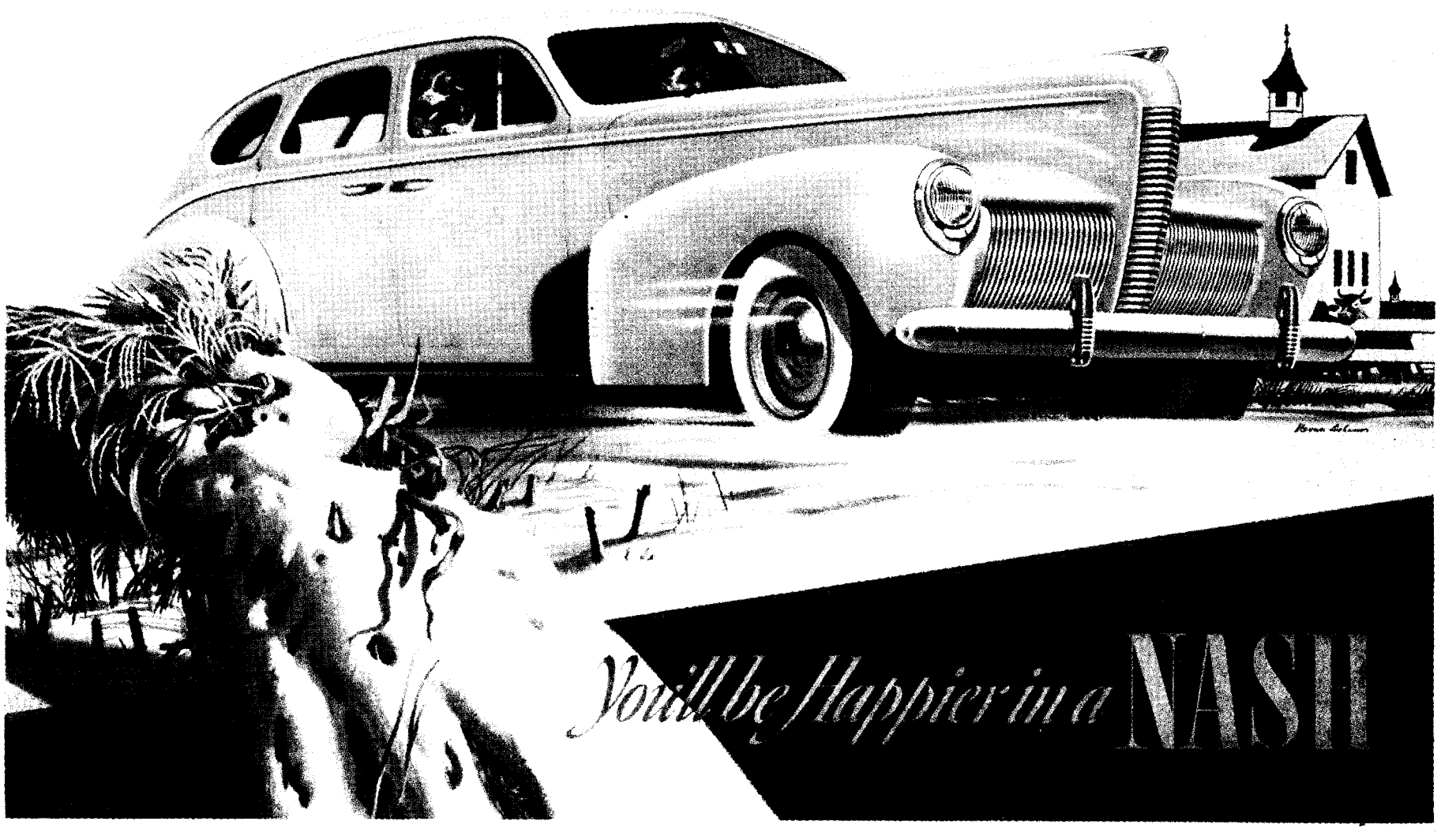
From Sealed Beam lights to the convertible bed in back for camping, a Nash is made for fun . . . 12 full months a year of it! Why take any car that offers less?

You'll find prices are next to the lowest . . . economy that's won cups in competition . . . a new standard of value . . . *and a record for long life that we believe is without parallel!*

But, above all, you'll find *fun*. What about going out with us this afternoon?

LOWER PRICES: from $795 delivered at Factory! 4-door Sedan (below) $875, includes Standard Equipment and Federal Taxes. White Sidewall Tires, Weather Eye, Rear Wheel-Shields, Fourth Speed are optional extras.

$795



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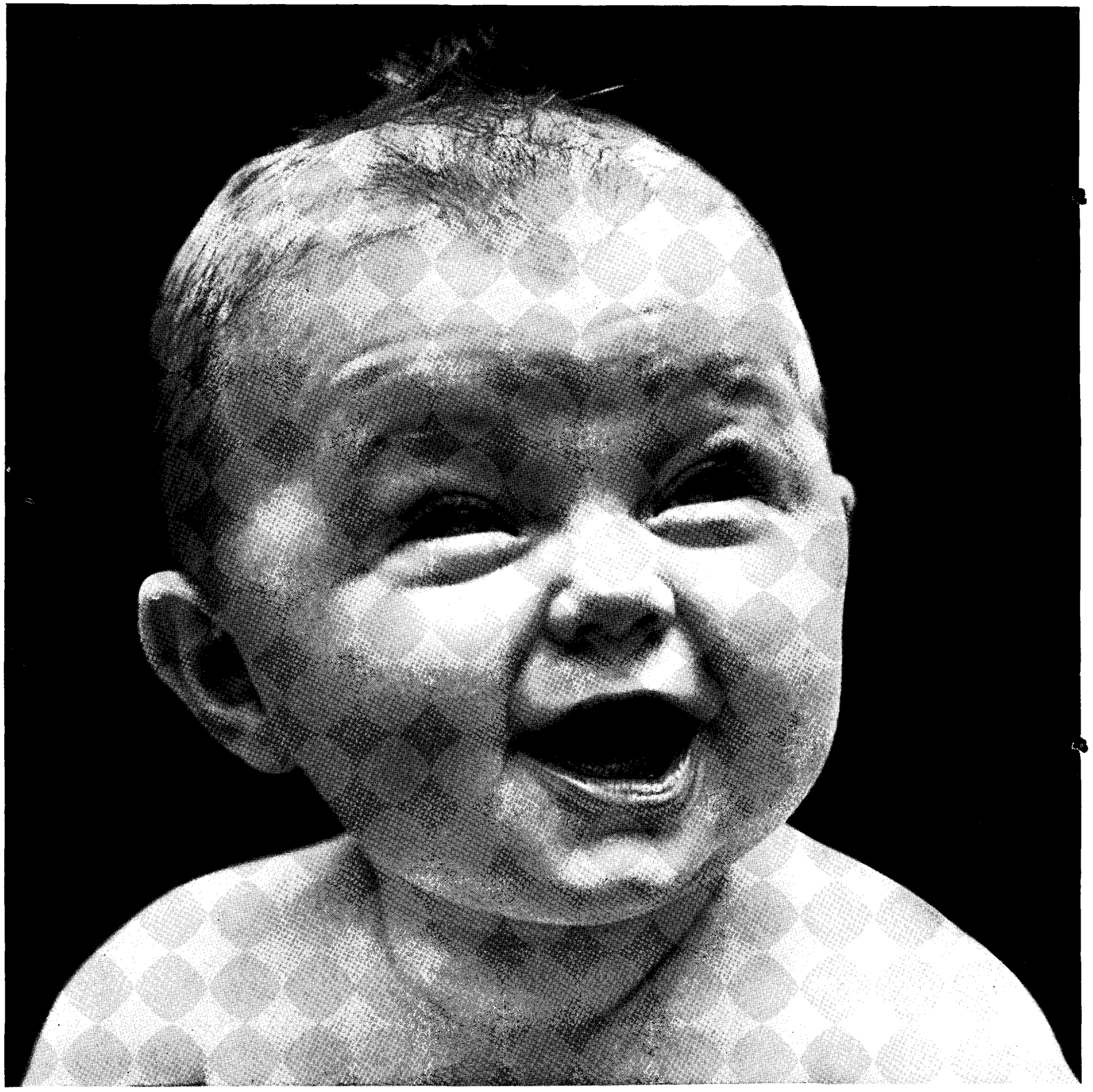

"YOU'RE TELLING ME!"

"That's a funny one. You're telling me what a great thing the telephone is. As if I didn't know!

"Why, I'm one of the main reasons there's a telephone in our house. For you can bet your life I keep the folks pretty busy around here.

"Just think! If we didn't have a telephone, we couldn't order things in a hurry from the stores. And Grandma couldn't call up to ask if I had a tooth. And Daddy couldn't talk to us when he's out of town. And Mother would be tied down just something awful.

"And suppose one of us suddenly took sick? Or there was a fire? Or a robber, maybe? Well, I don't worry about those things when I see the telephone.

" 'Doesn't cost much either,' my Daddy says. And Mother says, 'I don't know what I'd do without it.' "

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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COMRADES, brothers in the Bund, Commu-Nazis!—when comes Der Tag or the Red Dawn or Der Red Tag, Miss Audrey Atkinson must be spared. Touch one hair of her slightly rattlebrained and bourgeois head and you expose the Hollywood Trojan horse to a fate far worse than death. I mean, people might laugh.

But if any fellow traveler thinks Audrey would blanch at the tumbrel or quail before a firing squad, he simply does not know the girl. Offhand, I can name no young woman of my acquaintance who would submit to liquidation with such flowing, charmful grace. I am sure Audrey would turn her back on the blood-spattered wall, that high altar of Commu-Nazism, and smile with sublime indifference as she said: "Tell Aunt Tissy to go right on doing good. Tell all the people in the Hollywood Trojan horse that I forgive them!"

No, not all our tears or Audrey's smiles would save her at the last. But the Hollywood Trojan horse will intercede for her. It had jolly well better. The term "Trojan horse" being merely the latest euphemism for a group of American citizens who give secret allegiance to foreign dictators, what if certain names were published? Could the Baroness Thiele afford to have the real story come out? Would movie stars like Joan Bakewell, Sylvia Ceeley, John Rigney and Douglas Pervynn dare to have the truth published? Could even Boris Koslov-Kundbeischer or Katrinka Rolfe, the beautiful Nihilist, sign the fateful warrant?

After what has just happened, I beg leave to doubt that the boys and girls in our Hollywood Trojan horse would abandon Audrey to Commu-Nazism's vengeance. Someone might print the facts. Some reactionary traitor might describe how Audrey, in her mad career of trying to save young men from wickedness, accidentally collided with the Hollywood Trojan horse.

A writer dastardly enough to tell the truth about Audrey, Barney McGill, mystery, murder and the Hollywood Trojan horse would have to begin with the night Audrey handed Greville "Touter" Hailsham the mitten. I wasn't there, but it must have been awful. She wheedled the boy into taking her to an ice-cream social on the lawn of a Beverly Hills church. Mistaking the atmosphere of piety without for reformation within, Touter popped the question. Whereupon, Audrey denounced him as an unregenerate gambler right in front of the dean, the vestry and the corporation. Touter was a gambler to the last. He figured it a two-to-one shot that Audrey didn't have the proof, so he denied that he had broken his vow to quit gambling for her sweet sake. But Audrey named the day, the race, the horse and the price at Santa Anita, bursting into tears just as the bishop arrived on the scene. It must have been awful.

So what does Touter do but hoist a snootful at the nearest bar—a block and a half from the church—and get himself bumped by a telegraph messenger boy on a motor scooter crossing Beverly Boulevard. Whereas an habitual toss-pot would have escaped three messenger boys riding abreast on motor scooters, Touter had been a teetotaler up to that evening. He suffered contusions and the Beverly cops jugged him D. O. S. (drunk on street). Which proves that gamblers should also be drunkards, as I see it. At any rate, my telephone rang at 2:47 A. M. Never earlier than 1:45 A. M. and never later than 7:15 A. M. my telephone rings. It's great to be in the newspaper

She paces floors very well, having a stride that a British novelist would describe as "a lithe, shootin' field gait"

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business with your private, confidential number known to thousands.

"Audrey got me, pal!" gasped Touter, from his bench of pain. "Do something quick!"

Audrey got me! How many times had I heard that old tag line since my noble past did out and it became known around town that Audrey and I sang together in the cathedral choir, girl and boy? I am a marked man as the newspaper guy who knows Audrey Atkinson. They look up at me wistfully from night-club tables and say it. They buttonhole me on the pier at Wilmington just before sailing for Honolulu to forget. They sink soggily into the seat beside me at prize fights and football games. They stagger across the floor of a club lounge, a saloon or a hoosegow and with a brave smile huskily whisper, "Audrey got me!" There was Edward "Stew" Calmoth . . . and Benny "Jiggs" Morcum . . . and Lester "Skeets" Trowbridge . . . and . . .

But, after all, I had received many a well-meant horse-race tip from Touter Hailsham, and one of these days the lad might really have something.

Dashing to the Beverly pokey, I stood before old Touter with balm and comfort, to wit: "There's always hope. What were her exact words?"

They never want to get to the point. It is a characteristic of all Audrey's suitors. They become amateur dramatists, full of bathos, heavy climaxes and loud curtains. Touter began by sketching the set, which had, he said, an old world ecclesiastical charm. It had filled him with nostalgia for the chapel at Amherst. (Touter was expelled for too many chapel cuts among other good and sufficient causes.) Ah, the brave, clean, innocent days of . . .

"What did she say, Touter?"

There he was, Touter continued, actually attending an ice-cream social in the shadow of the church—and loving it. When he looked at Audrey (was it Titian who painted redheaded angels?) he realized how beautiful, how divinely right she was. Audrey knew him better than he knew himself. She had sensed something fine in him that the horses were killing; it was why the dear girl had insisted on his reformation. What was the cheap thrill of putting a hundred bucks on the nose of Malicious compared to m-marrying—

"I want her exact words, Touter," I said, sternly, "verbatim—or I go home to bed."

Well, it finally came out that Audrey had been concise, explicit and emphatic.

"I never want to see your evil face again," were her exact words.

It looked to me very much like the genuine worsted mitten.

"Touter, old man," I said, "if I were you, I would start on a tour of all the race tracks in America. I would go with the dawn, or as soon as you can square the cops and the messenger kid. This is the voice of experience."

Touter gave forth an agonized hiccup and lurched to his feet.

"She said worse things to Stew Calmoth!" he cried, "but she gave him another chance. All I ask is one more chance. Tell her that. Be humble, crawl, if you must—"

"If *I* must?"

TOUTER clawed feebly at my coat lapels.

"For heaven's sake, don't be arrogant! It won't work with Audrey. She's right and we're wrong. We're not fit to pick up crumbs from her doorstep, neither of us—"

"I go home to bed now," I said.

"Scoop! Old pal . . . wait—"

But I went on out of there. The police doctor wouldn't let Touter follow; there seemed to be some hope on the part of the cops that he had a skull fracture. I did pause at the desk long enough to sign his bond. The intercession with Audrey idea was cold, however. I had long ago learned that when she fails to reform a chap and hands him the frosty "No" her wrath is that of an angry and jealous goddess. Why, one time, merely because I put in a feeble plea for Skeets Trowbridge . . .

I got no farther than the sidewalk in front of the pokey.

A big car swished up to the curb and out climbed Miss Audrey Atkinson, a maid with a big thermos hamper of food, a doctor and Clarence, the Atkinson chauffeur.

"Scoop! Is he badly hurt?"

I'm afraid I glared.

"Dead," I said, "and undoubtedly in hell."

"You big liar," Audrey said.

She turned to the doctor and said: "You go right in, Dr. Stiner. You, too, Phyllis. And Clarence, you sort of wait around inside in case Dr. Stiner needs anything. But mind you, I will not see Mr. Hailsham under any circumstances!"

Audrey shooed them all up the steps, then turned to me:

"Dr. Stiner is the sweetest man . . . a refugee from Austria . . . but he got right out of bed when I phoned."

I said: "So did I . . . when Touter phoned . . . and I'm no refugee and not a bit sweet. Good night!"

"Oh, no, you don't," Audrey said. "I've got to talk to you about poor Grevvy."

"It's a date. Right on this spot. A year from now. Good night."

She knew how to answer that. She quivered a bit, as if struck by the lash. Big tears rolled out of her eyes. She wrapped her mink coat about her and turned away. She climbed into the tonneau, leaving the door open and the light on. She sank miserably into a corner and bit her lip. The young Billie Burke, the young Anita Stewart, the young Garbo in a wig like a golden haze, the present Ann Sheridan, only prettier. Yes, prettier. Would *I* kid you?

"All right . . . talk fast," I said.

"In a moment, Ralph dear," she said. Then, after a delicately timed struggle for self-control: "Grevvy . . . poor darling. Is—is he suffering much?"

"No," I said.

"Will—will his face be marred?"

"No."

"Oh, I'm so glad. If he had any scars I could never forgive myself. Never!"

"His heart isn't broken either," I said.

Audrey blinked.

"I'm glad," she said. "I'm so glad he isn't hurt—in any way. Of course, a nasty-tempered cynic like you could hardly be expected to believe that."

"No," I said.

"What *do* you believe—about Grevvy and me?"

"There has been no sinful act," I said. "It was beautiful, moral and uplifting. I'm sleepy. So, if you don't mind too much—"

"You're horrid!"

"Yes."

"You blame me! You think I shouldn't have tried to help Grevvy! You—you'd laugh over his poor, broken, dead body."

"Whoa, now—he isn't dead."

"He will be—some day."

"Won't we all?"

AUDREY leaned toward me earnestly: "I mean a gambler's death, Scoop. I mean—well—*suicide*."

"Touter Hailsham?"

"Yes, and you'd foresee it, if you weren't so callous!" Then, sweetly reproachful: "How can you blame me for trying to help him? You're a newspaperman. You know how gamblers end. Doesn't it ever *haunt* you, when you look at Grevvy?"

"No," I said.

"It haunts me so sometimes that I—I just can't bear it. I see him in some tawdry hotel room . . . alone . . . broke . . . far from his friends . . . bitter and hopeless." She clutched my arm. "He'd kill himself. You know he would!"

We had been over sticky ground like this many times.

"My dear Audrey," I said, "when are you going to stop sentimentalizing? Touter Hailsham has a trust fund of about two million bucks. While it is true that he practically never wins a bet, all

(Continued on page 51)

He seemed to recognize Audrey. "Oh!" he said. "Excuse me!" He leaped to his feet

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THE NEW GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

THOMAS

Undisputed queen of the light-comedy stage is long-legged Gertrude Lawrence

By Quentin Reynolds

The team of Gertrude Lawrence and Noel Coward is one of the happiest combinations of talent the theatrical world has ever known; it's a friendship started back in childhood days

ONCE upon a time there was a small girl living in the suburbs of London. Her name was Gertrude Lawrence. She was the envy of the whole neighborhood because she owned a bicycle. It was a very good bicycle too, but strangely enough once the pride of ownership had passed little Gertrude became a bit tired of her toy. What she really liked was music. She was crazy about music.

Now in the same neighborhood there lived a very small boy who lisped and he was paying violent court to our Gertrude. . . . Gertrude still suspects that the boy was more interested in the bicycle than in herself. But she liked him. She liked him especially because he owned a phonograph and he had a lot of records. She loved to sit and listen to those records. So Gertrude and the boy made a deal. Every afternoon she would lend him her bicycle and he would let her go to his house and listen to the phonograph. The boy wore the bicycle out in six months but as Gertrude had worn out all of his phonograph records she didn't mind a bit. She and the boy got along very nicely. They still do. The boy's name was Noel Coward and for many years Gertrude has played Trilby to his Svengali, a part that she likes immensely.

He has written plays for her, has acted with her and danced and sung with her. There being a kind of war going on, Noel Coward has no play on Broadway this season because he is doing things like writing pamphlets that are then dropped upon the heads of defenseless German soldiers. However La Gertrude is doing very nicely, thank you, in a little number called Skylark, which Sam Raphaelson ran up for her on his nimble little typewriter. Both Gertrude and the play are doing well. In fact, today Gertrude comes close to being the biggest individual drawing card in the theater. But she is much more than that. She is one of the greatest charmers of our time and she has led a storybook life in which all of the standard plots, including the old, old one about From Rags to Riches, are to be found. And if you don't believe it—listen.

Gertrude Lawrence could walk into a hotel lobby in Singapore, Duluth or Timbuktu and people who had never seen or heard of her would stare and say, "Who is that?" She is too vital to be ignored. She has a throaty, resonant voice and she is full of what for want of a better name we'll call charm. She is conscious of her charm and dispenses it freely. Being indifferent to Gertie Lawrence is like being indifferent to a bolt of lightning out of a clear sky. What I'm trying to say is: Gertie is quite a person.

But first let's make her level with us and give her right name. So help me, it's Gertrud Alexandra Dagma Lawrence Klasen and there is no "e" on the Gertrud. That is a lot of name even for Broadway's pet actress so she can hardly be blamed for having it bobbed. Now we will mention another thing about the famous British star. The famous British star is half Danish and half Irish, and how do you like that?

Miss Gertrud Alexandra Dagma Lawrence Klasen made her first public appearance at the age of two. Her father Arthur Lawrence Klasen was interlocutor in the Moore and Burgess Minstrel show and he thought it might help business if daughter Gertie sold a few programs. So Gertie was placed in a chair in the lobby, told to smile sweetly and the customers went for it. Ever since then Gertie has been connected one way or another with the theater.

She did it the hard way. No manager said, "My dear, I'm going to make you a star." Lawrence earned her place in the theater; she had no God-given talent that skyrocketed her to fame and fortune and she had no inner urge or feeling that the stage was her destiny.

"I went on the stage to make money," she says bluntly enough. "I had to earn a living and that seemed the most attractive way to do it."

She's actually been earning a living since she was nine years old. Her parents were divorced when she was very young and Gertie went to live with her mother, who was a very minor actress. When Mother Lawrence had a bit in a play there was meat for dinner. When she didn't, there was nothing but a tired bowl of soup. Today when you meet Gertrude Lawrence at a smart spot in New York or London she is practically dripping with ermine and orchids and her fingers are apt to be heavy with things called diamonds. All of which she has earned herself.

But at nine she was dancing in a pantomime in London, making a smart six shillings a week. When she was eleven she was one of fifty girls playing in The Miracle. Noel Coward was one of fifty boys who played in The Miracle. A bit later she was cast as an angel in a German morality play called Hannele and who should also bob up as a boy angel but young Mr. Coward, who was now a thin, embarrassed thirteen. Fate was pretty smart in throwing these two together at practically every opportunity.

"We kids never knew that Noel was a genius then," she says now. "He was just a nice boy who ate peppermint candies and who shared them with us."

(Continued on page 34)

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Red Petticoat

By Charles Alexander

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

Bringing education to Oregon was no small task to Abel. It involved philosophy, arson, muscles, politics and love

AILSE CHOTTAW thought she had seen her husband in anger a few times, but now she knew she hadn't. Now tall, gaunt Abel went across the kitchen in two blind strides and his long hand closed over the wooden door latch. That trip and bar of mountain mahogany had been hewn by Abel to defy the strength of marauders, when Ailse and little Abe were alone in the big log house. White marauders, redskins or old male bears with long claws. Now it came off in Abel's grip and seemed to crumple.

Ailse was glad she was a woman—and a little splinter of a woman at that. She had an idea that if she were a man and Abel was that mad, he'd knock her across the kitchen, fiddle end up. She had a sudden flash of understanding: it must be cruel on a man to get that mad—at a woman—and not let himself whop her.

But she stood by her guns. Little Abe had stopped crawling on the floor, was staring at his father's back in blank baby perplexity. Ailse snatched him up and stood her ground.

Down at the big barn by the creek Abel ran the light wagon out of the shed. He ran it out by taking the tongue in one hand and giving it a ram. The wagon spun across the barn lot and stopped against a fir tree.

When he had hitched Ned and Duke and was ready to go he hesitated, with the lines in his hand. Out of habit he looked around at the weather—at the fleecy June sky over the high escarpments rimming the Umpqua Valley. He could find no promise of trouble from the weather. He spoke to the team and for once Duke the Loafer didn't loaf. He took out with a jingle of harness.

Abel stepped on the spinning hub of a front wheel and into the wagon. His driveway swept up from the barn and in front of his big house on the bench. Ailse was out waiting at her usual place, little Abe on her hip. Abel had to pull up, lean down, touch his bristly face briefly to their faces. . . .

HE TOOK the gimp out of Duke the Loafer that day. By noon they had turned north. The light wagon rolled up and around the wild, jumbled ranges of the coast mountains. Then they were wheeling down Elk Creek, as the sun was floating seaward on their left and blue, soft night filled the canyons. Duke snorted continually at deer in the road.

Rolling down to Scottsburg next afternoon, traffic thickened on the new, narrow road and he was behind schedule. A tossing-horned herd of elk, also going down, wouldn't swim the fjordlike tidewater and they wouldn't climb the steep hills. They wouldn't run and they were too big to run over.

He fooled them by stopping out of sight and they left the road as soon as it seemed he didn't want it. He had to pull up a bank and hold his rig there while twenty-mule-team freighters, bound from the ships to Yoncalla, crawled by. Duke the Loafer pretended to go lame. Abel got down, looked at his foot and cured that by lifting Duke with his boot from behind. Abel said, "Abe, it's no good being vexed. This is just one of those times. There's worse coming."

He camped with the faint, scattered

(Continued on page 37)

He swept her over his knees face down. "This E. D. Yearian knavery," Abel began, and his arm fell. Ailse screeched

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Brand-new flying boats, to the tune of half a million dollars, are turned over to Pilot Young and he deliberately tries to crack them up. But don't be alarmed, Taxpayers—he's just making sure you get full value for your money

The Wrecking Crew

By Lieutenant Commander
Howard L. Young, U. S. N.
With Lieutenant
George W. Campbell, U. S. N.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U. S. NAVY

Navy planes must be able to land in rough seas. This single-engined ship is being hit and bounced to see what it can take

The opinions expressed herein are the private opinions of the writers and are not to be construed as expressing or reflecting the attitude or opinion of the Navy Department.

YOU'RE coming in for the landing. There's a rough sea. She's plenty dusty. You're leveled off about ten feet above the waves. You've got speed. She's roaring down the course like a bat out of hell. That's what you want. You're setting her on hot. And I mean scorching. . . . Then you ease throttle and pull her nose to bounce her in—"

The officer I was relieving as test pilot at the Naval Air Station, Hampton Roads, stopped talking and grinned.

"Hell!" he continued. "I don't need to tell you—you'll soon find out. Just remember, you've got to bounce 'em, sock 'em hard, break 'em up if you can—show up the engineering boys." He walked off, calling over his shoulder: "So long—and happy landings!"

I thought back. Twelve years of flying. Catapulting off battleships and teaching students at Pensacola. Hooking onto the dangling trapeze below the Akron or the Macon. Hopping off the long deck of the Saratoga. And landing always with one thought: To bring the plane in without breaking an egg. Now: My new job was to try my best to crack them up—sock 'em and break 'em.

There'd be two years of it, barring accidents. I'd need a handful of rabbits' feet besides all the skill I had.

Every part of a flying boat has a calculated strength, a known safety factor. Air engineers will tell you, show you formulas, wind-tunnel test figures, to prove them right. But, I thought, how about the safety factors of some of my own parts—back teeth, for example.

Well, there was a way to find out. I did.

Before you take a seat beside me in a new seaplane to be Navy-tested, you should know why test pilots seem scientifically mad and why we do our best to wreck a ship a manufacturer has spent $500,000 to develop.

The only way to determine what a new plane will take in the way of rough treatment is to give it the works. It must stand up against icy gales and tropic squalls; be shot off catapults and land in white-capped seas. When we are through with it—if it's still intact—Navy personnel will feel secure in flying it.

And the taxpayer will be sure he's getting his money's worth.

Crash 'Em if You Can

Seaplanes are born in the department's Aeronautics Bureau. Told what the ship is expected to do, experts lay out the design. After details are settled, manufacturers are asked to bid. After that, nothing seems to happen for a long time.

Then one day two new flying boats roar into the Naval Air Station at Anacostia, Maryland. Each represents the best effort of a manufacturer trying for a quantity contract. Both have been flight-tested at the factory field; both now get more tests from Navy pilots. But so far the tests have shown mainly what the ships will *do*. It's my job to find out what they will *take*. Ten good rough landings will tell something.

First we hoist each plane and weigh it. It scales around fifteen tons, loaded. Engines are checked. "Old Pop," our leading chief aviation machinist's mate, leaves nothing to chance. Hangar inspection goes on for days. And nights. Finally:

"All okay, sir," reports Pop. "You can give them a familiarization run this afternoon."

"Right!" I reply. "Have them in the water and ready at one o'clock."

At one o'clock we board the plane—Co-Pilot Lieutenant Joe Taylor, Pop and myself. We wear quickly detachable snap-on parachutes. I fix the instrument panel layout in my mind, look at Joe, at Pop. "All set?" They nod.

Switches snap, starters buzz, three-bladed metal propellers fan the air. Then the motors catch, cough a little, settle down to a steady roar. Power—and plenty of it.

Spray shoots far behind the ship. The dial pointers move steadily over the numbered faces. I throttle down, try the controls. Okay.

"Here we go!"

Joe mans the throttles for the take-off. I swing the great ship into the wind. We start ahead. The air-speed meter climbs. We're on the step. We're free. Four thousand horsepower are dragging us through the wind above the white-caps.

For fifteen minutes we test, feeling her out, then come in for a landing. A sweet ship. She settled like a gull. We taxi up to the ramp and take her up to the hangar. Then we test the second ship in the same way.

All finished for today—but tomorrow will be different. Ships and crew will find rough going, intentionally rough—just as hard as we can make it. Pop sniffs the wind, glances skyward.

"What's the weather prophet say for tomorrow?" he asks.

"Nor'east, 20 knots, gusts to 35," I reply.

Joe whistles softly. "Fixing us right up, isn't he? I can see that ocean right now. Waves, whitecaps, spray—and will we bounce!"

Ready for the Wreckers

Pop looks at us knowingly, nods in the direction of the two planes. "I sure hope they can take it—" He knows what will happen to us if they don't. Through our minds flash things we know can happen . . . broken, punctured hulls . . . snapped fittings, broken bones . . . a great bounce, a high wave closing over and the bottom a hundred fathoms deep . . . maybe a struggle to get out, but the cockpit crushed and folded like an accordion so that we can't. Not a pretty picture, but it's happened. It has even happened to pilots coming in for a normal, easy landing.

Joe breaks our silence: "Water's freezing cold this time of year."

I force a grin. Pop shuffles away.

Now come final preparations for rough-water tests. Three tons of gasoline in each ship's tanks. This is not their total capacity. So that we shall have the maximum "bomb and fuel load," we place bags of shot in the hull. Just as the last bag of ballast goes aboard, instrument men from the National

(Continued on page 48)

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DEATH
IN THE PRESENT TENSE

The vivid story of how life goes on in Finland, amid the macabre music of bombs and bullets. There is no hate, no fear. Come behind the lines with Collier's staff correspondent and feel the impact of war on a free people

By Martha Gellhorn

BY RADIO

THE atmosphere of the Hotel Kamp in Helsinki was something between a cloud, a bomb shelter and a newspaper office. Here lived or ate officers, diplomats, government officials, journalists, cameramen and anyone else who wanted to hear what was going on and could squeeze in. They did not take the dark paper from the windows even in the brief Helsinki daytime and we lived in a state of electric-lighted excitement, trying to separate rumor from fact.

An English journalist had told us cheerfully that the hotel building was condemned years ago, so that—as a place to sit out bombings—it could not be recommended. The Kamp nevertheless did unheard-of bomb-time business with half the waiters gone to the army, no liquor served after ten and the supply running out, and the heating system slowing down to save fuel.

The air raids at that time seemed to come on schedule, weather permitting. They were at nine in the morning, when it became light, at one and at four just as night set in. That day at one, as before, the warning siren and the machine guns sounded together. I went to the front of the hotel, opened the door into a strange room and crossed to the window to try to see what was going on. A bellhop, a twelve-year-old child, followed me. He stood near the door listening to the dreadful music; a long-drawn, curving siren, the sharp, angry, too-close metallic pounding of the machine guns, the faint distant thud of the bombs. He was pale now with fear and bewilderment, and he looked at me as if he did not see me. Then he walked across the room slowly, making himself do it, and went to the other window, and with shaking hands he pulled the curtain—to shut out the danger, to shut out the things you couldn't see but killed you anyhow, to save us all by drawing together some faded brocade over a rattling window. He did not speak and stood there trembling behind the curtains, waiting for death as those do who cannot understand it. I told him it was all right, that nothing would happen. He turned, with tears in his eyes, and he looked cold as well as little and terribly alone and he shook his head. He was staying here. He didn't know why. He only knew he must not run.

STOCKMANN'S, the big department store of Helsinki, was doing a brisk business in woolen underwear, socks, gloves, sweaters, soap and boots and all

IT'S THE SAME OLD STEAM ROLLER

DRAWN BY LOW FOR COLLIER'S AND SENT FROM LONDON BY RADIOPHOTO

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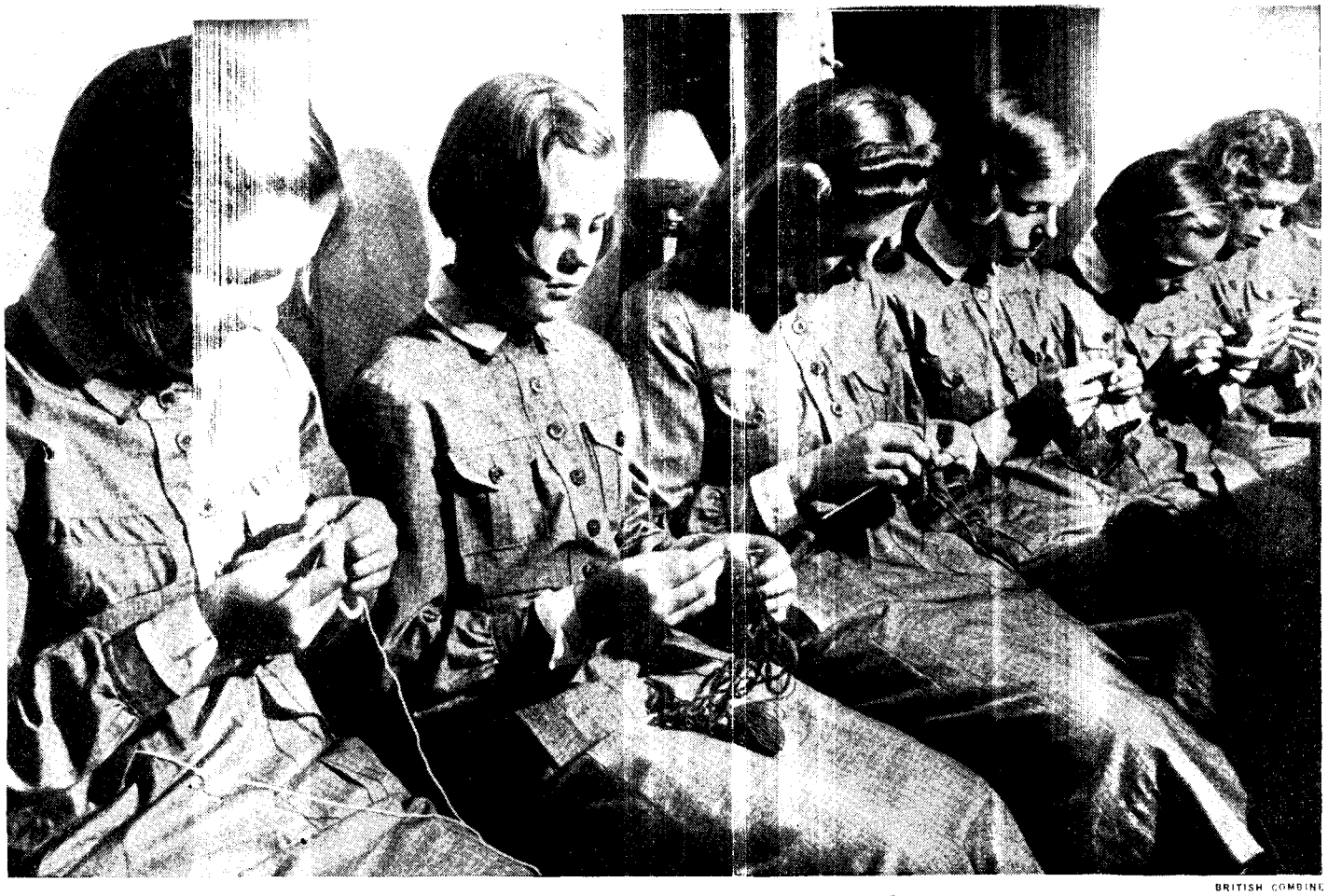

BRITISH COMBINE

The Lotta Svard, a trained and uniformed volunteer organization of 200,000 women, is named after its founder and takes on many tasks in order that men may be free to fight. Junior members (above) knit and sew; regulars (left) prepare meals for the men at the front. They act as firemen, handle refugees, nurse the wounded and stand air-raid watches throughout the nation

the necessities for a hard winter. The show windows were covered with sandbags, only one door was open, and their bomb cellar underneath the building did even better business than the store. A saleswoman, with the yellow arm band of an air-raid warden, sold me hideously practical wool stockings and gave me the current version of the Russians' plight. The maids of the hotel talked this way and the nurses in the hospitals and the refugees in the villages. I thought the unchangeable decency of these women was a fine thing to see. The saleswoman said, "You know the Russian pilots have no shoes (this was not true) and no shirts. How cold they must have been. One can be sorry for people who live like that. And they lock them in the tanks and the planes to force them to come against us. But they cannot want to come, can they? They are just plain people like us. They cannot want to, and they cannot understand. No one tells them the truth in their country."

She said they shut the store at three, so the employees could get home before the Finnish night combined with the Helsinki black-out made any movement hazardous. "Are you going to stay in town?" I asked.

"Of course," she said, "I have my work here; this is my home."

A RUSSIAN bomber had been shot down in the suburbs that day and we managed to get a car to drive out to see it.

One motor lay in the street, sixty paces farther on was a charred propeller, half of the riddled wing—looking as frail as a crushed Japanese screen—leaned against the trees, and twisted, broken pieces of metal, junk-shop goods, that had once been a plane, were strewn over the ground. The plane, falling and burning, had fired some small wooden houses and now firemen stood in a circle around a black, hot blaze trying to keep it from spreading. The Russian aviators had been burned to death and their bodies were taken away. So we stood and looked and said nothing and the Finns had nothing to say either. This was war; your enemy tried to kill you and you succeeded in killing him. Some day it would be ended. The people in the burning houses were dead too.

A lady came to dine with us at the Kamp. She parked her bicycle against the carved pillars of the lobby and took off her fireman's helmet and her slicker. She was young and pretty and wore smart slacks and two diamond rings and looked tired because her work began at six in the morning and ended at eight at night, unless she happened to be called out again. She had given her two cars to the government, and her country house would soon be a hospital and she was living alone now in Helsinki because her husband and four brothers were at the front. She was very quiet through dinner, and later, talking to her alone, I learned that they had just found some more children buried under the bombed houses since the first afternoon air raid. She had not talked at all and suddenly she talked grimly and in a low, furious voice, mixing English and French and German, to describe one child (because you always love one child, you always pick one child out of many, one wounded soldier, one weary old woman: you have to fix your mind on someone, the heart cannot hold everything). It was a girl she had found and she told me about this child, and as she talked her face was cold and drawn with anger.

Then she was suddenly very tired. The men offered to see her home and she laughed, saying that she rode everywhere at any hour on her bicycle and it was too early in the war to start bad habits like escorting women who were perfectly able to get on by themselves. She wheeled her bike out of the hall and I said, "Wouldn't you be better out in the country?"

She was surprised, like the saleswoman in Stockmann's, and said, "Of course not. I would like to go to the front and be near my man, but I am more useful here. I have work to do here."

THE soldier had camouflaged his car by stretching a band of chicken wire from the radiator cap over the top down to the luggage trunk behind. He wove pine boughs into this wire and we advanced like a make-believe forest in a play with the branches blowing in the wind. Since the war began the soldier had only slept for a few hours at a time in a chair, on a bench or in the back of his car. We had been driving since four-thirty in the morning and now we were returning to Helsinki.

Some women waved at us from the side of the road and we skidded to a stop. They were wearing city clothes and the three older ones asked the soldier questions. Their faces were bright and embarrassed as if they were ashamed to trouble him. They were asking whether Helsinki had been bombed again that morning. The youngest woman got into the car with us and we drove on.

"She wants to go back to her husband," the soldier explained. "After that bad bombardment they put all the women who were in shelters into busses and took them to the country. She is afraid her husband will worry."

Then the soldier said, smiling, "You better talk to me all the time. Just to keep me awake."

He was twenty-seven and had been married three months and his wife now works in the Defense Ministry. He has not seen her for five days, but they have a system of leaving notes for each other in their apartment. ("As long as it's still standing," he said.) In normal life he was a film director. He was good-looking and wanted to be at the front, and was sick with weariness.

"Have you any other family?" I asked him to keep him awake. "My mother," he said, "she is fifty-six. She's at the front, as a nurse."

He had begged his mother to leave Helsinki and go north to safety but she said serenely that she was too old to run away and she left with the Lottas for Karelia.

THE Lotta Svard is an organization of 200,000 women from all over Finland. They grew up during the last war with Russia, which was back in 1918. You see them everywhere now, wearing the different sensible uniforms of their service. They take care of evacuating women and children; they are firemen; they collect food and clothing for the homeless; they manage the mail service of the army in the field; they cook and sew for the soldiers at the front and are Red Cross nurses; and throughout the country they stand watches in the observation posts and give air-raid warnings.

Each able-bodied man counts in Finland (three million Finns against one hundred and eighty million Russians) and this trained volunteer army of women leaves more men free to fight.

WE HAD scarcely time to get warm before leaving Helsinki again. The red-faced, tweed-covered, jolly man who drove me on that trip to the front was formerly a salesman of dairy machinery. His home in Helsinki, which had also

(Continued on page 46)

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The operator stayed frozen motionless against the wall of the cage, his eyes held downward

Ed Mahoney's Boy

By Thomas Walsh

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

Everybody knew the boy was smart; but in this crisis of his young career he needed an older man's wisdom

THEY let Eddie Mahoney in for a moment before the operation. Halfway between the bureau and the door he stopped his tiptoeing and looked down at the old man, lying flat in the narrow white bed, his hands extended as stiffly at his sides as if someone had placed them there, his normally ruddy face shot through now with streaks of sickly paleness, his eyes closed, his mouth working a little at the corners. There was no sound in the room but his breathing—loud, harsh, labored.

Young Eddie felt something twist in his stomach when he heard that. He turned his hat over in his hands, he licked his lips once or twice. Then he said, "Pop," in a voice that seemed to burst out thickly over the large lump in his throat. "How you feeling, Pop?"

Standing at the foot of the bed, one hand on the low iron rail, the nurse spoke. "He's unconscious," she said. "He can't hear you. Dr. Lincoln is waiting for him now upstairs."

Nodding at her, Eddie felt all dry and cold inside—funny. He stepped back, looking down at the old man until he reached the door; then, in the corridor, he closed that quietly after him and put on his hat.

Kathleen O'Rourke and her father walked with him silently down to the bare reception hall, where the telephone girl read a magazine behind the switchboard on the left, and a young interne in a white suit stood by the glass doors with his hands behind his back, staring out at the street and humming under his breath.

The big electric clock above the switchboard read twenty to one, and when he looked at it Eddie thought it must have been just about an hour ago when it happened. Probably the girl was reading her magazine then too, and Ed Mahoney was all right—pounding the beat with the club in his hand, not expecting anything or looking for anything, thinking about the weather, maybe, or the trouble he'd had with his feet. An hour ago, half past eleven—thirty minutes before he'd be off duty for the night. Then Kathleen touched his arm, and he glanced quickly down at her. He'd forgotten she was there.

"He looked pretty bad," he told her huskily. "He—how many times did they shoot him, Tom?"

Big Tom O'Rourke cleared his throat. "Twice," he said. "They were jumping into the car when he came around the corner. Four of them. They'd just that minute stuck up Riley's Tavern."

"Riley's," Eddie repeated. "They got away?"

"Tonight they did," O'Rourke said heavily. "But Riley and his bartender saw them plain; they're at headquarters now looking over the file. It won't be an hour till we know who they were."

"Yes," Eddie said. He wondered if O'Rourke thought that was going to help the old man any. "I'll wait till I find out what happens upstairs. You take Kathleen home. I'll call you as soon as there's news."

"I'm not sleepy," O'Rourke said. Setting his big body down on the wooden bench against the wall, he knotted his fingers together between his knees. He was a plain-clothes man in Ed Mahoney's precinct, tall, broad, powerfully built. His freckled face looked grim and savage; he didn't seem to see the floor he stared at. Once or twice, as if he didn't trust the clock on the wall, he took out his watch and looked at it. Twenty years ago, Eddie thought, O'Rourke and Ed Mahoney had started out together on the force. And he'd stay now because tonight, for Ed Mahoney, might be the finish. They'd do what they could, the doctor had said; but he hadn't been too hopeful. The chest was a bad place. There was no more than a fighting chance.

KATHLEEN tried to smile. She said cheerfully: "We'll all stay. Nothing's going to happen to him, Eddie. It will be over before we know it."

"Sure," Eddie said. He held her fingers tightly in his own, possessed by a dumb agony as he thought of all the things he could have done for the old man, and how much nicer he could have been to him. It was strange why he'd never thought of that till now, when there was nothing he could do but sit and wait.

His thoughts became as intolerable as the quietness of the bare hall around him. Yet he said nothing to disturb that quietness; only, when the interne went away, he got up and stood in his place at the door. Each time that he looked at the clock, the minute hand, incredibly, would have moved no more than a notch or two; all the time, staring dully out at the street, he could hear the faint metallic purr of its mechanism humming in his ears.

It was a quarter to two before Dr. Lincoln appeared, walking briskly, and polishing his glasses with a handkerchief. The patient, he said, had come through the operation exceptionally well. They'd found the bullets and removed them, and rest was the important thing now. Rest, and the condition of his heart.

"He'll be all right?" Big Tom O'Rourke asked.

Dr. Lincoln said he certainly hoped so. But he could have no visitors until tomorrow, and perhaps not then. He'd advise them all to go home now, and get some rest. If Mahoney's condition changed at all during the night, they would be notified at once.

Eddie nodded, and thanked him. He pretended to Kathleen, in the cab going home, that he wasn't worried at all now, and that everything was fine. But the shadow in Big Tom's eyes he felt reflected in his own, so that when the cab stopped at O'Rourke's he would not get out, but kissed Kathleen and waved to her father and said he'd see them in the morning; he'd call them first thing.

In the apartment he had shared with the old man ever since he could remember he strolled about for a while aim-

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lessly, turning on all the lights. It seemed very quiet there, very empty and still, with the old man's stuff scattered all around—a shirt on the back of a chair, shoes set at drunken angles near that, a pair of suspenders hanging from a knob on the bureau drawer. He had four or five guns in the closet—the old man liked guns — and when Eddie thought of them he opened the door and looked in. But he didn't touch them; instead, in the kitchen, he made some coffee and drank it black out of one of the thick china mugs the old man liked because they didn't break easily.

AFTERWARD, rinsing the cup, he looked at himself in the mirror over the sink where the old man shaved every day. His father wasn't very old—forty-six, and as solid and steady as a rock still —but Eddie never thought of him as anything else but the old man. That was odd, too. There was no reason for it. Forty-six was still young, a man's prime; but ten years ago, or fifteen, when Eddie had been seven, he had thought of him the same way. The old man—the other kids on the block called their fathers that too; he supposed that's where it started with him. To the other kids, Eddie remembered, the old man had always been Mahoney the cop.

When he'd been twenty-two he'd have looked a good deal like Eddie. In the mirror now Eddie could see the old man's square, short nose, the old man's firm jaw and straight mouth in his own features. But there was a difference somewhere, around the eyes perhaps—Eddie's were sharper, more alert, smarter.

There hadn't been anything Eddie couldn't talk him out of—not playing hooky as a kid, or going to a movie, afternoons he should have been in high school. Even his lickings had been nothing; he'd always been afraid of hurting him. Afterward, when Eddie sobbed in his room, he'd bring in cake or ice cream, and talk to him. Promise now?

Eddie had always promised. Sure, Pop—never again. When he thought of that now, he despised himself. "You cheap punk," he said, to the face in the mirror that stared back at him.

In the parlor again he switched off the light, and lay down on the couch by the phone, smoking, waiting for it to ring. It remained silent. And the thoughts went on and on in his head, nothing he could do stopped them. He lay there, wakeful, until milk wagons clattered in the street, and the thinnest, clearest blue he had ever seen crept down coldly across the top of the window. When it was full light he called the hospital, and then O'Rourke, telling him there had been no change. After that he made more coffee, shaved, and changed his shirt. At nine, when he reached the bank, Mr. Stone called him in to the office.

"I read about your father coming down in the train," he said. "Too bad, Eddie. We're all hoping he'll pull through, and if I know Ed Mahoney I think he will. Collins will take over for you today; don't worry about getting back until this is settled. Let me know how he makes out now."

OUTSIDE, walking home, Eddie thought of the time he'd met Mr. Stone, two years ago—a crisp winter morning when he'd gone down with the old man to the bank. The boy, Ed Mahoney had said, wanted to work in a bank; he thought he'd like that. And if Mr. Stone could give him a place, at anything— Mr. Stone had glanced keenly at Eddie, and then at the old man; he said nothing about references, or previous experience, or why he'd left his last job, the way employers usually did. He gave the old man a cigar, and thought they could find something for him. Ed Mahoney's boy, he was sure, would be all right.

The old man had a lot of friends. All that morning the phone kept ringing; and though each time Eddie's heart thickened and almost stopped inside him, it was never the hospital on the other end. About eleven, stretched out on the couch, he dozed off; ringing woke him an hour later. He reached for the phone and had it in his hands when the ringing came again, and he realized it was the doorbell.

The man standing in the dim hallway outside looked at him for a long moment, head bent forward slightly between his shoulders. "Eddie Mahoney?" he asked, and came in without waiting for an answer, his hand outstretched, his wide mouth set in a self-conscious grin. He was a tall man, rather stout, dressed smoothly in gray; his face impressed Eddie as being vaguely familiar.

"How's Ed?" he said, when he was in the room. "D'ye think he'll get on all right? D'ye think he'll pull out of it?" Then, putting his hat on a chair, still holding Eddie's hand, he chuckled and looked him slowly up and down. "But sure," he said, "you don't know me at all. You're wondering who I am."

In the light now, Eddie saw his face more clearly—full-fleshed, rather pale, rather heavy around the mouth.

"Ah," he said, and sighed, "you don't know me. How should you? It's the size of a rabbit you were the last time I saw you. I'd have balanced you in the palm of me hand. Twenty years—twenty years, Eddie." He sighed again, his small eyes never leaving Eddie's face. Moving his shoulders, the sudden sadness in his face made his heavy mouth droop almost ludicrously. "Well," he added, and cleared his throat. "It's harder than I thought it would be, boy, but there's nothing gained by waiting. I'm Joe Mahoney—your Uncle Ed's brother. Your father, boy."

"My father?" Eddie said stupidly.

"God knows," Joe Mahoney went on, in a trembling voice, "I've not been much of a father. But I've had a rough life, Eddie—an unfortunate life. I've done my best according to my lights. And the things that happen to a man cannot be helped. It's age that learns you that."

"WAIT a minute," Eddie said huskily. "What are you talking about? You crazy? My father—" He stopped there, staring at Joe Mahoney, suddenly without any doubt in his mind. That look around the stout man's eyes, the small, shrewd brightness he had seen in his own in the mirror last night, struck him dumb. The face was like the old man's —it was that which had been familiar about it. But the eyes were different. The eyes weren't Ed Mahoney's; they were, Eddie saw, his own.

With a thumb and forefinger rubbing the inner corners of them now, Joe Mahoney nodded bitterly.

"Never a word—never a word about me did you hear. He never told you then. Ah!" He shook his head blindly. "It's a long story, Eddie, but maybe this is not the time for it. I'm tired and worn out, d'ye see; three hours I've been walking to get here, without even the carfare, after I read about Ed in the morning paper. Tired I am, boy. Tired!" He rubbed his mouth with the back of his hand, looking dully around the room. "It's not likely there'd be a drop of whisky in the house?"

"Sit down," Eddie said. His mind was frozen numb; he couldn't get it to function. It was a relief to go out to the kitchen, for the decanter and a glass. When he had them he came back slowly, with a dazed feeling that this was all a dream. Joe Mahoney was fantastic; he'd have vanished now, of course. He wasn't real. An imaginary figure, nothing more. The excitement and the worry, no sleep—

In the living room Joe Mahoney had not vanished. He was sitting in a chair, his hands on his knees, his fat face pathetically droopy. Handing him the glass, pouring his drink, Eddie said huskily: "I don't understand this. Pop never told me he had a brother. He never told me I wasn't his son."

"A fine man," Joe Mahoney answered heavily, "Ed always was. But a hard one, too—an unforgiving one, boy. There was trouble, d'ye see, when you were a small lad, after your poor mother died. Trouble that might have happened to better men than me. It was that trouble made me leave you, entrusting your care to my only brother. Who else?"

Tears shone on his fat cheeks. He blinked his eyes against them.

"Many's the night since I've had the heartscald, Eddie, not knowing where you were, or how you were. I dared not write for the trouble, d'ye see? They'd

(Continued on page 55)

Joe Mahoney, on the floor of the elevator, meant nothing to Ed, conveyed nothing, left nothing

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Romance in Crimson

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

WALKING toward his apartment house in New York, late one evening, Gregg Stuart sees a small sedan stop. Halting, he watches while a girl—an unusually pretty girl in evening clothes—leaps out of the car and a man, obviously very angry, leaps after her.

The man and the girl exchange a few heated words. Then—when the man draws an automatic—Gregg hurls himself upon him, seizes his wrist. Whereupon the man breaks away, jumps into the car and speeds away. Gregg then turns to the girl; he finds her on the verge of collapse. Believing that a drink will restore her strength, he escorts her to a near-by restaurant. There, over two double Scotches, they talk. The girl (who says her name is Lynn Harrison and that she is art director for a commercial studio) admits that she is in peril, that her assailant had really intended to kill her. But beyond that she will reveal nothing.

They leave the restaurant and, after a brief tour of Central Park in a taxicab; drive to Lynn's apartment house. Across the street, in the shadows, a man is standing—the man who had driven the sedan! Recognizing the fellow, Gregg directs the taxi driver to return to the park. Once, as they roll along, Lynn refers to the man as "Rick." But she cleverly evades Gregg's queries—she rejects his offers to co-operate with her, protect her. It is 4 A. M. Realizing that to try to slip into her apartment would be dangerous, Lynn does an unconventional but eminently sensible thing: She spends the night in Gregg's apartment.

Gregg gives her his bedroom; he sleeps on a lounge. . . . In the morning Frenzy Gillings, Gregg's man-of-all-work, serves breakfast to them. After which, seated with Gregg in the living room, the girl again refuses to permit him to help her and so become involved in her trouble. "I can't say anything," she exclaims. "If it were only I, it wouldn't matter. There's somebody else. . . ." She looks away. Gregg says: "You mean you'd rather that I didn't try to find out?" The girl nods. "Yes," she says quietly.

II

OKAY, Lynn—if that's the way you want it." Gregg hesitated for a moment, and then: "I'm not very expert at pretty speeches, but I wish you wouldn't count me out altogether. If I can help—now or at any other time. . . . Oh, damn it! That sounds so stiff and stilted, and I don't mean it that way at all. What I'm trying to say—"

"I know exactly what you're trying to say, Gregg. And I'd like to say a few things, too. But I can't—so why should either of us try?" She looked away and spoke softly: "I've one peculiar request."

"Granted."

"It'll sound silly, but for some queer reason I'd like to have you do it." She paused for a moment, as though choosing her words carefully. "I told you where I worked and what my job is. I'd get an odd satisfaction if you'd check up on it."

"I don't see why."

"Because you don't know anything about me, and because I'd like you to. You met me under circumstances that were—well, we'll say rather unusual. I'd like to believe that you would think of me occasionally just as a normal—and not too unnice—girl. Promise?"

"Since you put it that way, I promise. But what's all this foolishness about 'remembering you'? You're not trying to tell me that I shan't see you again, are you?"

She was quite frank: "I don't know, Gregg. You're much too nice a person to get mixed up in this mess."

"Suppose I want to?"

"You wouldn't," she said gravely, "if you knew the whole story."

He thought rapidly and clearly. No sense intruding on her confidences; perhaps the door she was barring would not always remain barred. He didn't quite understand why he should feel so much concern about her, and such a desire to help. Only two things he knew: first, that he had no slightest intention of letting her slip out of his life as abruptly as she had entered; and, second, that this serious conversation was getting them nowhere. So he said gaily, "And now, young lady, we come to the problem of raiment. I believe we agreed last night that you couldn't walk home—or go to work—in a very lovely white evening gown."

"Remarkable memory," she smiled, matching his lightness. "Can you suggest something?"

"I get suggestive at the slightest provocation. At the moment my hunch is that you might give me the key to your apartment and a list of the things your little heart most desires."

"It might be quite a job."

"I'll love it. As a matter of fact, I'm curious about you. I shall pry into things and do a first-class job of snooping. I shall invade your privacy and draw my own conclusions, so now what do you say?"

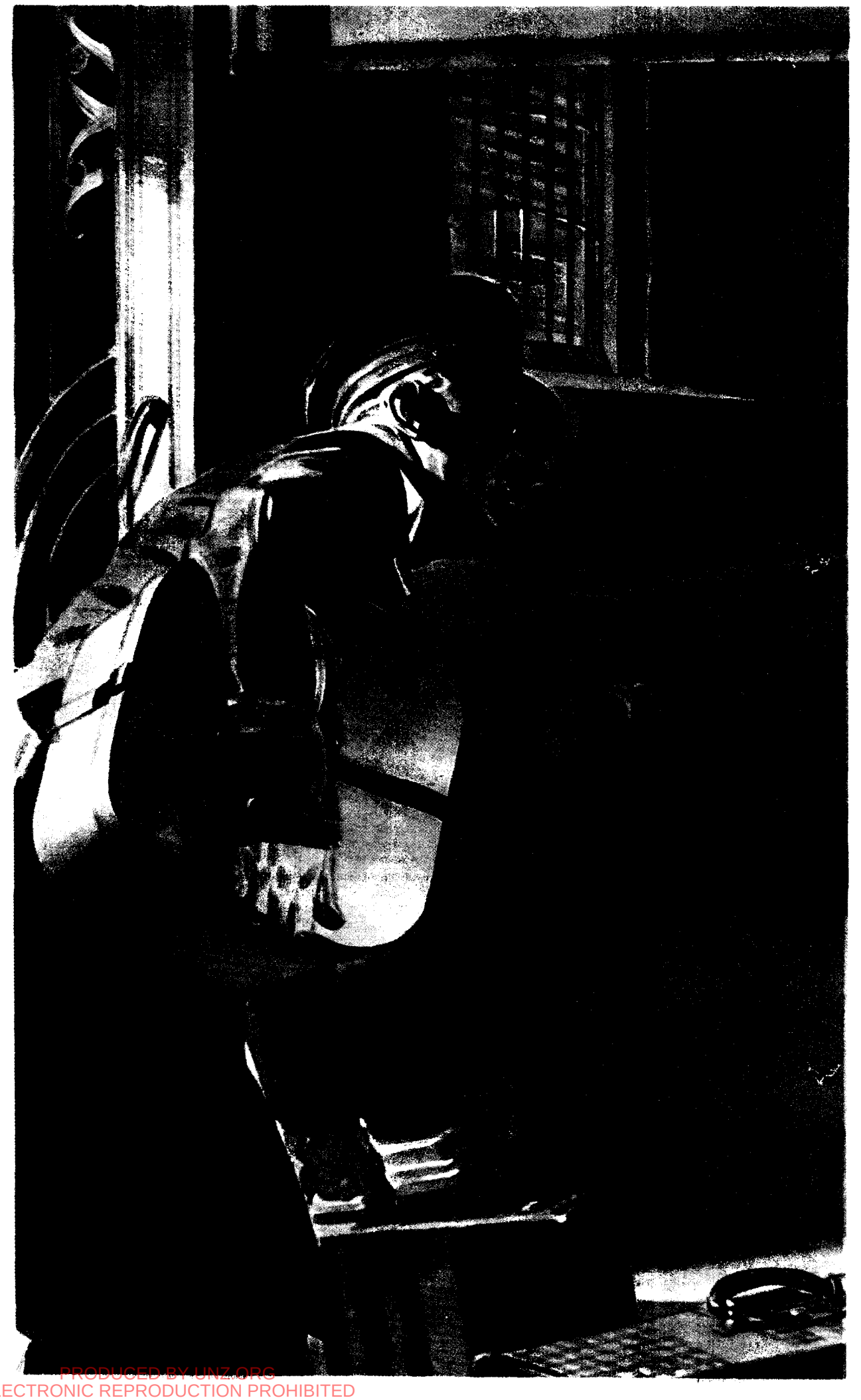
"Here's the key, young man. Go your way, and may your illusions not shatter." She seated herself at a rosewood secretary and wrote a list. "You'll find a very ample suitcase on the shelf of the foyer closet. It probably will require a bit of dusting. The clothes will be found hanging in a clothes closet or neatly folded in the drawers of my dresser. And if you get stumped, you can phone me."

He struck a pose. "I'm off to the wars, and all that sort of stuff. If you never see me again, you'll know I died of confusion."

He waved to her from the doorway. In a taxi, he leaned back against the cushion and did a bit of thinking.

"Listen, Gregg," he told himself sternly, "you'd better watch your step. Strange things are happening to you, and you like 'em."

Silly, of course. This time yesterday he hadn't even suspected that there was such a person as Lynn Harrison—and here, today, he was involved in something he did not understand, and concerned more profoundly than would have seemed possible. For instance, he was worrying for fear he wouldn't see her again. "And



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that," he informed himself vehemently, "is entirely out of the question. I'll keep on seeing her—no matter what."

The East Side neighborhood through which the taxi was creeping didn't look at all as it had in the dark hours of early morning. Children played on the streets and ample housewives greeted one another from the steps of dilapidated tenements. Here and there were lavish, ornate apartment houses with liveried doormen; all incongruous against this background of slum.

The taxi approached her apartment house. Gregg's trained eye recognized it readily enough. It was all very familiar—everything . . . even to . . .

Lounging against one of the pillars at the entrance to the courtyard was a tall young man. He was a pleasant enough looking person, dark and rather handsome. He wore street clothes and a topcoat, and there was something vaguely familiar about him.

GREGG STUART'S jaw squared. "It's the man who tried to kill Lynn," he decided instantly. "And he's waiting for her now."

He considered driving on without stopping; then reconsidered quickly.

"Right here," he told the taxi driver. And to himself he added: "Maybe he'll recognize me and maybe he won't. Anyway, I'm getting out and going to Lynn's apartment. He might even be crazy enough to start something."

Gregg Stuart experienced a tingling of excitement as he paid off the taxi driver and moved toward the gateway leading into the courtyard of Lynn Harrison's apartment house.

He tried to be casual and matter-of-fact, but it wasn't easy. He tried not to look at the young man who lounged against the side of the building, and that wasn't easy, either. He *(Continued on page 27)*

Gregg Stuart chuckled. He opened the door of the sedan and inspected the girl who was to accompany them south. He could see Lynn had not exaggerated

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PAUL PETERS

KELLEY WON'T BUDGE

By Walter Davenport

Experts call Peck Kelley the world's best. Kelley doesn't believe it, and he doesn't like all this adulation because it interferes with his practice

Practically all the big-name bands in the country have offered Peck Kelley pots of money to play the piano with them. But Peck is happy in a Houston, Texas, honky-tonk with his fifty bucks a week, his two suits, a few shirts and plenty of cigars

IF LADY LUCK hasn't been around our way lately it's Peck Kelley's fault. She's flat on her back on the banks of Buffalo Bayou somewhere between Houston and Galveston. Her tongue is out a foot; she's moaning like a crooner with the croup; her hands are worn down to her wrists from grabbing at and trying to hold Mr. Kelley. She's had him by the heels only to be kicked in the teeth. She's had him by the neck but Peck punched free. She's had him by his coattails but Peck got away in his pink shirt sleeves. She's tried to make him rich, but Peck would rather play the piano in a Texas rowdydow than be headlined on Broadway. He doesn't like women in general—and Lady Luck in particular. And he won't like what we're setting down here.

"Just make me conspicuous," says Peck. "I ain't askin' much of folks; just to be let alone."

Hots like Whiteman, Bob Crosby, Ben Bernie and Benny Goodman (Peck calls them all hots) are divided about Peck. Some say that he's the best dance-band piano in the world; the rest of them, anxious perhaps to keep the peace in their own professional families, say merely that he has only one or two equals, declining to name his peers.

Twice Lady Luck had badgered him with promises of gold and fame to leave Houston and Galveston for the big time in Yankeeland. Once she got him as far as Atlanta with a famous band that was scheduled for the gold coast tanks of Washington, New York and Chicago and Hollywood's studios.

He stood it two nights. He couldn't breathe in his boiled shirt and the fools stopped dancing to listen to him play. Shoals of oomph gals, smelling like Christmas in the beauty parlor, crowded around his piano making faces like Ann Sheridan. And everybody applauded too long and too loud. Peck quit in the middle of the second night. Two milk trains, a couple of trucks and a guy who needed a flat fixed bore him back to Houston.

The other time he got as far as St. Louis. He went only because an old friend—a boyhood friend whose trumpet was so hot that it had carried him far and high—had begged for days. And that lasted a week. Peck fled when he read the Sunday papers—fled from a hundred and fifty dollars a week back to a water-front barrel house for forty.

"Nope," says Peck, "I wasn't homesick. Houston don't mean anything to me. Neither does New York, Washington, St. Louis, Chicago, Hollywood—except I kind of like to see pictures. No place means much to me except maybe where they let me alone to live the way I wanta. Listen, fella, I ain't modest. I know how good I am. And I know I ain't as good as they say. Nobody's going to make me take money I don't think I'm worth. Sometimes I wish I was doing something else for a living so's I could play the piano just for myself and my friends. Last week an agent offered me a spot for two hundred a week. I told him I wasn't worth two hundred a week. He said what the hell did I care as long as the gate bounced two hundred because folks wanted to hear me. See? Maybe the gate would be two hundred bigger but I'd be doing the playing and I'd know I wasn't worth it. And I'd have to quit. So what's the use? Hated to turn this guy down. Nice mug."

Peck's Satisfied Now

While Lady Luck licks her wounds on the banks of Buffalo Bayou, Peck Kelley is down in Ed Eisemann's beer-and-dance honky at the pig sandwich end of Main Street, Houston, contentedly pouring his genius across the keyboard of the piano in Rex Parks' band. Or if you don't find him there, he's most likely to be at his own battered piano in the forlorn house where he was born forty-one years ago on the landlord-hating side of Houston's railroad tracks.

On the top and sides of Peck's piano all the top-billing hots have written their names—Bernie, Jimmy Dorsey, Lombardo, Horace Heidt, Vallee, Fred Waring, Ted Lewis, Orville Knapp—all of them. They all play Houston, a city of fabulous wealth (oil) and incredible mansions (forty-room houses with twenty baths, four elevators and machine-gun emplacements). When the visiting hots finish their stint at three in the morning, they all go down to Peck's room and he plays for them until six. To many of them he's a screwball because he'd rather play in Houston and Galveston joints for forty and fifty a week than bang the big barneys for two hundred and fifty. But to all of them he's a sad-eyed, soft-spoken master whom God jocularly fingered for genius.

So you'll find him at his autographed piano, the long lines of his saturnine face deep with melancholy, his lips moving rapidly and wordlessly, his right foot slapping the floor, weaving a gaudy blanket of boogie-woogie, shag, jive and truckin' against a background of a Bach fugue. His fingers scorn all the rules of the conventional artist: the music he plays has never been written: he drives drummers crazy. The band may be playing Stop Kicking My Heart Around, One Look at You, South of the Border or Runnin' Wild. So is Peck. But he has thrown away the score. He quarters, halves, doubles, triples and quadruples the beat. But he always wings back, saving the drummer's sanity in the nick of time and rescuing the leader. Rudy Vallee said: "Hearing Peck Kelley play Love is the Sweetest Thing drives you to thinking of trying it sometime."

Vallee tried to get Peck on the air. First he tried to locate Peck, but if Peck

(Continued on page 44)

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National Heart Throb

By Caroline Clark

"Yours is the part," he said, "marked Mrs. John Reid. See, it's right here on the script." He held up his paper napkin

MARTHA REID nosed her car through the unaccustomed traffic jam in Rockaway's narrow main street and thought of the letter she had just mailed to her husband, mentally underscoring.

"If I hadn't slept with a picture of Richard Barthelmess under my pillow when I was her age," she had told John, "I'd be worried about Barbara. This place is simply crawling with movie people on a location trip, and she's in a state of holy rapture over Norman Garth. And in case you don't know your movies, darling, Norman Garth is America's Number One Heart Throb. She's seen him in slacks and sneakers, eating steak and onions at the Rockaway Inn and *honestly, Mother, I all but swooned. . . .* I let her come to town tonight with the Begley twins, but their brother had them in tow and promised to bring them home by nine o'clock. . . . If this actor outfit doesn't move on pretty soon I'm closing the cottage and coming home."

The car in front of Martha's came suddenly to a stop, and Martha shoved on her brake with a hearty "Damn!" She was scanning the crowd for a glimpse of Barbara when she saw a man slip through and come running toward her. The next thing she knew he had opened the car door and was sitting beside her.

"If you would just drop me the other side of the bridge," he said, "I can walk from there." He ran a hand over his wavy dark hair and glanced down at his bush coat. One button was missing, the other dangling. His sleeve was ripped at the shoulder. A woman at the curb yelled: "He passed so close to me I could have touched him!"

"I'm Norman Garth," the man beside Martha said. "I have a cottage up on the hill."

Martha shifted gears with a jerk. "Then why don't you stay in it?"

"Publicity," said Norman Garth. "I have to eat my dinners at the Inn every evening and be stared at through screen wire and have the buttons yanked off my coat by impudent little girls." He fingered the threads on his coat, where the button had been.

Martha laughed. "My daughter," she said, "is among the worshiping throng, but if you said 'boo' to her she'd probably run like crazy."

"Your daughter? But—good heavens—I thought—"

"I'm Mrs. John Reid," Martha said; "and I'm thirty-five years old. My daughter is fifteen. If you're trying to flatter me, don't bother."

She didn't look at him, but when he spoke she knew he was smiling. "I'm thirty-two," he said. "Officially I've been twenty-six for three years. It's quite a strain."

"Must be." They were swinging across the bridge now, the river, below, a shimmering silver streak in the moonlight.

"I'll drop you at your door," Martha told him. "I haven't anything to do except wait for Barbara to come home. She'll say, 'Oh, Mother, he had baked chicken for dinner tonight, and he had on a bush coat and a silk scarf!' If I'm not properly impressed she simply goes on and on."

He laughed and settled back comfortably into the corner. "As a matter of fact the chicken was fried. I didn't eat much of it. Even monkeys sort of lose their interest in peanuts, I suppose, with people peering at them through the bars." There was a trace of wistfulness in his voice. "You wouldn't, by any chance, be hungry, would you? I know a place down the road where they make very nice hamburgers."

"People would come pouring out of the hills."

"It's a nice, quiet place," said Norman Garth. "I sneak off down there sometimes. We could stay in the car."

MARTHA felt a little sorry for him, and, besides, she hadn't done anything even slightly reckless in a long time. So she said, "Where is it?" and failed to take the turn leading off up the hillside.

When she turned off the motor outside the dim little roadhouse, a woman came out to take their order. They set the tray on the seat between them.

The surprising thing about him, Martha thought, was that he wasn't surprising at all. His face was almost as familiar to her as her own—as John's. It was much as if she herself were on the screen, playing a part opposite him.

"I feel as if I'd got into a picture by mistake," she said, "only I don't seem to remember my lines."

"Yours is the part," Norman Garth told her, "marked *Mrs. John Reid.* See, it's right here on the script." He held up his paper napkin. "I say, 'I'm afraid it was awfully rude of me to jump into your car like that. I'm not sorry, but I apologize.' And you say, 'It's quite all right. I'm not sorry, either, but your apology is accepted.'"

They laughed. Then they ate their hamburgers to the last crumb, and were drinking their second cup of coffee when a car drove up beside them. The people in the car began to stare, and to talk in loud, excited whispers. "I tell you, it's *him!*" Martha put down her cup and started the car, heading back the way they had come.

"Hey! We've still got the dishes!"

"We can take them back tomorrow," Martha said. "When a woman is seen eating hamburgers with Norman Garth—that's news."

He had the good sense not to be amused. "John Reid wouldn't like that," he said.

No, John Reid wouldn't like that.

As they took the winding road up the hill he leaned his head back and sang in a nice, unpretentious tenor *My Heart Skipped a Beat.* It was from one of his pictures. Martha joined in, wherever she knew the words, and they smiled at each other. "Not bad!"

At the gate of his cottage he called out: "All right, Ed. Open up." A man came running out and swung open the gate. He trotted along beside the car. "I had to put two of 'em out tonight," he said. "They come in from the back side, up the steep way."

Martha raised her eyebrows at Norman Garth. "Women," he said. "They have the oddest taste in souvenirs." He got out and stood looking at her, holding open the door.

"Will I see you again?"

Martha shook her head. "I think not."

"It's been fun."

"Yes," said Martha. "Fun."

Back on the road again, Martha glanced at her watch. Ten o'clock. She sped around the curves, scaring rabbits back into the brush. . . . *My Heart Skipped a Beat. . . . And in case you don't know your movies, darling, he's America's Number One Heart Throb.*

Martha had just started to switch off the car lights in her tiny garage when she saw a round, dark object at her feet. She leaned over and picked it up. A button. A smooth, dark blue button with a little knot of thread still looped through the holes. With a funny little guilty feeling she dropped it into her pocket.

A BRIDGE lamp was burning in the living room. Mrs. Waggoner, waiting to lock up, was asleep in her chair. In Barbara's room Martha saw clothes scattered about, and her daughter's dark head against the pillow. She was sleeping with one arm flung out across the bed, and there was something in her half-opened hand. Martha leaned over and carefully slipped it out. Barbara stirred and opened her eyes.

"Oh, hello, Mother." She raised herself on an elbow and started feeling around on the sheet.

"Lost something?"

"No. . . . Yes, I did. A button off Norman Garth's coat."

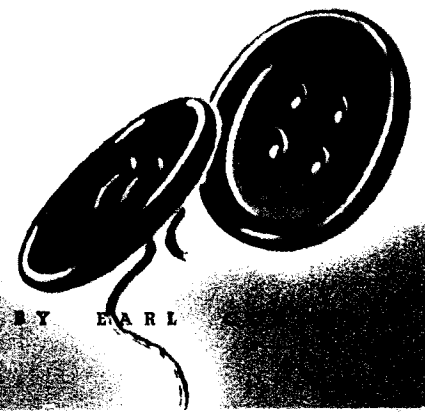
Martha gave it to her, and Barbara curled up into a little ball, the button in her open palm pressed against her cheek.

"I'm afraid you think I'm awfully silly."

"Not too silly," said Martha. She kissed her daughter lightly. "But don't say anything to your father about it. He wouldn't understand."

Martha's hand in her pocket touched something smooth and round. She turned it over and over in her fingers.

"He wouldn't understand at all," she said.



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LEAF

BY MARY FREELS ROSBOROUGH

A tender and dramatic story of the Florida that tourists never see

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

THROUGH the warm silence, Callie could hear the guns banging away in the pine woods. A pity it wouldn't rain so the dogs could get the scent better. Young Mister Ken was snorting to Sam only last night about this dry spell ruining the hunting. He forgot that on his last trip he was snorting because the wet spell had ruined the tobacco seedbed. . . . *Men!* Callie thought.

She sat resting on the porch of the sharecropper's cabin at "Bright Leaf Farm," holding the new baby in her lap. The old baby crawled about on the floor rattling an old gourd, and she looked down at him lovingly. He was sticky from bread and syrup and his nose was running. A pity he had to be put from her arms so soon because of this newcomer. The others had been farther apart and she'd been able to baby them a mite.

She roused herself to shoo the chickens off the porch. They were scratching busily in the drift of blossoms under the wild plum tree. It looked pretty, all white and blowing in the breeze. . . . Like Miss Victoria's bridal veil, years ago in town when Callie was a girl and worked up at the senator's big house. Her eyes went dreamily to the new baby, relaxed like a pink frog across her lap. . . . She was remembering the christening of Miss Victoria's baby the next year, in the same church. She could never quite forget it. The bishop, in his robes, like God walking through a solemn arch; the baby in drifts of white like the plum tree. . . . But no prettier than her baby.

CALLIE joggled her knees automatically, and throttled down the desire of her secret heart—a real christening, in a long white dress, for just one of her babies. If only one of them could start right in the world—cradled on the arm of a bishop, instead of waiting until they were twelve years old and could join the church, as was the custom in these north Florida pine woods. Lots of bad could happen to 'em before they were twelve.

Her husband, Sam Earle, came from the barns, his arms full of trailing white cheesecloth from the tobacco bed, ruined by the blue mold. He looked discouraged.

Through a gap in the pines, Callie could see the other seedbed, covered with its protecting cheesecloth, like an enormous pocket handkerchief laid out to dry. Around it in every direction stretched the empty tobacco fields, brown earth turned thirstily to the February sky. A thrill went through her. She loved growing things—babies or guineas or turkey biddies.

Sam dropped into a cowhide chair, the yards and yards of cheesecloth covering his overalls with incongruous delicacy.

"Blue mold's got the whole bed," he said glumly. "Take keer o' this till next planting." He pulled off his heavy boots and stretched out his feet.

"You can't plant only seven acres," Callie reminded him. "You signed the gov'ment paper agin. Ain't there enough plants left for that?"

"If they ain't, I can get some from the Freeman boys over the hill."

Callie nodded. "They got from us last year." She wanted to say something more to comfort him, but words were few between them. It was a disaster to have a seedbed ruined. So many things spelled disaster to a bright-leaf tobacco crop . . . drought or wind or hail; and you had to keep the suckers pulled off

Mrs. Dan Kenyon knelt and scrubbed Callie's small son. It worried Callie. It didn't look right and Mis' Ken was getting as wet as the baby

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and spray for worms. But when the golden leaves had been cured in the tall tobacco barn, and were lifted down from their tiers and taken off the sticks, then it was carnival for the country folks in the Suwannee River Valley. Their crop was as good as done. Danger was over. It only remained to be graded, the long silken leaves tied in "hands," and taken to the county seat to the auction. . . .

She smiled, forgetting Sam's glumness, remembering only the gaiety of market day, when the town steamed under an August sun, and people in cars, trucks, wagons and afoot poured in by every muddy road. . . . Carnival, in long, dim, redolent warehouses where miles of tobacco baskets waited the singsong of the auctioneer. Even now, the crisp, dry tang of it was in her throat. . . . Two million pounds of golden weed! Luxury crop, they called it. . . . Carnival, with the jingle of new money in patched pockets.

"Mind out, Callie!" Sam said, as the old baby crawled on the heap of cheesecloth. She snatched the precious stuff up out of his way, and began smoothing and folding its great length. It enveloped the three of them in a white mist, against which the baby thrust his gourd fretfully.

It did beat all, Callie mused, the way Mis' Ken's lady guests took on over those smelly old gourds. They'd tried to buy them, but Callie told them shyly, they'd no call to do that, and to "help themselves." They said they were going to paint them and plant flowers in them. . . . In gourds!

Her foot itched and Callie slid it from her worn slipper. Her feet were smaller than Mrs. Dan Kenyon's, she thought, with secret pride . . . for all that Mis' Ken looked like a pretty boy in her riding breeches, with her chestnut curls blowing. This trip she'd brought Callie a blue linen dress, as payment from one of the "gourd ladies." There was even a blue-dotted handkerchief in the pocket that smelled like flowers. But the children had smelled it so often, they'd worn the flower scent off it. Now it smelled like the rest of the house, like chicken feed and sour milk and wood smoke.

Callie craned her neck to see indoors and glimpse her new tan shoes standing on the shelf with the Bible and the clock, out of reach of sticky hands. She'd wear them with the blue dress to town next auction day.

THEN what she saw within made her exclaim and drop the cheesecloth. The old baby had crawled into the empty fireplace again, and was as black with soot as one of Aunt Sally's colored babies.

Callie rushed in and laid the sleeping baby on the bed. As she snatched the older child out of the fireplace, she heard Mis' Ken's light voice outside, and Sam answering respectfully. Callie visioned his awkward scramble to get his boots on again.

A curly head poked itself around the door. "Hello, Callie!" Then there was a shriek of laughter. . . . "What on earth!"

Callie stood vexed, holding the sooty, crying baby at arm's length.

"Callie, he is potty-black!" Carol Kenyon gurgled and came in and dropped on her knees by the baby. She did look like a slim boy in her riding clothes, with her tanned face, her tossed-back hair. But her eyes were soft and long-lashed and beautiful.

"Mind out! He'll come off on you!" exclaimed Callie, not daring to let go.

"It doesn't matter. Go get a tub and let's scrub him off."

So that was how Callie found herself sitting constrainedly shelling peanuts for the spring planting, while Mrs. Dan Kenyon knelt by a washtub and scrubbed her small son. It worried Callie. It didn't look right, and besides Mis' Ken was getting as wet as the baby.

"Callie, what's his name?"

"We kinda run out of names with four ahead of him," admitted Callie, "so we decided to name him for Governor Pinckney, and call him Pinck for short."

"Better call him 'Black'!"

"We aim to name the little bitty one," Callie said shyly, "for Mister Ken, if he don't mind."

"Why, he'll be delighted. Dan Kenyon Earle! That's a fine name." She sat back on her heels, and her smile faded. "Nice," she said, slowly, "that he can have one child named for him."

"It won't hurt none, will it?" asked Callie anxiously, "when you have a baby to name for him, too?"

"No, it won't hurt . . . because I probably won't have one." Carol Kenyon began scrubbing so hard that "Governor Pinckney" yelled.

SO THAT was it. Callie felt worried and confused. . . . He didn't want none, or maybe she didn't, and they weren't getting on so well. Callie had seen them walking in stubborn silence through the pines. Once, she'd met them by the mule shed and overheard a snatch of conversation.

". . . Women always tied down by kids. No traveling, no fun. . . . A perfect example before you, Carol, if you had eyes to see!"

"I do see it!" the girl had said, stormily. "A perfect example—and you have no idea how perfect it seems to me!"

Callie had thought for a queer moment that they might be meaning her. Then she knew they didn't. Nothing perfect about the Earles. Four children school age and two babies. 'Course they tied you down, close to the earth. And Callie, who had moved from farm to farm, certainly hoped this was so. . . . The Kenyons were different, she realized. The farm was only their plaything, for week-end house parties. They were restless and rich. Why, Mister Ken was forever traipsing over every inch of the farm, when he wasn't dashing around in his car, or hunting. Busy as a switch engine, she mused, then, with a flash of insight . . . and never getting anywhere!

She sat shelling peanuts with flying fingers, watching Mis' Ken. In the silence, a meadow lark dropped his crystal-clear notes from the magnolia out the window. Bird song and flower fragrance floated down together, so that one could hardly tell which sweetness was scent and which was sound. She heard the drone of the eleven-o'clock plane from New Orleans. As it grew louder overhead she glanced at the clock to see if it was right. Once, that plane had seemed a marvel to her, as inexplicable as angels, or lightning, or falling stars. Now, she merely set her clock by it.

Mrs. Kenyon was laughing. She squeezed a trickle of water over the baby's sooty head. . . . "I christen you Pickaninny!" she giggled. "And we'll call you Pick for short."

Callie gasped audibly at this sacrilege, but the gay voice went on: "Wait till I tell the bishop tonight that I held a christening! . . . Did you know we have a bishop on our hunting party, this time, Callie?"

"Yes'm," Callie murmured. She did not mention that she had peeked through the kitchen door the night before, when she carried a basket of eggs over to the lodge, and watched the guests talking and laughing at dinner. The cook had pointed out the bishop. It was a shock to Callie that he wore khaki hunting clothes instead of his velvet-trimmed robes of office—still, his handsome head of silvery hair, his deep, brilliant, tired eyes made him as awe-inspiring as Miss Victoria's bishop. When he stirred his coffee, his massive bishop's ring glittered in the candlelight. And like a secret ache, Callie's desire had returned for a real christening for her baby. She stood shivering in the kitchen door until the servant took the basket from her unresisting hand.

Now Carol Kenyon was drying "Governor Pinckney" and wrapping him in an old quilt. She sat on the floor, absently rocking him back and forth. . . . "Your name's Carolyn, too, isn't it, Callie?" she said. "Like mine." Her eyes were as clear and brown as swamp water, Callie thought, with sudden admiration.

"Yes'm," she said, "but we're a heap different 'ceptin' for that, Mis' Ken." And she pushed back a lock of her drab, straight hair self-consciously. It occurred to her that she was no older than this other girl. She'd begun sooner, married at sixteen. She guessed she looked a heap older, what with her bad teeth and her six children. She felt a queer pain down inside her, somewhere—a pang for that frail prettiness of her youth, which had had no value to her, until now she found it gone.

Almost as if she sensed these thoughts, Carol said, gently, "You've been blessed, Callie. You have six wonderful children, and you're happy."

"Pshaw! They ain't so wonderful!" But Callie was pleased. "And we're lucky to be sharecroppers on Mister Ken's farm. He's fine to work for."

"It's odd about this farm," mused Carol. "It started out to be merely a hunting preserve for week-end parties during the season. Now it's turned into a tobacco farm and it makes money for us. It isn't right that everything he touches should turn to gold."

"Like the king in the fairy tale," said Callie eagerly, to show she had some learning. "Even his baby turned into a little gold statue, didn't it?"

"That's it!" exclaimed Carol, as if something long hidden had suddenly become clear to her. "That's what's happened to us." And she looked down at the quiet baby in her lap, so that her face was hidden.

QUITE clearly Callie could hear the crows cawing in the peanut field. She did not know what to say and she felt upset. She stopped shelling peanuts and sucked the cut on her hand she'd hurt yesterday, mending the wire fence where hogs broke into her garden. . . . Anyway, Mis' Ken never meant half she said. Often these people said the strangest things in their smiling way, never meaning a single word! And they were so polite to one another, like gay strangers. Their good manners baffled her. Things were crossways, somewhere.

Mis' Ken still sat in unhappy silence, and Callie nerved herself to say something.

"They—they struck water yestiddy, Mis' Ken," she stammered. "We really like our new well!" Out the back window they could see the tall derrick with its drill, standing over the newly completed well. That morning the pump-man had connected the shiny, red pump. "We can water the stock in half the time now. The water's white as milk."

"Don't you drink it that way!" Mrs. Kenyon said quickly. "It'll make you sick. That's lime and rock sediment and sand in the water. After the well's been pumped out for a few days, the water'll come clear."

Callie said yes'm politely, but refrained from mentioning that they had

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Callie watched Mrs. Kenyon walk with bent head toward the low, attractive log cabin that was her husband's hunting lodge

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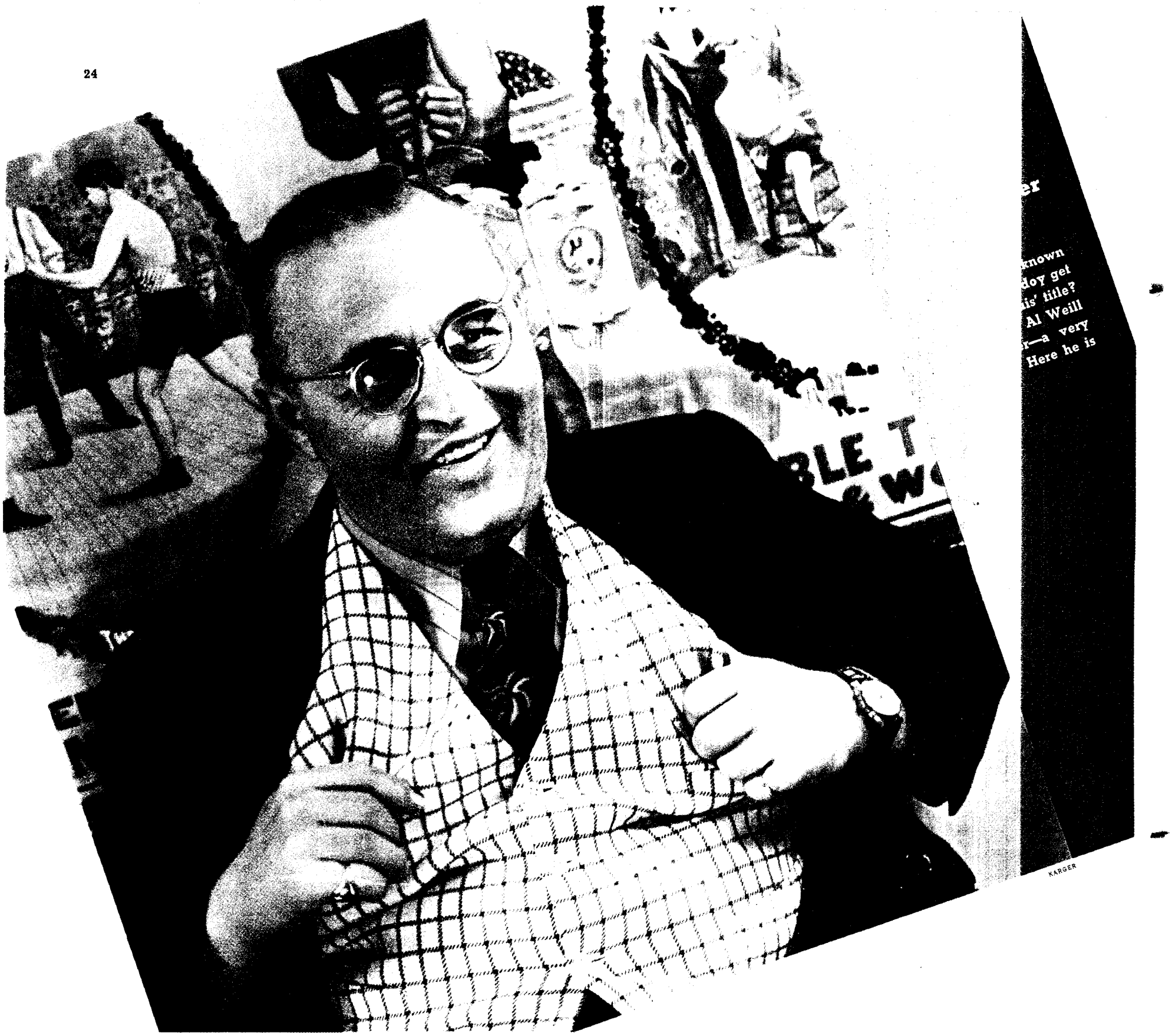

ARTURO GODOY, a mestizo from Chile, is fighting Joe Louis, a mulatto from Alabama, in Madison Square Garden for the world's heavyweight championship, for two reasons:

1. Arturo is considered a safe opponent for Promoter Mike Jacobs to risk his million-dollar asset against in an indoor bout that can't gross much more than $100,000.

2. Arturo had the foresight and acumen to engage Al Weill as his manager.

It isn't every manager, or in fact, every thousandth one, who can get his new fighter a crack at pugilism's biggest prize to start off their partnership. In fact, I don't think it has ever been done before.

Weill was able to do it for Godoy because he's the most astute manager of fighters in the business. And he's the shrewdest manager for two reasons:

1. He never had a boxing glove on in his life except when stretching it for one of his fighters, and therefore isn't handicapped by a technical knowledge of the trade, which might serve only to confuse him.

2. His mind isn't cluttered up with a lot of book learning that would take up space in his brain now needed for scheming.

Weill is a squat Alsatian in the middle forties who crucifies the King's English every time he opens his yap and is known in the profession as the Weskit King. This sobriquet dates back to his salad days when the proof of his last pudding was always to be found on the vest. As Al hustled around trying to spear any napping boffoes he encountered, it used to be said by rivals—no doubt motivated by professional jealousy—that "the coat and pants do all the work but The Vest gets all the gravy."

"The Vest" began in the town of Gebweiler in Alsace-Lorraine, forty-four years ago. At the age of thirteen he decided to give Alsace-Lorraine back to the French and Germans or whichever of them didn't happen to own it at the moment and come to America. His father sailed with him.

"We came storage because the old gent didn't have no sugar," explains Al.

Arriving in New York, he found to his dismay that it was necessary for him to attend school for 133 days before he would be eligible for a working certificate. His anguish at thus being thrust harshly in contact with book learning is still reflected on his fat, round face when he recalls the harrowing experience. In school he picked up an East Side accent more genuine than that of a native gamin, but little else, and later he entered commerce as a shipping clerk's third assistant in a wholesale hosiery factory.

Retired at Fifteen

"That's where I foist loined about boxing," he likes to relate. "Boxing hosiery for shipment. I knew every kind of a sock there wuz."

Mr. Weill often coins bon mots like these without any preparation whatsoever.

The embryo fight manager quickly found out there were no coconuts to be had nailing up boxes all day so he managed to have himself transferred to the sales department. At fifteen he was selling veiling, chiffon and other fluffy stuff to the trade.

One night in his wholesale house the boy prodigy, now getting five dollars a week plus ten per cent commission for his sales, was asked by one of the more important salesmen to carry his big sample case up to the Grand Central Station after he had finished his job. Weill protested that he had to go home and say Kaddish for his deceased mother—Kaddish being a prayer for the dead that must be recited daily for eleven months without interruption. The boss said Al would have to lug the sample case to the station, Kaddish or no Kaddish, so Al quit. He likes to cite this incident now as an example of his piety and filial devotion. True, he admits he wouldn't have had to say Kaddish that night if he hadn't forgotten to say it in the morning when he should have, but that was just an oversight on his part, he says. Besides, it was a long drill up to the Grand Central, lugging that heavy sample case, and even at that age our hero was nobody's lug.

Now he had his first taste of loafing and he liked it so much it became chronic. Already, the kid was showing the earmarks of a great fight manager. His grandmother, with whom he lived, put up with Al's idleness for a few

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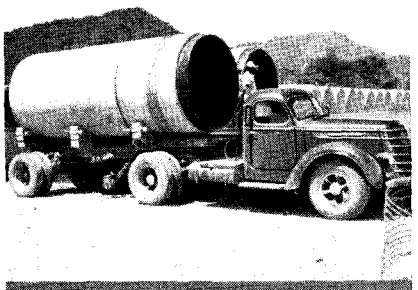
Rolling down to RIO



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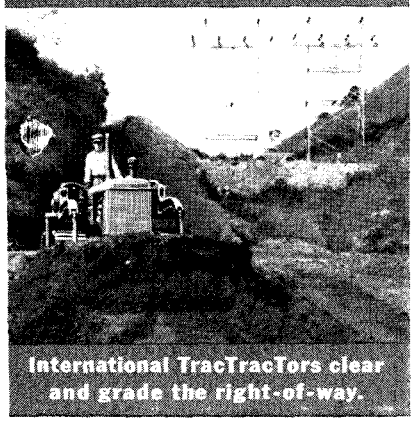

International TracTracTors clear and grade the right-of-way.

International Trucks and Tractors Cut Costs and Save Time on Gigantic Water Conductor Project

Gay, glamorous Rio de Janeiro moves ahead on its march of progress. A gigantic engineering project is under way to bring crystal-pure water from the mountains to the beautiful capital of Brazil. Sixty miles of twisting, turning, up-hill and down-hill aqueduct construction crosses the colorful Brazilian scene to bring the need and the source together.

Thirteen thousand 22,000-pound iron and concrete tubes will carry the water. Carrying the tubes to their places in the line called for another kind of transportation —*modern heavy-duty International Trucks.*

The great project demanded the best in engineering skill, business organization, and reliable equipment. Dahne, Conceição & Cia. (Adductora Ribeirão Das Lages S. A.) was awarded the contract. International Trucks and Diesel TracTracTors "rolled down to Rio" and shouldered the job of clearing, grading, and preparing the right-of-way; transporting tubes, materials, and supplies; and easing the heavy tubes into the trench without cracking.

Through the past year the snake-like line has progressed steadily across the valleys and over the hills. Soon, far-sighted Rio will enjoy the full benefits of its newest utility. Thanks to the ability and dependability of 18 International Trucks and 9 Diesel International TracTracTors, a great city's dream becomes reality!

The world is dotted with such records of International achievement. If *you* have a hauling job to do, there's a powerful International that's built and styled for *your* work. Sizes range from Half-Ton Light Delivery to powerful Six-Wheelers. Ask the nearest International Dealer or Company-owned Branch for a demonstration.

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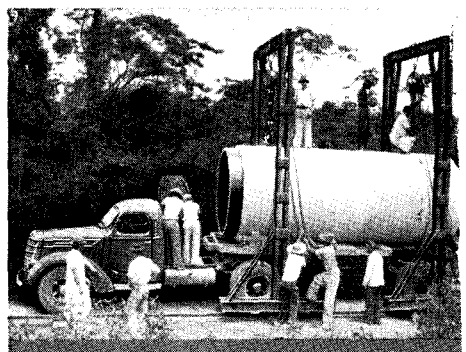
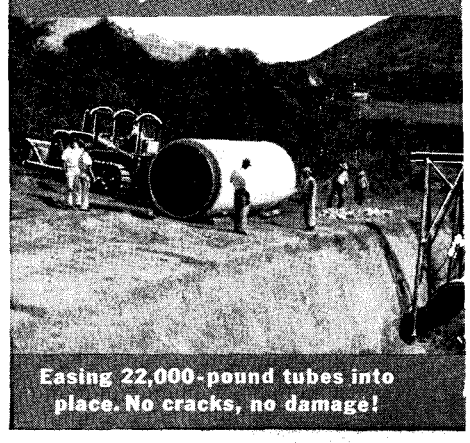


Rapid and careful unloading of tubes by chain-hoist system.



Easing 22,000-pound tubes into place. No cracks, no damage!

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INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

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IT "TAKES" ALL LOW-PRICED CARS . . . in Acceleration and on the Hills!

*The Special De Luxe Sport Sedan, $802**

This dynamic new Chevrolet for 1940, with its lightning-flash Valve-in-Head pace, is the greatest action car in the entire low-price field!

The streets and avenues and highways of the nation are *alive* with new Chevrolets!

And when we say "alive" with them we refer not only to great Chevrolet popularity, to brilliant Chevrolet styling, to sparkling Chevrolet colors, but also to the quick, lively, vigorous tempo which Chevrolet performance lends to the traffic stream.

For here is the greatest action car of the low-price field . . . the car that *out-accelerates, out-climbs, out-performs* all others in its price range . . . and does it with *maximum safety* and with *minimum cost* for gas, oil and upkeep!

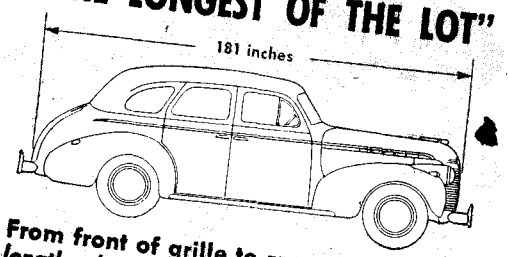
And the reason is that Chevrolet for '40 is the *only* low-priced car with a super-silent, super-vitalized Valve-in-Head Engine, just as it's the *only* low-priced car with new "Royal Clipper" Styling, Exclusive Vacuum-Power Shift and "The Ride Royal*."

"Chevrolet's FIRST Again!" . . . It takes them all in acceleration, on the hills, and in all-round value, too! . . . All of which will become crystal-clear to you if you will take time out to *eye it, try it, buy it*—today!

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Sales Corporation*, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

*On Special De Luxe and Master De Luxe Series

"THE LONGEST OF THE LOT"



From front of grille to rear of body—for length where length counts—Chevrolet for 1940 is the longest of all lowest-priced cars! Big outside, big inside, big in value!

NEW EXCLUSIVE VACUUM-POWER SHIFT

The only steering column gearshift that does 80% of the work for you and requires only 20% driver effort!

85-H.P. VALVE-IN-HEAD SIX

$659 AND UP, *at Flint, Michigan. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice. Bumper guards—extra on Master 85 Series.

EYE IT . . TRY IT . . BUY IT!

"CHEVROLET'S FIRST Again!"

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Romance in Crimson

Continued from page 19

looked out of the corners of his eyes, and managed to get a pretty fair view; the man was tall and dark and undeniably handsome; he was well-dressed; he leaned against the wall in a graceful, relaxed manner that somehow gave the impression of alertness. Apparently, he did no more than glance at Gregg.

"I'm not sure," thought Mr. Stuart.

After all, his two glimpses of Lynn's assailant the previous night had not been clear. He reflected that there were many tall, dark young men in New York—perhaps even several who lived in this very apartment house. Chances were this wasn't the man at all. He certainly looked like a good, average, healthy young American—with nothing sinister about him. Gregg guessed him to be about thirty, and by profession . . . ? Gregg shrugged. That was carrying conjecture pretty far. At any rate, he seemed totally disinterested in Gregg or his movements, and so Mr. Stuart walked past him and into the courtyard.

The five stairways giving access to the various groups led upward from a flagstoned courtyard that had responded pleasantly enough to the builders' efforts at landscaping. There were potted evergreens and a bit of a fountain set on a postage-stamp plot of discouraged grass. Just behind the two brick entrance pillars, Gregg noticed an office with a telephone switchboard and a trim young operator. He walked firmly toward the doorway marked "C." Up then to apartment four. He fitted the key in the lock, opened the door and entered. "So this," he said to himself, "is Paris."

SILLY that he should get a thrill from being in her apartment. It was an oddly homelike little place, simple and tasteful. There was a narrow foyer, off which hanging closets, kitchenette and bathroom opened. To his left was a square living room. There was a pleasingly soft rug on the floor; a wide, comfortable, inviting couch; a club chair, a wing chair, a gate-leg table, a tiny desk on the top of which was a single, exquisite Wedgwood pitcher; a bookshelf in which were a few dozen well-selected books ranging from popular novels to books on art—all of which looked as though they were well-loved and well-read . . . and a sliding panel back of which he peeped to find a door bed.

It was the sort of tiny apartment for which she had prepared him, the sort of apartment in which he would naturally and logically expect to find her living; the apartment of a young lady of taste and manners and intelligence—and of not too great affluence.

"About fifty dollars a month," he reflected, "which would fit in pretty accurately with what she told me about herself and her work." The furnishings, the atmosphere—everything fitted. They checked with everything except what he had encountered the night before. Nothing seemed to blend with that, nor with the young man standing watch near the entrance.

He produced her list of instructions, found and dusted the suitcase, and busied himself with the tasks she had set him. The hanging closets were amply congested. Neat, simple, correct clothes; stylish without being extreme; good without being expensive. The place was immaculately clean, scrupulously neat. Her lingerie, of which there was rather a profusion, was beautiful.

He lifted the suitcase and started for the door. Outside, on the sidewalk, a quick glance assured him that the tall young man was maintaining his vigil. But if the dark stranger was interested in Gregg, he gave no sign. Gregg was sure that the man wasn't even looking his way. . . .

Lynn was waiting for him, still clad in his ridiculously ample dressing gown. She seemed brighter than when he had left, and he looked at her severely. He said, "Now I know all."

"All what?"

"You'd be surprised. And why didn't you tell me that you liked tomato juice?"

"My icebox. It has betrayed me." She grabbed for the suitcase. "Mind if I slip into something normal? Perhaps it'll be good for our morale."

The bedroom door closed behind her, and Gregg rambled into the kitchen. Frenzy eyed him askance for a few moments and then ventured a remark: "Miss Harrison sho is quality folks, Mistuh Gregg."

"You think so?"

"Yassuh. I *know* so. I c'n tell."

"Well, don't. It's a secret."

"I understand the author himself didn't guess the murderer till the very last chapter" BARBARA SHERMUND

GREGG was back in the living room when she reappeared. She stood behind the iron grille of the dining alcove for a moment and he said, "Can this be true?"

"It can," she said. "Believe it or not."

He himself had taken that outfit from her clothes closet, but then it had had no personality. Now, as she wore it—it did things. Or maybe she did things to it. Navy and white, simple enough—and yet. He said, "You look as though you own the dress. Most women don't."

"A shrewd and flattering observation, Mr. Stuart. And now . . ." She moved down into the living room and approached him, "Tell me what happened."

He hesitated for a moment. "Sit down, Lynn."

"Your word is my law," she smiled, seating herself.

"I'm not trying to intrude, really." His manner was grave. "But I've got to ask you something."

"I can take it."

"YOUR friend of last night—the young man with the homicidal tendency—is he about my height, average breadth and weight, black hair and eyebrows, clean-shaven, eyes set a trifle too close together, but otherwise rather nice-looking, and do you happen to know whether he owns a gray tweed topcoat with a half-belted back?"

Her eyes were wide as she asked, "He was there?"

"A man answering that description."

"What did he do?" She was frightened.

"Nothing. I don't believe he recognized me, or connected me with you at all."

She said tonelessly, "He was waiting for me. . . . I'm not going home."

"No . . . ?"

She said, "While you were out I used your telephone. I've been talking to my boss." She traced an intricate pattern on the rug with the toe of one infinitesimal shoe. "My vacation is overdue. This is our slack season. I'm taking a month off."

"Does he know anything about this setup?"

"Nobody does."

"You're running away from this man Rick?"

"Yes."

"What good will it do to escape for a month? Won't he still be here when you come back?"

"Probably not."

"Where are you going?"

"Away," she answered. "I haven't decided yet."

"You'll need more clothes. I'll get 'em for you."

"You seem to be destined to do lots of things for me."

His eyes held hers levelly, and he said quietly, "I hope so."

"I'm going somewhere that's quiet and restful and sort of—lost."

He walked to the window and stood for a few moments staring down at the crawling traffic. When he turned back to her he was smiling, and his eyes were speculative. He asked, casually enough: "Did you ever hear of a place called Karnak?"

"Egypt," she announced proudly. "I almost went there once when I almost went on a Mediterranean cruise."

"This is another Karnak. It's way down south in Dixie where the cotton blossoms grow. It's really a very lovely spot. You'll like it."

"I . . . ?" She stared at him, gratitude and protest in her eyes. "What have I got to do with it?"

There was a great deal of warmth and of friendship in the smile he gave her.

"I'm going there—right away," he said. "I'm taking you with me."

SHE came close to him and took both his hands. "Do you mind my telling you," she said, looking up into his clear gray eyes, "that you are the nicest person I have ever met?"

His face flushed. "I rather like it."

"You're brave, you're generous—"

"Now listen . . ."

"*You* listen. I'm talking. Because you must understand. What I've gone through in the last eighteen hours seems more than worth while because I've met you. I'm not paying a compliment; I'm simply stating a fact. And I know that you are really sincere in this invitation . . . but, Mister, I'm not having any. It simply isn't in the cards for us."

"May I ask why?"

"You'll always be asking me that, it seems." She smiled a little. "Can you take it, Gregg?"

"I've been known to."

"All right then—try this." He could see that she was embarrassed and afraid. "You're getting to like me, aren't you?"

"You express it mildly."

"There's your answer. Please. . . . I'm not being coquettish or coy—God forbid! I'm trying to be intelligent. I'm trying to make you see that you haven't had a chance. I needed help, and you came roaring up in shining armor and saved me. Generations of romantic tradition are working on you. You'd keep on with that sort of thing . . . and you'd find yourself involved in something that is cheap and sordid and nasty. That's why I'm saying No."

He was still holding her hands when he said, "You'll never convince me, Lynn, that there could be anything cheap or sordid or nasty about you."

"I could kiss you for that."

"Go ahead."

"I shall. . . ." She moved closer, then drew back suddenly. "I'd better not." Their eyes were clear and they were both a trifle breathless. The moment passed. She said, "You have odd ideas about how a girl should try to retain her sanity."

"I'm not particularly anxious for you to retain yours."

"That's what I'm afraid of. You're

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not thinking clearly. You're an infernal sentimentalist."

"And you're a very sweet girl. So what does that make both of us?"

"Unfortunate." She changed her tone. "Sit down, please."

"The ayes have it." He dropped into the worn club chair. "Let's hear the rest of your sound logic, Lynn—so that I can break it down."

"There's nothing else I can say. I said it all in a single, grateful word. No."

He tried to lighten the tension. He said, "They're nice folks, really. And my mother is there already—you'll like her . . . so it'd all be perfectly proper. I'm due for a vacation. So are you. You want to avoid our mutual friend . . . and if you go somewhere alone, you'll simply twiddle your thumbs and worry and wear yourself down into what is popularly termed a frazzle. Down in Karnak, with Mother to look after you, with nice folks all around you, with piny woods and good horses . . . well, the world will seem a million miles away—and even if your troubles don't vanish, I'll guarantee two things: First, that you'll forget them for a while; and second, that you'll be better fitted to cope with them when you come back."

She rose and walked across the room, then stopped in front of his chair and looked down at him. She said, "You mean it, don't you?"

"Yes."

"I won't argue any more—along those lines. I'm absurdly honest, you know. So I confess that you'd eventually break me down." She hesitated. "But there happens to be an additional reason why I can't accept."

"Try to convince me."

SHE smiled. "I'll try, but you're an awfully stubborn person."

"The Greeks had a word for me."

"I'd like to know what it was. Anyway . . ." again that hesitancy, that groping for the right word, that obvious effort to say enough and not too much. "There's a girl . . . I've gotten her into a jam and I've got to take care of her."

"A kind heart beats beneath yon homespun."

"And an empty head gathers no moss." She shook her head. "I'm a fine one to talk about taking care of others when I can't keep myself out of trouble."

"Tell me more about this girl."

Lynn said matter-of-factly, "She's the most vividly beautiful creature I've ever seen."

Gregg whistled. "Are you trying to intrigue me or steer me off?"

"I didn't mean it that way. Anyhow, her name is Toby Fuller. She's about three inches taller than I am, blond, and with a figure . . . they say figures don't lie, but hers does. There just can't be anything that perfect."

"Go on."

"She's a professional model. Her background isn't what you'd call social register. Orchid in a dandelion patch, or something of the sort. Not much education, but a fine, natural intelligence. She's straight and shrewd and wise. She knows all the answers. And for all our different beginnings, she's the best friend I have in New York."

"You know the most interesting people."

"Toby's one. You've seen her, provided you read the magazine ads."

"I read the ones that are illustrated with beautiful girls."

"Then you know Toby. Intimately, I might say, because she does things to lingerie that send dowagers rushing to the best shops under the delusion that they can look like that—on occasion. And you've seen her with clothes on, too."

"I wouldn't remember such."

"I met her professionally at the studio. I liked her from the jump. And her feeling for me . . ." Lynn smiled apologetically. "She happens to think I'm tops."

"So she and I are members of the same club."

Lynn's voice became more serious: "Our friend of last night—"

"Rick?"

"Yes, Rick. . . . Toby met him through me. She believes me to be a paragon of virtue—"

"Aren't you?"

"I'm afraid so—in the conventional way. But what I'm driving at is that nobody whom Toby met through me could possibly be suspect. At first she thought I might be in love with him. . . ."

Gregg asked quickly, "Were you?"

"No." There was no equivocation there; no doubt and no uncertainty . . . and Gregg sighed with relief. "Anyway, they seemed to like each other. Toby went for him pretty strong, once she was sure that she wasn't beating my time."

"And now . . . ?"

"Now I know things about Rick that I didn't know before. I'm afraid that he—and Toby . . . well, I'd hate to see her in deep water with him, that's all."

"So you're thinking of taking her away with you?"

"I'm going to try."

"Why don't you simply tell her whatever the truth may be about Rick?"

Lynn's eyes clouded again. "I can't do that, either. And a mere warning wouldn't get to first base. I'm hoping that if Toby runs off with me, Rick may be gone by the time we return. And that's one of the main reasons, Mister Stuart—why Karnak is out."

HE THREW back his head and laughed. "Even your absurdities are charming, Lynn."

She said seriously, "You don't understand. I know what sort of a community this hunt club must be. I should probably feel a bit fish-out-of-watery there myself. But Toby . . . all I can say, Gregg—is that she's the finest girl I know, but she wouldn't fit in with blue-book atmosphere."

"I'm afraid you don't quite know these folks, Lynn. They're hand-picked, as it were. They'd size up Toby for what she actually is. They're so essentially right that they never worry about whether their acquaintances have also been listed."

"And your mother . . . ?"

He laughed. "She may or may not like you, Miss Harrison, but if Toby is even half what you say she is, Mother will go for her in no uncertain terms." He seated himself on the arm of her chair. "We're wasting an awful lot of vocabulary, Lynn. Why not give in now and save your strength?"

"Do you always have your way with women?"

"I never tried before." His voice was low and gentle and persuasive. "I have a car here. Frenzy will drive us. We'll take it easy. Snacks at roadside refreshment stands, stops at those lovely little towns in the valley of Virginia. We'll even go tourist and see a few Civil War battlefields: Gettysburg, maybe; and Winchester and Manassas. We'll follow in the footsteps of Stonewall Jackson's men. We'll get deeper and deeper into the South and watch the architecture change, the pines grow taller and the shrubbery greener.

"And when we reach Karnak we'll bundle you and Toby into a comfortable twin-bedded guest room and make ready for large doin's: riding and hunting and tennis and skeet-shooting and ping-pong and bowling and billiards and what have you? You can sit back and sniff the pines and ruin your figure with crisp, crumbling waffles and fluffy biscuits; not to mention real Southern fried chicken and genuine okra soup as it is prepared only around that part of the South . . . and heart of palm salad, and even—with proper ceremony—Hopping John. Now are you sold, or do I have to abduct you?"

SHE said, "I'm voicing a last, faint protest."

"It's overruled." He took her arm in an amazingly strong grasp and piloted her to the rosewood desk. "Sit down and write me a list."

"Of what?"

"The minimum wardrobe for Karnak. Tweedy things; knockabout stuff. And throw in a couple of evening dresses. I'll fetch 'em for you. No trunk, though. Remember, we're driving."

"I'll have to find out about Toby . . . though I'm sure she can go."

"Phone her while I'm doing your packing."

She wrote her list. They had fun, these two: consulting, debating, adding and deleting. Once Frenzy appeared from the kitchen and said, "Mistuh Gregg . . . ?"

"Yes, Frenzy?"

"Did I happen to heah you-all sayin' somethin' 'bout drivin' down to Karnak?"

"You did."

"When you aimin' to commence, Mistuh Gregg?"

"Tonight, I hope."

Frenzy's ebony countenance was split by a beatific grin. And he said, "Hot diggity dawg! Karnak!"

"He's from there," explained Gregg. "He loves to go back and strut. There's a gal, I believe . . ."

"There's the list." Lynn put it in Gregg's hands. "I'll telephone Toby immediately. I'm sure it'll be all right."

"And plenty of fun." Gregg's gray eyes were dancing like a youngster on the first day of summer vacation. "Will this be fun!"

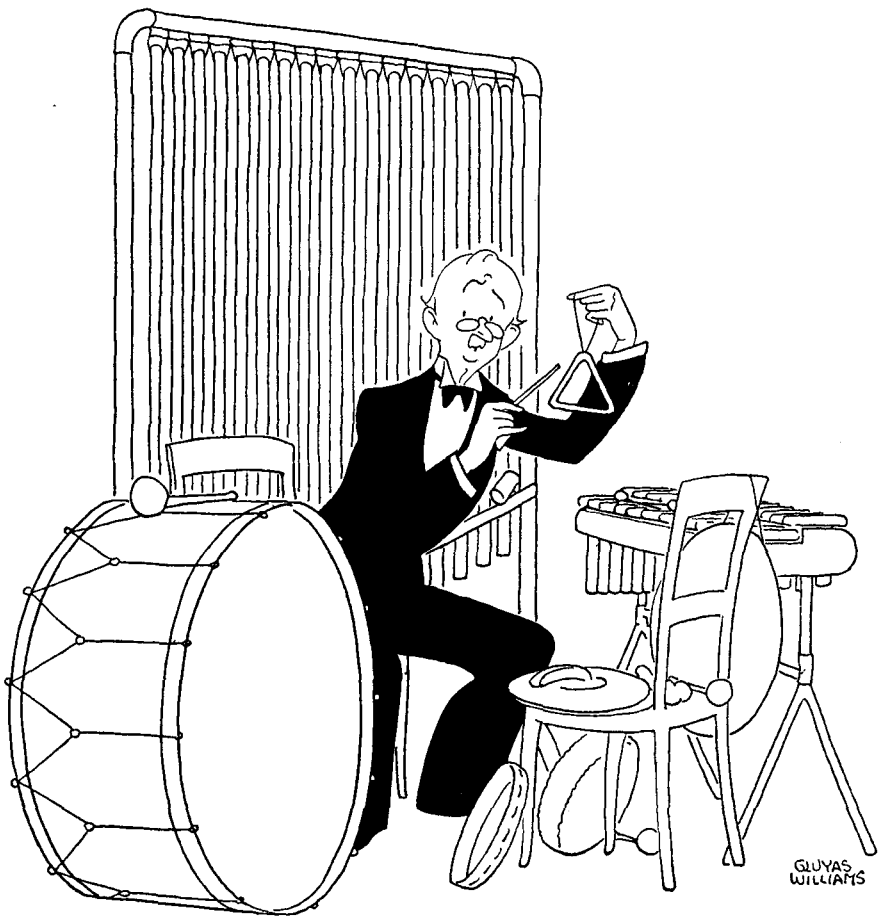
They had both risen and were facing each other. And now, briefly and poign-

People of Note

By Laurence McKinney

17—PERCUSSION

When music gravitates to Russian
The noise you hear is called PERCUSSION
All clangorous and clattery
It's also called the Battery
Comprising gadgets—ten or more
That clutter up a hardware store.
A fellow must be extra nimble
To beat a drum or crash a cymbal.
To bang a gong and in between
To tingle on the tambourine.
Eternal triangles, if missed
Will spoil a dainty thing by Liszt
And he must drag romantic tones
From glockenspiels and xylophones.
Far back and near the door they set him
So he escapes before they get him.



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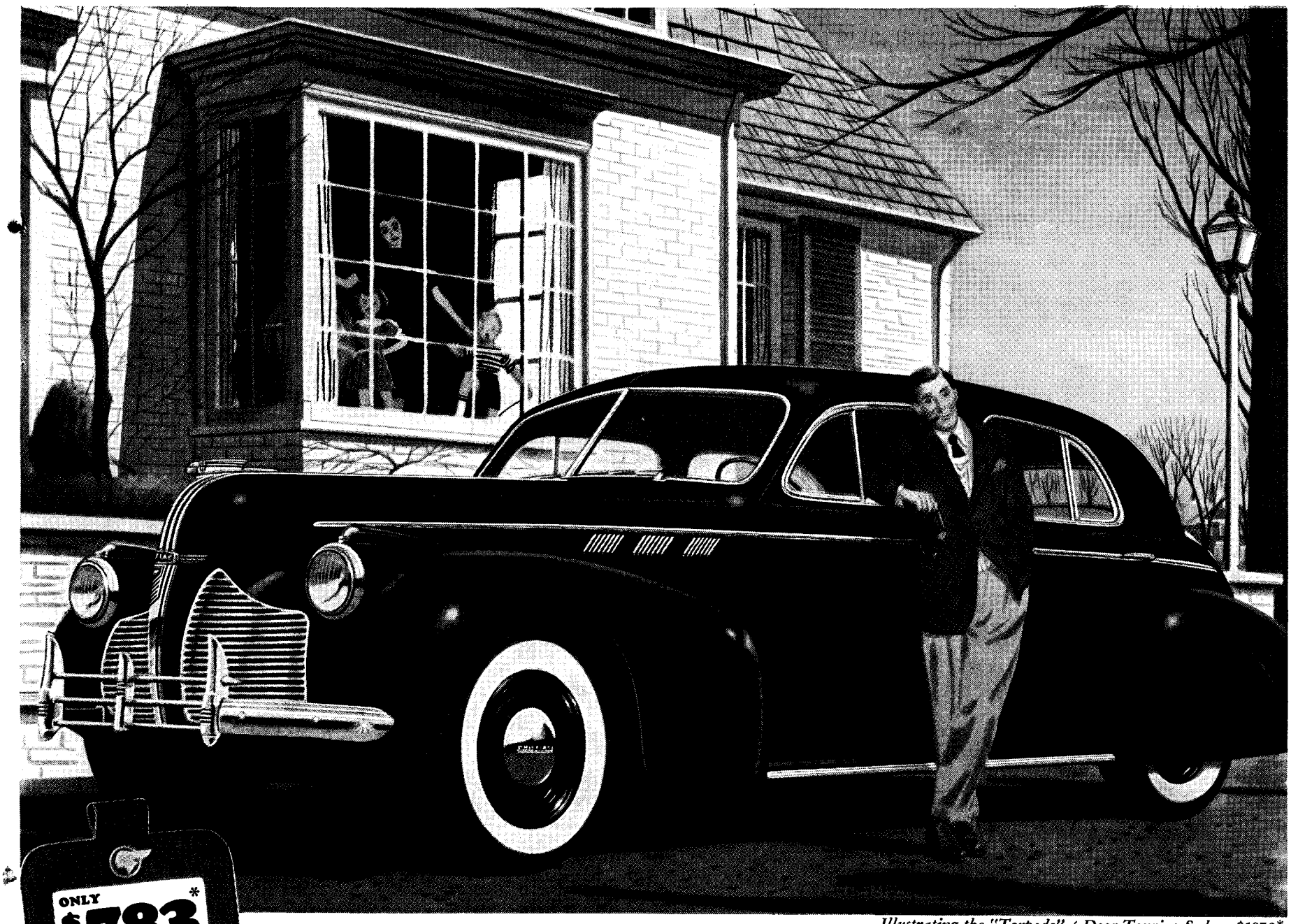

*Illustrating the "Torpedo" 4-Door Touring Sedan, $1072**

ONLY $783* AND IT HEADS THE STYLE PARADE

*and up *delivered at Pontiac, Mich. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment—white sidewall tires, accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice.*

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

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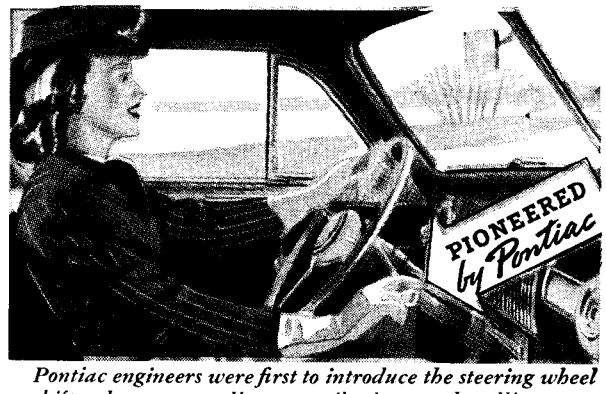
←COMPARE PRICES!

Find out the slight difference in cost between a Pontiac and the lowest-priced cars!

YOU CAN'T BLAME *anybody* for buying a 1940 Pontiac on the basis of *beauty alone. It's the most beautiful thing on wheels.* But once you've owned one of these big, silver streaked beauties, you make the pleasant discovery that buying a Pontiac isn't only evidence of good taste *—but a credit to your judgment, too!*

You've spent just a few dollars more than the cost of the lowest-priced cars. And you've got so much *extra* comfort, *extra* performance, *extra* luxury, *extra* quality and *EXTRA SATISFACTION* that you're apt to call it the best investment you ever made. Check your Pontiac dealer—*and see if that isn't true!*



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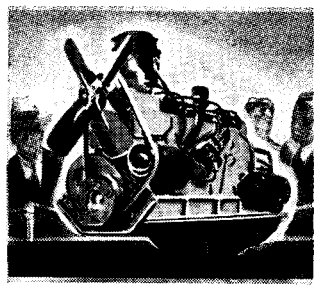
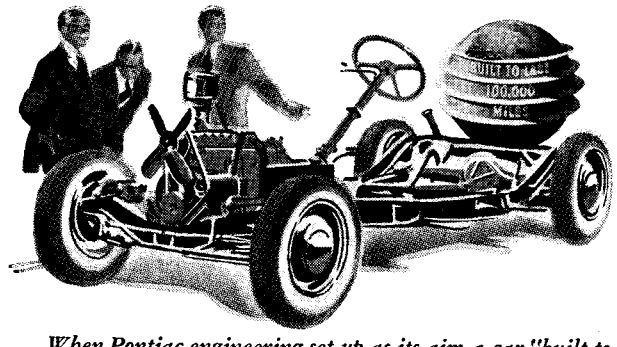
Pontiac engines are packed with power. Yet they're amazingly smooth, quiet, and flexible. Owners report "18 to 24 miles per gallon."





When Pontiac engineering set up as its aim a car "built to last 100,000 miles" doubt was freely expressed. Now there's proof on every road of Pontiac's amazing durability.

Pontiac

AMERICA'S FINEST LOW-PRICED CAR

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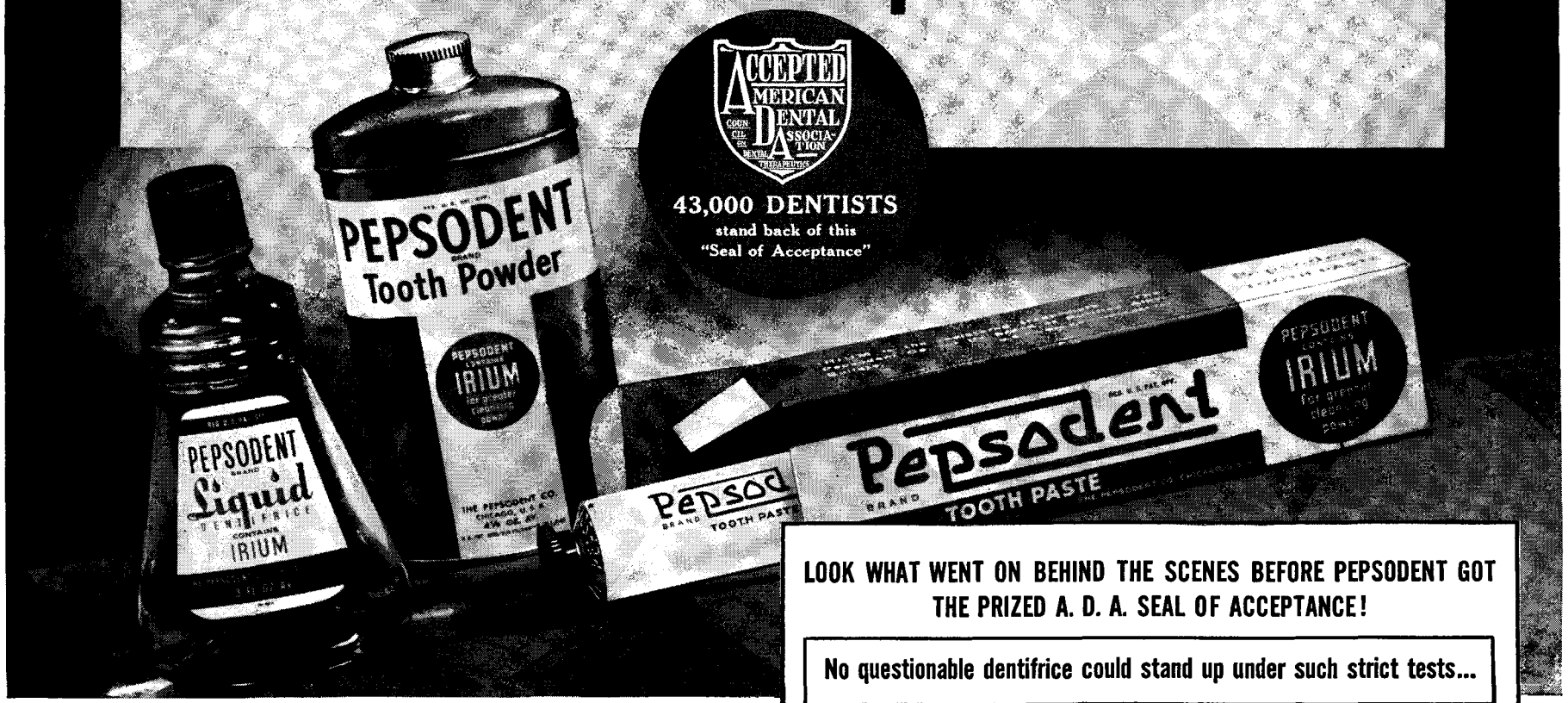

All 3 Forms of Pepsodent containing Irium get A. D. A. Seal of Acceptance

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2. Only Pepsodent has all 3 containing IRIUM—Pepsodent's patented, *more* effective ingredient.

3. Your dentist knows how effective IRIUM is—it is described in "Accepted Dental Remedies" as PURIFIED ALKYL SULFATE.

4. Pepsodent makes no exaggerated advertising claims. (In fact, this advertisement has been approved by the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association.)

5. Pepsodent contains NO BLEACH, NO GRIT, NO DRUGS.

6. Pepsodent is unsurpassed in EFFECTIVENESS.

ALL 3 ARE SAFE
...ALL 3 CONTAIN IRIUM
So take your choice!

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antly, the old light of fear returned to her eyes.

She said, "It isn't fair, Gregg."

"You promised . . ."

"You don't know anything about me. . . ."

"I know you. That's enough."

"And knowing you is doing things to me," she confessed. "It's making me do something I've no right to do."

"Forget it," he said. "I want to."

"This thing is so serious . . ."

He looked at her long and hard. He said, abruptly, "So am I."

AT NINE o'clock that night, Toby Fuller, waiting at the curb outside her apartment house, greeted them with a hitchhiker's gesture, and as the car paused at the curb, she said, "Goin' my way, folks?"

Gregg Stuart chuckled. He opened the door of the sedan and inspected the girl who was to accompany them south.

Even in the pale glow of the corner light, he could see instantly that Lynn had not exaggerated. He thought, "She's the most strikingly beautiful girl I've ever seen." Then he thought of a word he had seen in somebody's newspaper column: "Orchidaceous." And he noticed something else, too, in those few brief seconds: that there was a twinkle of irrepressible humor behind those big, round eyes and their long lashes.

He greeted her with outstretched hand, and she said, "Don't tell me. Let me guess. You're Santa Claus—a month ahead of schedule."

She was tall and slender, and beneath the open coat Gregg could see a plaid woolen dress. She wore a little hat that was pert and stylish and seemed to blend with her vivid personality. Gregg said, "How's about a lift?"

"I sho do crave one," answered Toby Fuller. "I got me a yearnin' to go way down south to Dixie and fill up on chitlin's."

Frenzy circled the car and wrestled with her two suitcases. It was readily apparent that Frenzy Gillings approved of Miss Fuller unequivocally.

He stowed away the suitcases, and resumed his place at the wheel. They headed west, and then north—toward the George Washington Bridge. Toby relaxed against the cushions and said, "What's it all about, Lynn? Not that I'm raising any objections, but I'd like to know why I'm being pushed around."

"For the good of your soul, Miss Fuller. Haven't you felt a vacation coming on?"

"But this was so sudden. . . ." Toby made a helpless gesture. "I haven't even had time to change my thoughts."

"We're going to have fun," prophesied Lynn. "Gregg will tell you all about it."

Toby twisted in her seat so that she could look straight at Gregg Stuart. Her scrutiny was deliberate, and approving. She said, "I like him, Lynn. He's tall, handsome, young—and probably just as whacky as you are."

"You don't know half," endorsed Lynn. "He was born with his chin stuck out."

"But he's got a car," sighed Toby, "and a most efficient chauffeur, and damned good taste in women."

Gregg was thinking to himself, "She's a knockout. I never met anybody like her—which is my loss." Wise, sure. Knows all the answers. Beautiful and not spoiled. Loyal. He thought, "Mother will go for her like a ton of bricks."

Toby was a direct person. She inquired of Gregg, "You in the art racket, too?"

"Not exactly. I'm an architect."

"Same general thing. Only the pictures you draw aren't so pretty. And how is it Lynn never told me about you?"

"She probably keeps secrets."

"She would—about a lad like you. And me thinking she was wedded to her work."

"The truth will out," interrupted Lynn, "so you might as well have it now. I only met him last night."

Even Toby's worldly sophistication was not quite proof against this. She gasped, "And I thought I understood you. What's the gimmick?"

"I don't know," answered Lynn. "I haven't had time to think."

"Don't tell me it's an elopement."

"No such luck," said Gregg. "But there's an awful lot of future ahead of us."

"If you need a witness, Lynn . . ."

Lynn was glad that they couldn't see her cheeks in the darkness. She said, "Incurable romantics, both of you. And you're all wrong, Toby." She pointed to a long, low rambling structure over which an electric sign flickered. "Home at last. That sign says Good Eats and it's talking straight to me."

They piled out of the car and inside the green-and-white building. They ordered frankfurters and hamburgers and coffee, and topped it off with large slices of rather flabby apple pie. Frenzy had gone to the rear of the place and purchased a fair meal for himself. This, he reflected, promised to be elegant. He was headin' south—back home—where he could impress the cullud folks with his own metropolitan magnificence.

The meal was hilarious and satisfying. Later, when Gregg was paying for that and for gas and oil, the two girls had a few moments together. Behind Toby's soft blue eyes there was a native shrewdness. She said, "He's nice, Lynn."

"That makes us unanimous, Toby."

"Where'd you find him?"

"Just picked him up on the street."

"Be yourself—I mean really."

"So do I."

She shrugged her shoulders. "All right, gal—if you won't talk . . ."

"What's the use, if you won't believe me?"

"Now you're asking riddles. But whatever it is—or why—I'm for it." For just an instant Toby was serious: "It'll be fun—taking a vacation with you."

"It better be."

They cut across New Jersey and skirted Philadelphia before swinging south. An air of festival pervaded the car. They achieved Gettysburg and put up at a tiny, immaculate hotel. "Might as well stop here," suggested Gregg. "Robert E. Lee did."

They were more tired than they thought, and they slept soundly. The following morning Gregg insisted on touring the battlefield. Lynn enjoyed it and Toby was impressed—though irrepressible. "Couldn't have been so awful bad," commented Miss Fuller, "with all those monuments to hide behind."

THEY rolled into the valley of Virginia. Subtly there was a change in the atmosphere. Just crossing the river made that difference. You hardly noticed it at first, but it grew on you. You could tell—maybe by the expression of delight on Frenzy's face, maybe by the rather dilapidated Negro cabins in the clearings with faint wisps of smoke curling up from their mud-daubed chimneys, maybe by the venerable, dignified appearance of the better homes that they passed. Gregg said, "It's got something—no question about that. I don't look at the new places, and the old ones have an integrity that delights the soul of an architect."

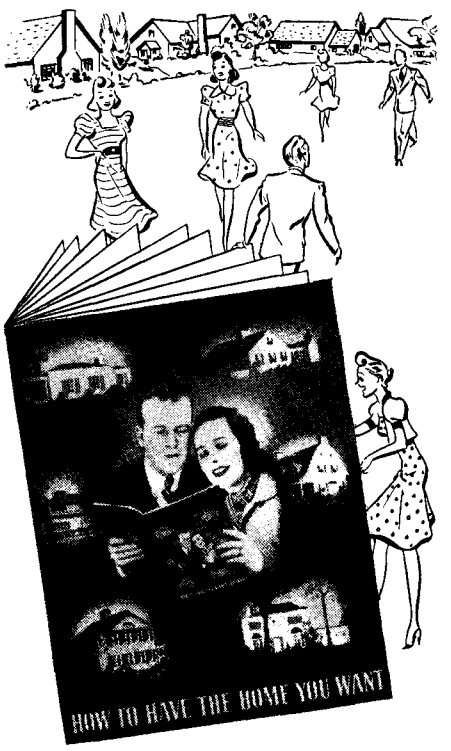
"If any," amended Toby.

They eschewed haste, and made a picnic of it. The trip took three days: three days of hilarity and of freedom from work and worry; three days of delightful, congenial, intimate companionship; three days of pressing deeper and deeper into a land that was redolent of tradition and benevolent in its welcome; three days of clear, warm skies; of stalwart pines, of gray, barren cotton fields jeweled with splotches of white—as though a snow had been here and had not all melted.

Negro families sunning themselves on rickety porches that spanned the fronts of unpainted log cabins; lean, scrawny hound dogs that raised languid eyes to regard their progress with superb impassivity; modern little cities at noon and night—cities that had, for the greater part, fair restaurants and excellent modern hotels. And then they rolled along a broad concrete highway, flanked by pines, which stretched out toward Karnak. The signs told them—"Karnak—32 mi. . . . Karnak—18 mi. . . ." and then, stretched across the road, a gaudy crescent that said:

WELCOME TO KARNAK
Pop. 5,500

(To be continued next week)



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Horlick's

The Fountain of Youth

The Weskit King

Continued from page 24

weeks, and then she gave him the bum's rush.

Out on his own, Weill began to hustle bucks as best he could to ward off anemia. One night, Al wandered into a Yorkville dance hall and, learning that there was to be a prize waltz, he invited a stray blonde with a squint to compete in it as his partner. The roly-poly roustabout had spent much of his time in dance halls during his loafing spell. Now, with a ten-dollar bill as the inducement, he really went to town. The prize went to Weill and his partner. While she was taking bows, the artful Alsatian slipped out through a side door and ran to the nearest restaurant, where he stocked up on beans.

Light But Not Fantastic

Al is almost as proud now of his first terpsichorean triumph and his exit with the exchequer as he is of the fact that he is the only fight manager in the business who has two world's champions in his stable. These are Lou Ambers, king of the lightweights, and Joey Archibald, top man in the featherweight division.

But let us not digress. When Weill collected his soft sawbuck, leaving the blonde to rest on her honors, he asked himself: "How long has this been going on?"

Off to Louie Guttenberg's shuffled the Nijinsky of Yorkville next day and hired himself a tuxedo, laying a greasy deuce on the line for it.

That night, all decked out like a bus boy at the Ritz, Weill competed in three dancing contests at as many theaters, and on his outlay of two bucks came home with two first prizes of ten dollars each. Though no slouch at the old-fashioned waltz, in which he excelled at reversing, Weill copped the double sawbuck with his Texas Tommie. It was nothing for him to make three hops on one hired tux in a single evening, after that, and he counted that night lost whose early rising sun saw by his flying feet less than a double-sawbuck won.

"I had plenty of initiation and ambition after I won my first prize," says Weill, but not without becoming modesty.

Sharing a two-dollar furnished room with him in Yorkville then was a young preliminary boxer named Andy Brown. Andy may not have been fancy with his mitts in the ring, but outside the ropes, acting as a shill for Weill at the dancing contests where he would start the applause for the Weskit King, he had the greatest pair of hands in America. The noise he made when the master of ceremonies held the paper over Al's head sounded like the combined efforts of all the claques at the Metropolitan Opera House.

One night, Andy asked Al to reciprocate by accompanying him to the Olympic Club in Harlem and handling him in a bout. Weill took charge of Andy and told him how to win the fight, which he did. This was Weill's cue to adopt the career that was begging him to be its papa.

"It was my destination calling me," he philosophizes now, "but when opportunity knocked, I was asleep at the switch and let the ship pass in the night." When not matching fighters, Mr. Weill does well at mixing metaphors.

Later, Al got a job running the "high striker" at the amusement park in Canarsie, Brooklyn. It was a course in psychology that proved to be a priceless contribution to his equipment for dealing with promoters in the days to come. His job was to lure the Canarsie swains to show off their strength before their maidens fair by hitting a wooden stump with a sledge hammer and trying to send the little ball whistling to the top of the wire on the indicator board. Al learned just how far to go in insulting the Canarsie boys to make them spend a dime instead of punching him in the schnozzle as they'd like to do.

Next, he managed a shooting gallery and penny arcade in Brooklyn where he learned the valuable lesson that many a mickle makes a muckle and vice versa. His weskits were rich in both proteins and starches during this period, for he was now eating regularly. When the Walker law was passed, legalizing boxing in New York State again, Weill, remembering his experience with Andy Brown, conceived the idea that quick kale was to be made by those who got in on the ground floor. So, assembling a stable of boxers he had met through Brown and in his dance-hall peregrinations, the Weskit King was ready for the gun. One of his fighters, Sammy Nable, won the first decision under the Walker law.

Until Lou Ambers came along, Weill was noted more for the quantity than the quality of his fighters. He seldom had less than a dozen in his stables and even in dull times kept all of them working. No offer was too small to merit at least a courteous reply in Al's "self-loined" English.

Weill became the best-known fight manager in the profession by making innumerable contacts from coast to coast on his many "bomb-storming" trips, as he calls them. Pausing only to lubricate the weskit, Weill kept chasing insignificant dough but making a comfortable living while managers who scorned the chicken feed were starving. One night Al had nineteen fighters working in as many cities.

The Vest Sees the Light

The priceless knowledge of fighters' styles that he picked up playing the tank towns night after night soon brought him into demand as a matchmaker. The secret of successful matchmaking is to pick the right type of opponent for a fight. Since the secret of successful managing is to pick the right type of opponent for your own fighter, Al had what it took to be a matchmaker, right from scratch.

In twelve years he probably made more matches than anyone outside Sweden. And the lump sum of what he learned was, "Don't be a sucker, Weill. Manage fighters and let someone else do the matchmaking and promoting."

Despite his lack of enthusiasm for the promoting field, Weill once ran a predated check into a bank roll of $10,000 in four boxing shows. That was in 1934 when he decided to promote on his own hook at Ebbets Field, and borrowed $1,000 from Mike Jacobs by dating a check for that amount a week ahead. Al spent $750 for a promoter's license, $100 for incorporation papers, $50 for a bond and the other $100 for working capital. His first show brought him a profit of $5,600, and three subsequent shows brought his profits up to $10,000. As matchmaker for Madison Square Garden for fourteen shows, he earned a profit of $110,000 for his employers but little of this gravy remained on The Vest, so he decided to stick to his trade of managing fighters.

In handling his stable of fighters, Weill has one important rule:

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"Promise them nothin' and give them everything," says the magnanimous fellow. "Never ask a fighter for advice or he'll lose respect for you. Don't treat him like a pal or a mug will be movin' in on you, just like he was your equal."

Weill became big-time stuff and shed the vest when he found Ambers. At the time, he was scouting talent for Tim Mara's club and happened to stroll into the Coney Island Velodrome one night when Ambers, then an unknown, was engaged in a hot battle with Tony Scarpati. Weill needed only one look to convince him that he was scouting for himself, not Tim Mara. Making a few discreet inquiries, he learned that Ambers was being managed by a Filipino postal clerk so, after asking himself whether he should do it, Al consented to take over the management of the newcomer.

Just an Old Softie

Al's tender heart asserted itself the night Fritzie Zivic broke Ambers' jaw in Pittsburgh. Though blood gushed from Lou's mouth like ketchup from an upturned bottle when he came to his corner after the seventh round, his old softie of a manager didn't have it in him to disregard Ambers' plea that he be permitted to finish the fight. The bout went on, and for the last three rounds not only did Ambers avoid being hit but he scored enough points himself to win the decision.

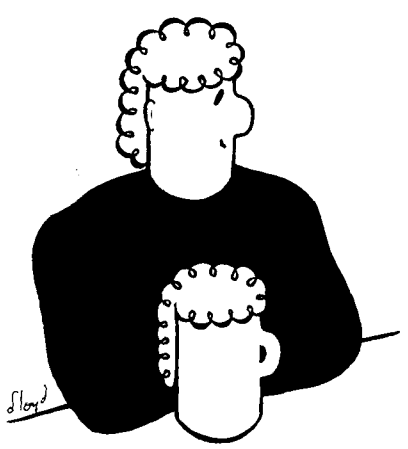
Weill's tender streak also asserted itself that night on the train back to New York. Instead of going to sleep and letting his fighter suffer, as almost any other manager would have done, this magnanimous fellow "stood up all night," as he will admit when pressed sufficiently, and talked to Ambers, who was suffering excruciating pain from the fractured jaw. That accident laid Lou up for six months. It would have ruined almost any other fighter, but Ambers emerged from the experience a better man for it. With Weill picking the right spots for him, he worked his way back up the ladder until he won the lightweight title. And then, after losing it, he won it back, which proves either that Lou is a good fighter or that Al is a good manager, or both.

"It's all a matter of steadying fighters' styles," Weill said when asked how he had been so successful with Ambers and, more recently, with Joey Archibald, a mediocre boxer who nevertheless has acquired the featherweight title under the Weskit's guidance.

"You steady their styles," repeated the Pundit of Pugilism; "and after you've steadied them long enough, you know which style will beat which and why."

Al's contributions to pugilism, great as they are, do not begin to compare with his gifts to the mother tongue. It was he who invented the present-past tense. In Weill's lexicon it's not "he won the fight" or "he lost it," but "he win the duke" and "he lose a close one."

It was he, also, who matched the editorial "we" of journalism with the man-



agerial "I" of pugilism. To listen to Weill talking, you'd think he did all the fighting. A verbatim transcript of one of his monologues would probably sound like this: "That bum? I licked him once but I'll fight him again if he wants me. This time I'll take forty per cent, though. He says he knocked me out two years ago but the thief is lyin'. I broke me arm in the thoid and the referee stopped it. It was only a typical knockout."

Other fight managers modestly cut their fighters in on some of the credit, if little of the cash, by saying, "We'll fight him again," but Al, who "steadies their styles," knows all the credit belongs to him, so, singularly enough, he sticks to the first person.

"Steady" as a synonym for "giving deep thought to a subject" isn't Al's only linguistic invention. Recently, after his fighter had won a semifinal bout in Providence and Al was asked by a sports writer how he thought his man, Archibald, would fare in the main event, the Great Man reflected a moment and replied: "Well, if the last bout was any critation, I'll win the next one, too!"

Too busy with his geometry lessons, figuring out the angles, to concentrate on learning "draw-ring room" English, Al nevertheless knows how to talk turkey. It was he who hornswoggled Promoter Mike Jacobs, most cold-blooded businessman in boxing, into guaranteeing Ambers $80,000 for his title bout with Pedro Montanez on the Carnival of Champions card two years ago.

When Tony Galento became a figure of importance in the heavyweight division, Weill, as usual, six thoughts ahead of his fight-managing brethren, recalled that one Arturo Godoy, a Spanish-Indian fighter from Chile, had twice licked Galento and began communicating with him by cable. It took a month for the cable people in Chile to decipher Al's messages.

You Just Steady the Style

Any other manager, confronted with a similar situation, would have concentrated on trying to steal Galento from Yussel Jacobs. Weill, mindful of his ethics but more so of the fact that no one has ever yet succeeded in stealing one of Yussel's fighters, didn't waste his time in that direction.

The result was, Godoy, who, remembering how Weill had pried $80,000 out of tight-fisted Mike Jacobs for Ambers' fight with Montanez, didn't need urging when the Weskit's hieroglyphics were finally translated.

The next step was to sell Godoy to Promoter Jacobs as Louis' next opponent. Leery though he is of Weill since the $80,000 "stick-up," Michael has profound respect for his former matchmaker and was all ears while Weill worked his wiles on him.

"I licked Galento twice, didn't I?" Al demanded. "And Galento almost win by a kayo from Louis, don't he? So where's your argument?"

Meantime, the Weskit didn't neglect to mention that "I lose to Nathan Mann and Roscoe Toles, don't I?" just to impress Mike with the pertinent fact that while Godoy is good, he isn't too good to be acceptable as an opponent for Louis in a midwinter tune-up bout. Thus it was that the Weskit King sold Promoter Jacobs as Louis' next opponent a fighter who has been away from the United States for two years, isn't even listed in the current Boxing Guide and is here on his honeymoon as well as to fight for the title, a bad combination in any man's league.

"How do I do it?" repeated Weskit Weill when asked for the hundredth time to explain the secret of his success. "I jest steady the styles. That's all—jest steady the styles."

THE CAPTAIN AND THE KIDS —By Rudolph Dirks

HEY, INSPECTOR! DON'T DO IT!
I FEEL SO SLUGGISH LIFE ISS NO USE! EFFERY TIME I GIVE UP CATHARTICS DER OLD TROUBLE COMES RIGHT BACK
POOR OLD INSPECTOR! VHY YOU DON'T FORGET DER "CURES" UND TRY TO KEEP REGULAR? CHUST TRY EATING KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN FOR BREAKFAST!
YOU THINK IT VOULD HELP? O.K.
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R. DIRKS

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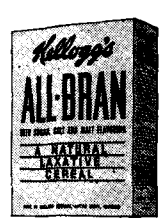

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The Kids Grew Up

Continued from page 11

And so the young Lawrence grew up. She went to the Italia Conti Dancing Academy first as a pupil, then as a student teacher. Whenever she had a spare shilling she hot-footed it for the nearest theater. She studied dancing, singing and acting as a doctor studies veins, arteries and bones. This was a serious business with her She was tired of poverty and fish and chips. But she had to stand them for a long while.

They were tough years and she has never forgotten them. There were long barren stretches when she couldn't even get the smallest bit to play. There were times when companies were stranded in small towns and there wasn't train fare available to get as far as Liverpool or London. There was the time that a company exploded financially and, to keep from starving, she had to take a job as bar maid in a small hotel in Shrewsbury.

"I played in the provinces for seven years," she recalls. "I danced and sung and acted and did everything but sell tickets. London was my goal and finally I got there."

Bea Lillie to the Rescue

She made it by becoming a chorus girl in one of the earlier Charlot's Revues. Monsieur André Charlot was an astute producer. He liked to sign up a girl with some ability and nurse her along for a couple of years. Then he'd spring her on an unsuspecting public. He saw something no one else had seen in this tall, slim girl with the large, wistful eyes. So he signed our heroine to a three-year contract. She was to get three pounds a week for the first year and six pounds weekly the following two years. All she had to do was to sing and dance in the chorus and understudy a half-dozen parts. Among those she understudied was a young sensation named Beatrice Lillie, who had just emerged to stardom from the obscurity of playing bits for Charlot.

One day La Lillie went a-riding in Richmond Park with a very unfriendly horse and the horse, objecting perhaps to carrying La Lillie's huge bulk of one hundred and four pounds, tossed her into the autumn air and onto the hard Richmond Park turf. Lillie emerged with a broken leg, which was the greatest favor she ever did for Gertie Lawrence. Gertie has been grateful ever since. She took over Bea's routines and sang such songs as Back to the Shack with My Little Black-eyed Susan, and the customers loved it. So did Monsieur Charlot, who puffed contentedly on a large cigar and shook hands with himself complacently for having a star under contract for three pounds a week.

"I thought I was off on a real career then," she said. "But when Charlot's next revue came along I was back in the chorus again. Charlot wanted me there in case he needed me. And once more Beattie rescued me."

Much to the annoyance of Monsieur Charlot his Miss Lillie decided to get married and leave the show. So again Gertie Lawrence got a chance to do something more than simper, "We are the dancers . . . the hit of the show." Once more she got nice notices and six pounds a week. She couldn't eat the notices and she couldn't eat much on six pounds a week. But she was getting great experience dancing, singing, acting in sketches. Then finally the break came. The next year she, Lillie and Jack Buchanan came to New York to do the unforgettable Charlot's Revue of 1924. Lawrence, Lillie and Buchanan were very hot. They were capable and experienced. All had labored in the provinces and had learned their trade well. Their material was magnificent and they took New York by storm. Gertie sang a little number called Limehouse Blues, and within a few minutes everyone in the country was singing it. Lawrence's star had finally risen. She was a musical-comedy star now and she didn't have to pay in advance at hotels or shop around for an inexpensive lamb chop.

Meanwhile, Noel Coward was busy in his own right. He was the bright young man of the London theater now, acting, writing, singing, dancing, directing. He had written a musical, London Calling, and he casually asked Lawrence to co-star with him in it. She as casually accepted.

"You never forget any first night," she says, "but that, above all, I'll remember. We did a dance together, an imitation of Fred and Adele Astaire and when we danced off stage the audience really gave us an ovation. We stood in the wings, Noel and I, looking at each other. Noel said, 'That's for us, Gertie. That's for us. We've arrived, Gertie, two kids from the London suburbs. Let's stand here and see how long they applaud.' "

Well, they've been applauding Coward and Lawrence ever since. Not long after London Calling, Gertie got a chance to play something other than musical comedy. Gilbert Miller, suspecting her hidden talents, gave her the lead in Candlelight and she emerged as a capable exponent of light comedy.

"I hadn't had much experience in playing a legitimate part," she says, "but I'd played in a lot of sketches, some dramatic, some comedy. An actress is like a piece of blotting paper. You don't consciously learn the technique of acting, you absorb it. You're learning all the time."

Coward had promised to write a play just for her, a casual promise that flattered her but which she didn't take very seriously. In fact she had signed with Charlot to do another revue when a script arrived from Coward. Coward himself was in China having a bout with malaria.

"I read the script and I liked it," she says, "but I was pretty precocious then. I read it and cabled Noel, 'Read script. Nothing wrong that can't be fixed.' Imagine me cabling that to Noel Coward. The script? It was Private Lives. It cost me five thousand dollars to buy my release from Charlot but playing Private Lives was worth it."

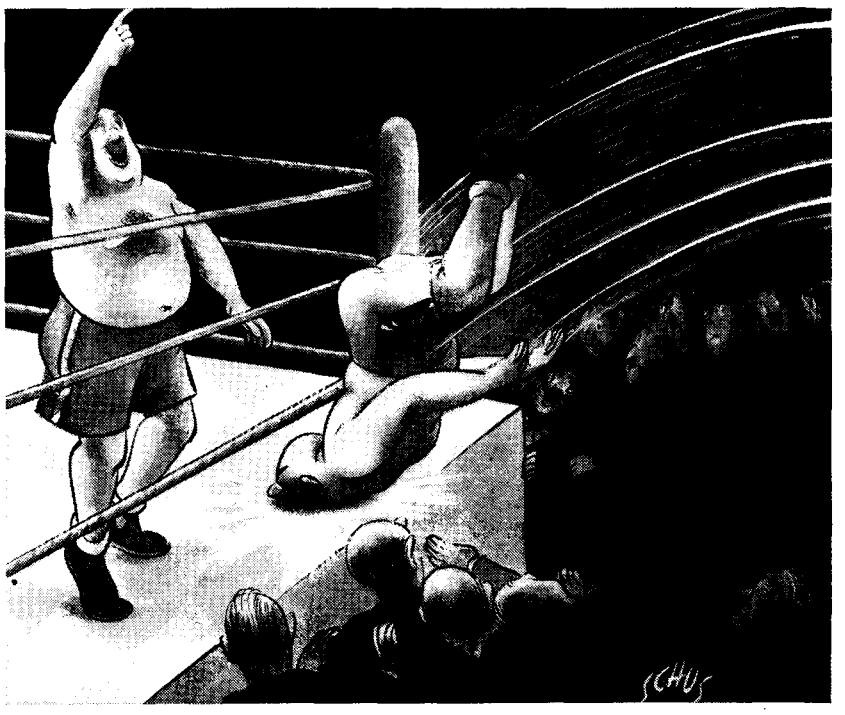
Since Private Lives, Gertrude Lawrence has been the acknowledged queen of the light-comedy stage. There is a legend that Madame Modjeska once wrung the hearts of a London theater audience by merely reciting the alphabet in Polish. Lawrence has a voice too that can do strange things to even the incredible first-night audiences of the New York theater. Her fertile powers of invention that blossomed forth in Private Lives really matured in Coward's play, Tonight at Eight Thirty. In this series of nine short plays Miss Lawrence did everything but balance a rubber ball on her nose. So, of course, did Coward.

Conqueror of a Country

When she toured with John Golden's production, Susan and God, the play broke attendance records in practically every city where it appeared. Critics were unanimous in plying the lady with the kind of accolades previously reserved for Helen Hayes and Katharine Cornell. She had conquered the provincial towns of England; she had stormed London and had captured New York. Now she had laid siege and won the hinterland of this country.

"Now and then," she says, with honesty rare in an actress, "I find myself reverting to the old habit of overplaying a part, of emphasizing and banging home points that should be underlined. But now, thank goodness, I know when I'm doing so, and I have a horrible thought of what Noel would say were he out front."

If Noel Coward could get excused from writing pamphlets to drop on the heads of defenseless German soldiers and if he would drop into the Morosco Theater he would undoubtedly say something very pleasant, for his star pupil is doing a right nice job in Skylark, which John Golden has produced with loving care.



"Nice try, Grandma!" ADOLPH SCHUS

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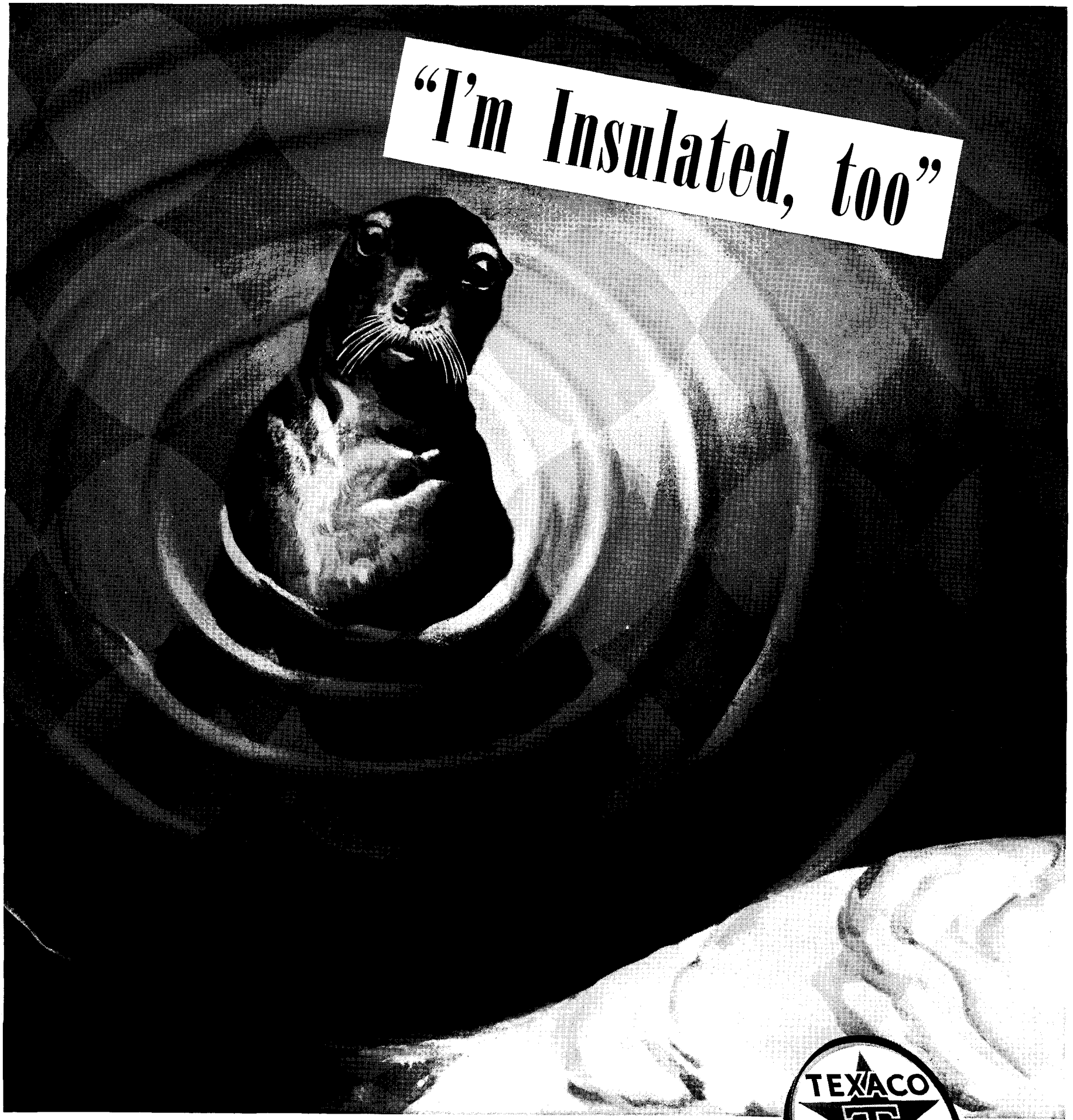

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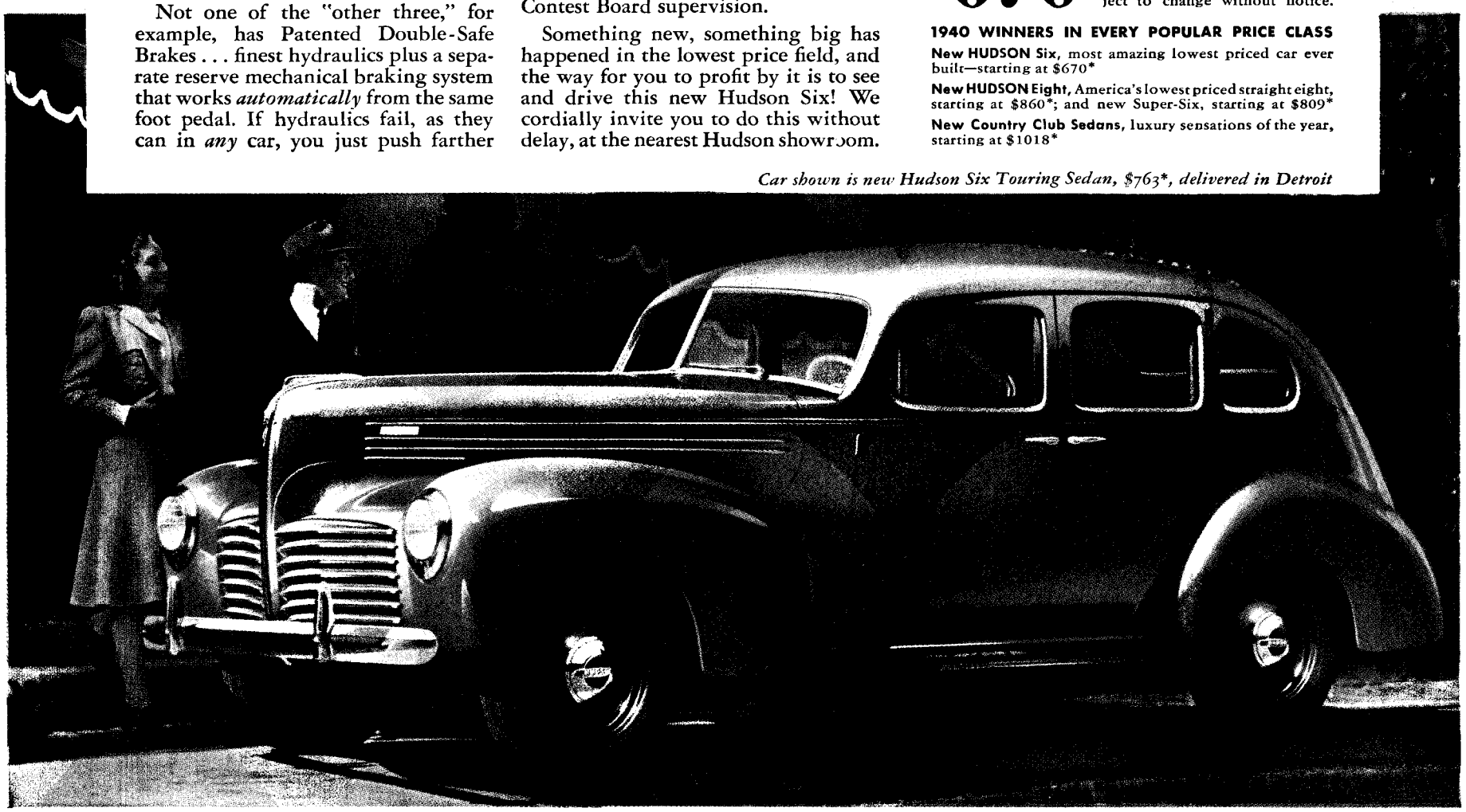

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Red Petticoat

Continued from page 12

lights of Scottsburg below him. And the riding lights and tall poles of the ships. One thing, now it was night he wouldn't need to shake hands with his cargo till morning.

He knew now he wasn't taking that cargo home—the cargo Ailse had sent East for. Ailse had said, "We've got to have a school and a teacher on the Umpqua," and Abel had laughed, and dropped a hand on her shoulder. That always made her straighten her slim shoulders. He'd said, "Why, little Abe is only crawling yet. Hon, you want him to go to school on all fours, like a jack rabbit?"

Ailse had snapped her black eyes. "Plenty of others old enough—half-grown animals running half bare. They are the ones little Abe will grow up with. We want them started first."

Then the letter had come for Abel—the travel-worn letter of application for post of schoolteacher—from E. D. Yearian, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania State. Three years before, Abel had wed Ailse Yearian in St. Louis and he knew dimly of her people in Philadelphia. There was a parcel of brothers and sisters and he didn't know who all.

ABEL hunched on his wagon tongue, looked down at the ship lights, sampled the strange tang of tidewater. He'd had a four months' fight with the settlers, getting them to accept Ailse's school and teacher, and it was different from Indian fighting. It was all jawbone work, and that was worse.

He could almost chuckle at how Alf Calahan had pawed his red whiskers, at the meeting at Abel's house. "School?" bellowed Alf. "More fantods and firecrackers. I got my learnin' at my mother's knee whilst she shelled corn with her two hands. And maybe batted me with a heavy ear if I didn't do my sums, with charcoal on a clean pine board. I've got around thirteen young'uns and they're learnin' the same. Schools is for women to get rid of their young'uns, so's they won't have nothin' to do at home but think up ways to devil their men."

And Jeter Boggs, the spade-bearded young bachelor, had said bitterly, "It wasn't schoolin' when our pas whipped the British at New Orleans. There ain't no known public school this side the Missouri, where we rolled our wagons from." Ailse had tongue-whipped him back: "You're such a skinflint you never supported chick nor child. If we were all like you, where would the country be tomorrow?"

"In hell, with women runnin' it," Jeter grumbled. But he shut up. They didn't like women speaking out in meeting but then, Ailse was Ailse. There wasn't a female article on the river as soft and smooth as Ailse, and Abel wouldn't trade her for the parcel, with Sheba tossed in. But . . .

The meeting had authorized him to write this E. D. Yearian to take ship and come out to Oregon. He could teach three summer months—if he could lick the students. They'd give him twenty dollars a month in beaver money or square gold slugs. At the end of the term, if he didn't last out he could find his own pay.

Abel got up from the wagon tongue and paced. No use trying to find peace in his blankets. Down below, the ship lay, safe at the head of Winchester Bay. And the schoolteacher. They'd authorized Abel to fetch them a schoolmaster. And yesterday, piling her best quilt and cushions in the wagon, Ailse had confessed in a whisper against his shoulder.

E. D. Yearian was Elnora, her sister. No, no, she hadn't lied. She hadn't once said E. D. was a man. The letter hadn't said it.

And you might buffalo wildcats like Alf and eagle-eyed Jeter into trying a schoolmaster, with a strap in his hand and gun on his belt—but never a schoolma'am, in the wilderness of the Umpqua. Ailse's female knavery—they'd call it that and he'd have to whip them singly each time they took his wife's name. "Whippin' a man," Abel thought, "don't prove he's wrong."

Elnora wasn't going to need Ailse's prize Pennsylvania quilt. She wasn't going to set foot off ship. She was going back where she came from. . . .

At sunup he shouldered aside twang-tongued down-East seamen and looked

"Wonder what kind of bait he uses" ROBERT DAY

at her, where she stood by the ship's low rail, guarding her pile of roped boxes and luggage. She'd brought enough goods to stock a cabin. Seabirds spoke insolently on spars and rigging. Morning sun topped the hills above the bay, young and fresh. Elnora looked up at him with clear dark eyes, young as the day. She was Ailse over again, fresh, untouched as Ailse had been when Abel had lifted her into his great wagon at St. Louis. Something had made Ailse go where he went. From her father's house in the States, to his homestead spot on the lost Umpqua. Something made women follow men. Women of all kinds, they were the same. Girls in the gold camps. . . .

He slung a box on his right shoulder, put his left arm around Elnora. He held her offside elbow, guided her through barefooted seamen to where Ned and Duke waited.

SUMMER day followed summer day: the river sparkled a rich blue and tossed its wavelets at the infinite blue of mountain and sky, where the sun wheeled over. But it was always frosty in the big house of the settlement, when Abel came in at dusk.

Nora would be home from the log schoolhouse on Abel's lower forty by the road and creek. She and Ailse talked in a far corner of the kitchen. Everything that was wrong, Abel thought, was his fault. He brought a cloud with him.

Of nights Ailse pushed a bench against the kitchen door. Abel hadn't fixed the latch that had broken in his hand.

OF MORNINGS when Abel went out to the well, he looked downriver to see if any lingering curl of smoke told that the schoolhouse had turned to ashes in the night. He saw Ailse look when she dragged the bench from the door and it swung open. It was known Jeter Boggs had said that the schoolhouse would make a fine bonfire. Others agreed, substantial men like Hathaway and Brewster.

From the fields a little later Abel would see Nora walking to her school and in the distance her swinging figure could have been Ailse's. Women were gun steel, nothing else. At least his woman—and her sister.

The cloud that hung from the school to Abel's house had fire and brimstone in it, but they gave it no heed. For Nora's first weeks, no students had ventured near her school. She had taught an empty recitation bench, empty slab desks—if she taught anything. Didn't seem to learn her lesson herself, Abel figured.

Then a few braver settler women staged domestic rebellions, sent a few little tykes slipping through brush, keeping off the road, to the school. These were tots too small to help their fathers and brothers in the wheat and oats harvest. Now Nora had a handful of students with new Webster's Blueback Spellers propped up before them. The settlement had war flaming on every hearthside. Abel caught shot and shell from both sides and he began to lay his ears back.

Morning till night he swung the heavy cradle in his own wheat field, dumping the bunches regularly for hand binding. . . . When harvest was over Elnora would have plenty of students. The big lads, the seventeen-year-old cockerels, tougher than mountain goats, better fed in this land and often bigger than their dads, would be loose. They would go to school to learn their letters. If there was enough left of the school to be found after the first day, it would be a holy wonder. If there was anything left of Nora but a ragful of tears . . . And what would Ailse do then? Or Abel—before then?

The evening shadows of the forest crept across the clean stubble and Abel saw Nora coming out of the shadows. She wasn't swinging her willow lunch basket as usual. She walked slowly.

She stood beside him, watching the tall stalks lie down before his blade. He worked on a moment.

Nora said, "Abel, Ailse and I didn't know they'd be so set against a woman teacher. They—they have them in the East. When the men went to war the women came in. I've brought you trouble. Why did you ever bring me off the boat?"

Abel said, "I thought maybe you needed to be here."

SHE looked at the mountains and the new land. "I do need to be here! I don't want to go back! Ailse says it will be all right. She says you'll find a way to whip them all. But there'll be terrible trouble—over me. That awful Mr. Boggs—I've seen him watching, like an Indian—"

Abel thought, trouble's what women seem to be for. But he said, "Jeter? Pay him no mind."

"But I do—" Suddenly she was crying, then running blindly, swaying across the stubble. Abel started after her. This was the damnedest thing. Had she been eating larkspur? He saw she remembered to gather up her billowing dark dress with her left hand as she ran. He figured she'd be all right. He swung his cradle and the tall wheat fell into it.

He stopped that abruptly, made for his barn. He caught up Duke, gave the long-legged bay a whack as a reminder and jumped aboard. He didn't set off in a cloud of dust; he set off quietly, by back trails he knew. One thing, Abel figured, if hell was going to pop, he'd just as well pop first.

The meeting was of an evening two weeks later and it was under the maples and oaks in Abel's yard. There were no women—only men. The cloud with the brimstone in it, awaiting the spark, was over these men.

Abel Chottaw measured them as they came, noted the men he had talked with quietly on his evening rides over the back trails. And he took notice of Jeter Boggs, with the fierce light on his young, dark face, and Newt Brewster, heavy and sullen.

He lifted a small, sandy man to a barrel head—Clark Hathaway, who treasured in his cabin a thick book: The Complete Works of Lord Byron. The book set Hathaway apart from other men. The muttering groups fell silent, waiting.

Hathaway had been well chosen; instead of soaring on fanciful flights he talked the settlers' language, quietly: "Neighbors, when they go to start a school back East, they organize a school district and elect a school board of three trusted men to run it. There ain't any

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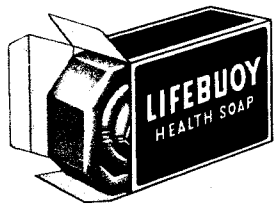
THE BOSS SURE CAN GET A FELLOW RATTLED!
THE BOS
THAT "CALL-DOWN" MADE BEADS OF PERSPIRATION STAND OUT ON CARL—FOLLOWED BY
NERVOUS B.O.
(NERVOUS BODY ODOR)
LATER
THAT WAS A GREAT MOVIE. WHERE SHALL WE GO NOW, HONEY?
HOME, IF YOU DON'T MIND. IT'S SO STUFFY HERE—AND I REALLY DON'T FEEL LIKE STAYING OUT
THEN SUDDENLY ELLEN SEEMED OFFENDED—SAID SHE MUST GO HOME
CARL, MAYBE YOU HAD 'NERVOUS B.O.' PEOPLE PERSPIRE, WHEN THEY GET EXCITED. THEN 'NERVOUS B.O.' IS SURE TO FOLLOW. I PROTECT MYSELF BY TAKING LIFEBUOY BATHS EVERY DAY. EVER TRY IT?
OH, BOY! THIS LIFEBUOY LATHER IS SOMETHING. I NEVER FELT SO CLEAN BEFORE. NO MORE 'NERVOUS B.O.' FOR ME! HERE'S TO THE SOAP THAT'S DIFFERENT!
HELLO! SEEN ELLEN LATELY?
WE'RE ENGAGED, THANKS TO YOU AND MY DAILY LIFEBUOY BATH. IT SURE WARDS OFF 'NERVOUS B.O.'! WHEN I'M IN A HURRY, I TAKE A LIFEBUOY 'QUICKIE' AND FEEL CLEAN—KEEN—PROTECTED!

SCIENCE tells you WHY . . . nervousness or strong feelings cause your sweat glands to act, especially those of the under-arm, palms, soles of your feet, and other places. Out comes nervous perspiration. "Nervous B.O." follows unless proper precautions have been taken. So change to Lifebuoy Health Soap to avoid offending. It's *different*. Lifebuoy's mild lather contains an exclusive *deodorizing* ingredient not in any other popular toilet soap. You are safe hours longer from "B.O." whether due to nervousness — or heat, exercise, work. When time is short, take a Lifebuoy "quickie" — hands, under arms, and feet. More folks like Lifebuoy than any other bath soap.



LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

ITS CRISP ODOR GOES IN A JIFFY—ITS PROTECTION LASTS AND LASTS

laws yet in Oregon about schools, so we can get the jump on them. We can be the first an' go down in history books. We can organize our district reaching from the Pacific Ocean to the summit of the Rockies and then some, if desired. I hereby nominate for director—"

Jeter Boggs pushed forward and his beard was blacker in the torchlight. "That ain't the question. We don't need no school at all, if the women will do their duty and teach their own. If we got to have a school we want a man teachin' it. Firstly, a teacher's got to keep order. He's got to strap the little devils to make 'em mind. Now it's fitten for a man-child to mind his ma, but no other woman. If he's strapped by a female schoolteacher, he'll learn to be afraid of all females. He'll grow up to be tied to his wife's bustle strings all his days. Now many's the time my ma's strapped me—and rightly—but no other woman ever laid finger on me. An' won't! We don't want to raise no race of weaklings, a-skulkin' an' a-hidin' in the cabins, cleanin' the pots and a-tremblin' when their wife shakes her bonnet strings—"

SOME heckler called, "How many you raised, Jeter?" and Jeter whirled on the crowd. Clark Hathaway said clearly, "I hereby nominate Hon. Abel Chottaw, Mr. Alf Calahan and Mr. Jeter Boggs to be—"

"Division! Division!" one of Hathaway's men shouted.

Jeter was choking on wrath and Alf Calahan preparing to explode, but the men divided, left and right. Hathaway counted. "Twelve and twelve I make it," he announced. "I cast my vote with the ayes. That makes it thirteen and we win. You three gentlemen are hereby duly elected an' you are responsible to the rest of us for running the school as constituted, for nourishing it and seein' no harm comes and tappin' each and every man for donations to pay the teacher and the meeting stands closed." Hathaway jumped from the barrel head and got behind Abel as Jeter pounced for him.

"You can't make me a director over a petticoat school! I aim to turn you over my knee, Hathaway—"

"You've already been doing plenty of directing, Jeter," Abel said.

Jeter looked around. The crowd had turned to horseplay, as mountain men are apt to; he heard gurglings and saw jugs of elderberry wine jumping from hand to hand. He stalked off and somebody yelled, "If you don't raise some young'uns to send to your school, Jeter, you'll be paying taxation without representation."

Some mounted, some afoot, the settlers left and Abel stepped over his kitchen-door log, strangely tired. He saw the women in the big room. Nora stood at a far window—Abel Chottaw had the only glass windows on the Umpqua—staring out. Ailse said sharply, "We heard it all. You had Jeter put on the board! Now he'll have a right to start trouble. The schoolhouse—Nora—won't be safe from him!"

Abel tugged at his boots. He said, "Fightin' a pack of Indians, sometimes it's safer to have their chief inside your camp than outside."

With the grain laid by for threshing, Abel watched the weather. September was just over the mountain and it should bring a light frost or two. Abel's hogs had ranged far up the hills, where the fat acorn mast lay thick under the black oaks. He did a thriving packing business with the Jacksonville mines south on Rogue River; with the first frost, the first pork cured and freighted south would fetch a dollar a pound gold. If the big timber wolves hadn't taken too many, Abel should slaughter a hundred head. He kept plenty of fighting boars in his droves, who weren't afraid of men or wolves.

He watched the weather and he watched Nora's school. He found ax work to do in the timber on his lower forty, where he could keep an ear cocked toward the schoolhouse. Abel felt a deep disquiet. The big boys—the young men old enough to wed—had started to school after harvest and they were tame as mice. Abel warned himself, "That ain't natural in nature."

At home Ailse was red-cheeked with success but Abel held away from it. That "E. D. Yearian" knavery hadn't been forgotten; it was still a cloud over things. It could pop up among the settlers any time. At the school meeting he had slipped over his slate, by one vote—but he had been organized and the opposition hadn't. He'd almost had to bribe Lord Byron Hathaway, by saying nothing about a missing fat steer that he figured had gone down Lord Byron's gullet, a steak at a time. Being charitable couldn't be called bribery.

Ailse jounced little Abe and explained: "All those men's threats about a woman teacher! A woman makes the best teacher. She's kind with the little ones; she's naturally a mother. The big ones respect mothers. Men teachers—they teach with a cane. They whip it into them."

Abel didn't answer that, but as he saw it, unwed boys didn't take to being bossed by a lone unwed girl. It was in nature for them to rival one another in subduing her.

And Nora didn't chatter about her success; she seemed hushed, waiting. Ailse encouraged her: "Don't fret about that Jeter. He's all bluster. He hasn't bothered you, has he?"

Nora shook her dark head. "I haven't once seen Mr. Boggs."

"He's sulking," Ailse proclaimed.

Abel went out the kitchen door and looked over the weather. Mr. Boggs might be sulking and he might be seething. He'd be seething if he heard the way Nora called him "Mr. Boggs." He returned and couldn't open the kitchen door; Ailse had dragged the bench in front of it. He had to pound to be let in. Some day the black-eyed little witch was going to find herself fiddle end up across his knee. With his paw rising and falling, ker-whop.

He told Ailse, "Going to be frost in the morning. If Alf Calahan comes by, tell him I'll be up in the hills. He's to help me with the hogs."

HE WENT on foot into the hills; a riding horse is no use with hogs. He found the black hogs feeding, their jowls hanging with fat and their little eyes watchful. At Big Spring he repaired vat and platform and hanging beam, while the day raced by and Alf didn't come. The big wing corral on the slope might need some bracing, but a sleek drove of hogs rooted the oak leaves almost within the wings and Abel didn't resist trying his hand at putting them in alone, to sample their temper.

The drove headed in when he whooped, ran on like a solid black river and the corral exploded as they struck the far side. Cedar rails fell and lay every which way. The hogs stopped just beyond and began nosing acorns. They were in fine shape. The corral would need some work on it.

Abel took the home trail in long, swinging strides that evening. The hills were good and his homestead fields below were neat as quilt blocks.

There was a quietness when he came into the home lot. No snort from Duke, in the pasture behind the barn. Abel stopped. Then he saw the slate.

It was the slate he kept in the kitchen and used for his bookkeeping. It hung on the outside of the kitchen door, on a peg that had been part of the latch.

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He had it in his hand, staring at it and rereading it. He couldn't get the meaning of it till he mumbled it out slowly:

"They burned the school. Nora knows it was Jeter. She says she can't stay another minute where she's hated so. I can't stop her, she was going to try to walk to Scottsburg. So I'm driving her. Little Abe and I will bring the team back—you have to be busy with the hogs now—your Ailse—"

Now he saw the light wagon was gone from the shed and a bright cushion lay where it had been hastily dropped. He jerked the slate from the door, walked and picked up the cushion. Tiny silk blocks, red silk, a little dulled—the bridal petticoat Ailse had worn across the plains, riding high in his wagon, or walking and driving his cattle in the red dust. Red Petticoat. On that long honeymoon march he had called her, of evenings, Red Petticoat. He had forgotten this.

He took the cushion in the barn and put it in a mouseproof grain bin. The proper harness for Ned and Duke was gone from the hooks. Duke the Loafer had a hidden devil in him and no man's hands save Abel's ever had been able to handle his reins. Let alone a tiny woman's. And little Abe's.

JETER BOGGS hadn't been sulking and he hadn't been seething. He had been warring with himself; he was worn out with it. His homestead joined Abel's on the north; he was at his evening chores when he saw Abel coming across country on a long lope. Jeter ran for his line fence to meet him.

Abel swung over the rail fence with a hand on a post, held out the slate to Jeter, said at the same time, "They took my horses. I want horses."

It seemed to take Jeter moments to read the slate. His lean, dark face above his short beard turned a sullen red, then a whiteness crept out beneath.

"She knows I did it—I did it! Abe, they did it—they. I know every man-jack! Wasn't I on their side? I'll—"

Abel's words were sharp hammers: "My fault. I went to the hills instead of watching. They saw me go. They were watching me. The big boys. They were waiting for the frost, too. My horses are gone—I want horses."

"They burned her out and sent her away hating—"

"I'm taking your horses."

"I'll blast this canyon end to end—"

Jeter was as tall as Abel; he was younger. Abel cuffed him across the mouth. Sanity returned distantly to Jeter's eyes and he looked at Abel. "That road at night—that crazy Duke horse will kill them."

Abel was running for the barn; Jeter passed him in the door. He slung saddles on a pair of tall geldings that were the pride of his eye. He slammed his boot into the ribs of one and yanked the cinch tight. As they jerked the horses outside, Jeter mumbled, "Abe, you think I did it?"

"I told you," Abel said, a tight rein on his patience with this man, "it was the big lads. A pack of overgrown lads with one girl. Unless one of them licks the pack and takes her, they all trample her."

A hunter's moon, an orange globe, edged over the escarpments and, where it could, touched the eastward road up the Calapooya. There were short cuts Abel knew and they slid their horses into deep draws and hazed them up the steep sides. Emigrant roads are contour roads, winding the long way round.

The hunter's moon was fairly up and useful when they rode through an open, widely spaced fir forest, across a wide bench. They had led the horses through a gorge to reach the bench; they had cut off miles as they struck into the road again. They heard drumming hoofs and saw the light wagon wheeling out of sight around a bend ahead.

Abel thought, "That Duke is running, dragging Ned with him." The bend was a double bend and the wagon was out of sight when they rounded the first of it. Past the second turn the road straightened out. They saw the wagon strike a log at the roadside and go over, down the bank into timber. There was a squealing and the crash of kicks. Duke tore the singletree free. He jerked Ned end for

"Here's the title and a list of reference books, Hogarty. Knock out an English composition for the boss' daughter"

TOM HOLLOWAY

*It takes a woman to fight a COLD!**

"Men are such babies! The other evening my husband arrived home drenched to the skin, and sneezing his head off. Yet he wanted to go to his club that night, didn't want to take anything for his cold.

"Well, I put my foot down. I made him stay home and I gave him my double-help cold-fighter—Sal Hepatica, famous saline laxative.

"How does Sal Hepatica give double-help? Well, first, it's a gentle yet especially fast-acting saline laxative—and speed, you've got to admit, is important in fighting a cold.

"Second, Sal Hepatica helps Nature counteract the acidity that so often accompanies a cold.

"And now, hear my husband talk—

" 'I never trifle with a cold,' I heard him telling his partner. 'At the first sign, I take a glass of sparkling Sal Hepatica. Its speedy, two-way action helps me chase a cold faster.'

"The ingrate! Never a word about *me!*"

* A recent survey conducted by seven leading medical journals shows that 7 out of 10 doctors prescribe a *saline* laxative, in treating colds.

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end before the harness broke and Duke bolted.

The men slid their horses down to the wreck and found the women and little Abe.

AILSE stood tight in Abel's right arm, with little Abe caught in his left. Nora stood up as though she didn't know she was standing. She was scratched but Ailse didn't seem to be. Ailse kept saying, "We're all right, Abe, we flew and fell on that moss. It was like being birds —flying—"

Little Abe sucked his thumb; his mother slapped his wrist and he popped out his thumb, focused on the offender. Abel saw Jeter standing; there were drops of sweat on his beard and he was all big hands, with nothing to take hold of. One of the geldings wheezed in a breath as deep as his cinch would let him and blasted it out through fluttering nostrils.

Abel told the helpless Jeter, "See if you can turn the wagon right side up while I bring in Duke." Duke was thrashing in the brush where his harness had caught. He quieted as Abel stroked him. When the arch had gone out of his neck Abel led the big horse back.

The harness was mended with horsetail strands, Abel's wife and child were in the wagon seat, and Abel, with a fresh-cut goad, swung up beside them. He lifted the goad and the team clawed up the bank to the road. Duke could see backward to the goad and he set off for home with a jingle of harness, keeping perfect pace with Ned.

Ailse cried, "Abel! We're leaving Nora!"

"Jeter will fetch her. He came to fetch her. He rode like a drunk Indian trying to kill his horse. I had to hold him back from breaking his neck."

"But Nora don't want—"

"Nora," Abel said, "don't know what she wants. She's burned up, just like her schoolhouse. Maybe Jeter can figure it out. . . . One thing, she don't want to go back east. She told me that. So this isn't any time for her to go east."

THE three men who stopped their horses before Newt Brewster's house were cool, deliberate. But Alf Calahan, one of the three, muttered to Abel Chottaw: "Look at Jeter there! Says he's changed his mind about things. Hell, he never had no mind."

"Change o' heart."

Alf grumbled, "Touch of liver complaint," and watched Jeter.

Jeter stepped from the saddle with sure, smooth movements. Halfway to the cabin door Newt Brewster came out grinning, his big son, Nat, following him. Newt put out a hand but Jeter, standing face to face with him, said with a trace of stiffness:

"Newt, your son here was one of them burnin' down our schoolhouse. Come sunup tomorrow, he's to be down there helpin' build a new schoolhouse."

Newt sucked in a breath. "Why, you —you was the main one didn't want a school. Now you say we're to rebuild it. Jeter, I'll see you in hell first."

There was cool, controlled iron coming to the surface in Jeter Boggs. Abel watched him. Jeter told Newt, "We're the board of directors. We're runnin' the school, we're responsible, we're the school law. Your lad's gonna put back what he burned down."

Newt's answer was a swing that lifted Jeter, but it was a mistake. The two big men fought across the yard till they hit the cabin, fought back again till Newt was knocked into Alf's horse. Young Nat rushed up behind Jeter, lifting an ax-handle billet. Alf rode between, booted his stirrup into Nat's face.

Abel said, "Easy, son. Men don't gang up on each other—or on girls. That's Indian style."

Newt was coughing on the ground, trying to roll over. When he got up Jeter ordered, "You can be there too, an' help. That's for talking back to the school board. And every other overgrown son in this canyon's going to be there—or his pap'll get what you got. At sunup, Newt." Jeter held out his hand and Newt had hold of it in a dazed way.

Jeter climbed onto his gelding and led the board toward the next homestead. Alf Calahan combed his carrot whiskers in wonder. He muttered to Abel, "Whatever Jeter's got, he's got it all over."

THE frost went after a week and Abel had enough pork packed in salt for his own freight wagon and two hired wagons. His would be the first fresh pork at the mines. He swung down from the oak hills toward evening, leading Ned and Duke packed with the last of the ham meat. He made a swing around the new schoolhouse on his lower forty. When he came back from the Rogue he'd bring glass windows for Nora's school.

It was dusk at his own place before he was ready to enter the kitchen. While he ate, Ailse operated a tiny needle on some green dress goods, as if her life depended on it. The needle rasped regularly on her thimble. She was worried about Nora. It was Nora's first day in the new school. She should be home by now.

Abel let her worry till he came to the huckleberry pie. Then he said, "I came by the school and it's making out all right, after a ruckus or two."

"Ruckus?" Ailse's needle stopped.

"Jeter was there first thing this morning. Some of the big boys got the jump on him, with no other men around. But he got 'em inside and into their seats. Then Jeter cut three nice long hazel browses. He braids them together into a goad that'll knock an upstart a mile without breaking anything. Jeter stands guard outside the door all day. Any time anyone inside speaks above a whisper except Nora—he sticks his whiskers and that goad inside the door. There was a year's tall learnin' done in Umpqua school today. Though it didn't all come out of the Blueback Speller."

"But it's dark and Nora's not home!"

Abel ambled to the bench by the door, stretched his long shanks before him. "This ruckus," he said, "caused Mr. Boggs to get a black eye or two. When I saw him a while ago he'd have to pry 'em open with two fingers, to see. Him being blind, Nora will have to lead him home to his place. The blind move along slow, stopping to feel around—"

"Abel!"

Abel went out to the barn, gathered up some tools. From the mouseproof bin he took Ailse's fancy cushion—and a thing he'd bought in Scottsburg, and kept here. He went back to the bench in the kitchen, dropped the things he'd brought on the floor.

Ailse moved across the room to see these things. When she came close enough his long arm snaked out, swept her over his knees face down. "This E. D. Yearian knavery," Abel began, and his arm fell, *whop*. Ailse screeched. "It wasn't different than your giving Hathaway that steer. You bribed him. You let me up!"

Abel's hand rose and fell, but before the second falling he jerked the quilt-blocked cushion between his hand and Ailse. He gave the cushion a good whopping. Ailse, with her head hanging down, saw a grease spot on her floor. She'd been neglecting her duties. . . . She slipped up the leg of Abel's jeans and jabbed in the needle she still held. He set her on her feet.

Then he got on his knees before the door, picked up what he'd brought from Scottsburg for Ailse. It was a chased bronze door lock, with doorknobs and a huge key. There was a knocker for the outside of the door. It was a modest bronze cupid in a circlet of roses. When the neighbor women saw these new treasures of Ailse's their eyes would pop.

AILSE tackled Abel around the neck and spilled him backward. She wrestled the big gaunt man over the kitchen floor till they stopped on their hands, heads touching. Little Abe stood up in his rocker crib, crowed and shook the bars till the crib pitched to and fro.

"But it means," Ailse gasped, "Nora and Jeter are in love. They'll marry and we won't have a teacher—"

"We'll send for a man teacher with pants and steel specs. Trouble with female teachers, they don't last long enough."

"If the bachelors would leave them alone—"

Abel asked, "What do you think Nora came out to Oregon for? Red Petticoat, what did *you* come out for? For the scenery?"

"That's a neat job, Doctor—a bandage any Scout might be proud of"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

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Bright Leaf

Continued from page 23

already drunk of the milky-looking water, even the babies.

They often had conversations over baby-raising, and Mis' Ken, who had none, never agreed with Callie, who had six. It was very strange. Now she was arguing over Callie's giving the new baby sweet potatoes!

Pinck was squirming to get down, so Callie put a chair across the hearth, and dressed him in a clean dress made from a flour sack. She sat him down on the floor by the box of canned dog food Mister Ken had brought up for his setters. Pinck loved the cans. There was a picture of a dog on each label. He rolled them happily about.

CALLIE stood at the door with Mis' Ken and they admired the new red pump. Callie guessed she was more excited over it than over her new baby, but she'd never tell Mis' Ken that! People like Mis' Ken, used to water from a faucet, didn't know what it meant to count every drop, because it must be carried by the barrel on a tobacco sled, from the well at Bright Leaf lodge.

She watched Mrs. Kenyon walk slowly with bent head through the trees toward the low, attractive log cabin that was her husband's hunting lodge. The wind in the pines was like the sound of rain. Far above her head, the graceful tops swayed and murmured. . . .

Perhaps she really did not hear Dan Kenyon calling her as he came through the farmyard with gun and dogs. . . . He was a troublin' young man, Callie thought, transferring her gaze to him. He was quick and restless, with reddish-brown hair and bright eyes. Callie had never heard of magnetism . . . personality. She only knew that something in the swift turn of his head, in his bright eyes, disturbed her. Something untamed. His ears, close-set and alert, gave him a foxlike air that frightened her, yet when he threw back his head and laughed, his eyes dancing, her knees always went weak with pleasure. . . . A troublin' young man, and she couldn't take her eyes off him.

She remembered how foolish he used to act over his wife, a year or two ago—warning her about the woods, about snakes and yellow water and poison ivy. He always walked with his arm around her, and when they rode, with his hand on her horse's bridle. In fact, Callie had watched them once, fascinated, through the black pencils of the pines. Their horses had browsed unheeded, nipping the tops of the new dogwood trees, while Mister Ken kissed his wife for so long a moment that Callie turned over a whole pitcher of buttermilk.

She felt flustered now, thinking of this, as he looked up, his face puzzled.

"What's the matter with Mrs. Kenyon, Callie? Gone deaf? She didn't stop when I called her."

"No, sir, she didn't." At her noncommittal tone, he wheeled, stared at her with that dazzling intentness of his.

"She's been over here. What's up? Does she want something?"

For a blind instant, Callie considered saying, "Yes, sir, a baby." Then she went cold with fright at the bare thought of such a thing. "N-no, sir," she stammered.

He whistled to the dogs, then hesitated. "How—how's the new baby?"

"All right, sir." Then Callie did dare to do something. "Sam and me—we aimed to name him Mister Ken—I mean, to name him for you, sir, if it's all right."

"For me!" He looked startled. Then he said, with an effort, "Of course. Very nice of you and Sam. . . . Er, thank you."

Callie was silent in pure surprise at anyone thanking her for anything. Then she said, "He'd be Dan Kenyon Earle, sir."

The young man said nothing, but she saw his lips move as if he silently repeated the name. Then, without a word, he turned and strode off through the woods.

Sam brought in a bucket of white water at dinnertime, and Callie, remembering Mis' Ken's warning, put it aside to settle before drinking. But they were all so thirsty.

She was putting the steaming dinner on the table when she noticed Sam letting the new baby drink from the dipper. . . . "Lookit the cute little tyke, Callie . . ." he called, as the baby gasped and choked over the water. Callie felt vaguely troubled and scolded Sam for getting the baby's dress wet. In no time at all, the baby began to throw up.

All afternoon he was sick. He cried fretfully no matter how hard Callie joggled him. She was distracted. She set the children shelling peanuts on the porch, so she needn't leave the feverish little bundle on her bed. The afternoon waned and Callie left him long enough to slap on a pot of hominy to cook, and put sweet potatoes in the oven. Then she hurried back to wipe his burning hands and face with cold water.

"Ma, I'm tired shellin' pindars," whined Ruby-Mae, the oldest girl.

"Then run quick to the lodge and ask Mis' Ken for some soothin' syrup for the baby. Tell her he's hot as fire."

Out the window she could see the hunters, with dogs drooping at their heels, coming in the farmyard gate.

She looked down helplessly at the baby, and Sam and the other children receded from her mind.

When Mis' Ken arrived breathless, the house was in an uproar. The new baby was having convulsions.

SAM had a fire roaring in the stove, heating pots of water, and the place was stifling. Carol threw open windows, flung three quilts off the baby, and sternly ordered the frightened children out the house.

"Fill a tub with hot water, Sam," she cried. Then she covered her eyes, terrified, as the baby was racked by another spasm. She didn't know what to do. She wanted desperately to run away, to hide. . . . Then Callie moaned down in her throat, an animal-like sound, and a steely strength came over Carol. She gave sharp orders, trying frantically to remember anything she had ever heard or read about convulsions, as Callie thrust her elbow in the water to test its heat. Together they immersed the baby, Carol holding its tiny head up with shaking hands. Steam rose, shrouding them all in a mad, witchlike vapor. In the midst of this, Dan Kenyon walked in.

"Darling, do something!" Carol cried, tears running down her face. "Send to town for the doctor! The baby's having convulsions. Oh, he'll die—and we can't let him die!"

Dan Kenyon wheeled, without a word, and shot out of the house. They could hear him crashing through the underbrush, his voice shouting for his car.

The baby was quieter. After vomiting terribly, he had fallen into a deep, exhausted sleep. . . . How deep, Carol dared not think. She knelt by the bed, her fingers on the tiny wrist. The pulse beat was like a small flame that fluttered raggedly and sometimes seemed to go out altogether.

A shaft of late sunshine fell across

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"Whut I wish for ye, mon,
When things gae far agly,
Is money in yer puck-it
An' friends standin' by."

"What I wish for you, man, when things go far awry,
Is money in your pocket and friends standing by."

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the wet floor and the tubs of water. She knew a faint surprise that it was not dark as night outside; they seemed to have been working hours. She turned dull eyes as Dan Kenyon's shadow blotted out the light.

"I sent Bart for the doctor," he whispered. "I came back to—to stay with you . . ." then he added, ". . . darling." And his voice shook.

She went to him and laid her head against his shoulder. He held her tight, with something almost desperate in the grip of his arm, as if he had lost her for a little while. Then he said, in an undertone, "They're upset at the lodge. Someone asked if the baby had been christened and the bishop heard. He thinks it should be in case—something happens. . . . Ask Callie if she minds. It's her baby—even if it is going to be named for me." His face worked suddenly, like a small boy's. Carol gazed at him, wonderingly. She touched his cheek almost timidly, and he caught her hand and held it hard against his lips.

She left him and bent over the crouched figure on the bed. "Callie," she whispered, "will you let the bishop come over and christen the baby? He asked to. He thought—we all thought . . ." her voice faltered, ". . . that he ought to be christened. . . ."

Before he dies, Callie thought. "Let him come," she said dully.

She did not move as they hurried off. The baby slept on beside her, shrunken and still. She could do nothing now but wait. Fragments of thought came to her. . . . Perhaps she was being punished for wanting a real christening for her baby. She had been wrong; too prideful; too headstrong. She was only a plain country woman with a plain little baby. Dreams were not for them. . . . All this she did not phrase in her mind, but it was there, an intuitive knowledge, an anguished fear.

SAM tiptoed in. Callie did not see or hear him. Suddenly, he said:

"Little tyke knows me, Callie! Lookit him catch holt my finger!"

But the sound that brought her upright was the soft gurgle of Dan Kenyon Earle.

The baby was awake, his deep blue eyes intent on Sam, hanging over him. Callie felt wildly of his hands and face and feet. They were cool and moist. Color stole into his waxen cheeks.

With the miraculous recovery of childhood, the baby was hers again!

"Better put him on a clean dress," Sam muttered. "All them folks coming."

With a shock of fright, Callie remembered the bishop, the christening.

She rushed around straightening up the room, then hastily pulled a clean dress over the baby's head. She stopped short, frowning. The trade-mark on the flour sack from which it was made showed dimly all across the front. It wouldn't do—it simply wouldn't do for the christening. With a sort of heartbreak, she remembered the long white dress of Miss Victoria's baby.

She whirled and, quick as a cat, ran across the room and pulled aside the calico curtain where their clothes hung. She snatched up a great armful of folded cheesecloth, and the cigar box that held her needles and thread.

"Callie, you gone crazy!" stammered Sam, as her scissors cut a wide swath through the cheesecloth. He sprang to his feet with an oath, but Callie went on cutting.

"You hush yore mouth, Sam Earle!" she said, through set teeth. She threaded a needle, swiftly. "My baby's been near dead, and he's gonna have a long dress for his christening—if we starve for it!" She began sewing desperately. . . . Hurry, hurry! . . . A group of people were leaving the lodge. She could see Mister Ken coming down the path, followed by a tall man whose hair shone silvery in the late sun.

It took only a moment to run a gathering thread around the top of the cheesecloth, cut two holes for arms, and tie the white length around the baby's neck. It fell soft and filmy, long and full around the little body. Callie lifted him tenderly.

Sam was staring as if his eyes would pop out of his head. The dress floated white as plum blossoms across Callie's arms. Her heart swelled. It was prettier than Miss Victoria's baby dress.

"Callie Earle!" Sam almost shouted. "You've gone and ruined the tobacco crop!"

She whirled on him so savagely that he backed away:

"Don't be a plumb fool! I guess I can sew it back in agin, can't I! I guess I can patch the net!" She glanced out at the group crossing the sandy yard. "Sam, don't you tell 'em the baby's better. You hear me!" she whispered, fiercely. "The bishop might not baptize him. Go, ask 'em in, but if you open yore mouth," her eyes glittered at him over the baby's head, ". . . if you do," she swore, "I'll drown all yore young turkeys!"

"You're crazy as a coota!" Sam gasped feebly.

She motioned him away with a commanding gesture, and he went, looking dazed.

Steps sounded under the window; voices murmuring. Someone said, pityingly, "I hope it doesn't die . . . !" The steps went on to the front of the house.

Callie clutched the baby tighter. No, he wouldn't die, now. She looked down into his rosy face. God was good. He had given him back to her . . . maybe because great things were going to happen to him. Some day he'd be a big tobacco planter, maybe, or the governor, even! Great things—beginning now, with a real bishop to christen him.

The baby's hands fluttered; he blinked, stared at them enchanted, made soft, vague sounds. Gazing at him with passionate love, Callie grew scared again. He didn't look a bit sick, now. Maybe the bishop wouldn't . . . ! But, that was too dreadful to contemplate. . . . Those great things. . . . It might set him back, years! Steps were on the front porch now, and low voices.

Callie rushed back into the kitchen and laid the baby in the old rocker. She picked up two stove lids—the baby hated loud noises. She held the lids high, then dropped them on the stove with a frightful clatter. As she knew, the baby's face doubled up and he began to yell.

She snatched him up and hurried into the front room. He was wailing heartbrokenly against her shoulder, as she confronted the distressed group from the lodge.

"Oh, he isn't any better!" cried Carol Kenyon.

"Don't, darling!" her husband said, "the doctor'll be here any minute."

Not too soon, prayed Callie. Not till after . . . ! She stared speechlessly from one face to another, then past them at the bishop bending his dignified head to get through her low doorway. Callie knew then she was in a dream.

"This is Bishop Wayne, Callie," Mister Ken told her gently. "You don't mind if the others come in, do you? They're my friends, and yours, too. They're so distressed over the baby."

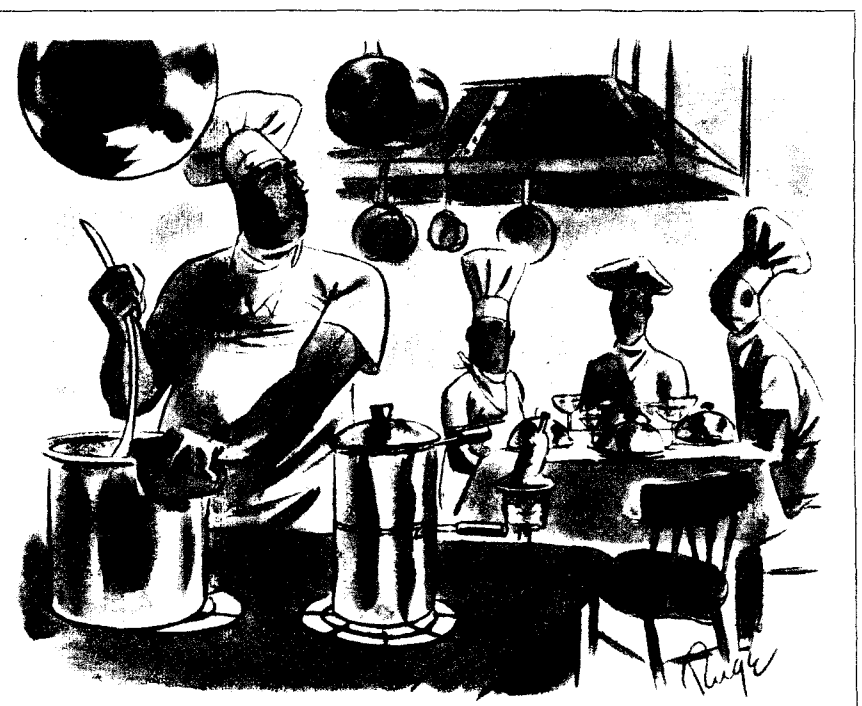
"I'd be proud to have 'em," murmured Callie.

THEN the dream came real, with all these fine people crowding her little house. Even the baby stopped crying, in wonderment.

Hearing a sound, Callie glanced back and found the open windows lined with faces, both black and white. She knew what had happened. The news had traveled via the grapevine and the frightened children, who had scattered in every direction. And here were her neighbors, come to help or to mourn. Callie felt lightheaded with happiness.

Even now, the bishop was saying those slow, solemn words. His muted voice was like music which drew Callie's mind and heart, compellingly. It was like the organ's song in Miss Victoria's church, that made her want to cry. Out the corner of her eye, she glimpsed the Kenyons, standing close together. The deep, hushed voice must have moved them, too, for Carol's eyes were closed, lashes clinging wetly to her cheeks; his face was near hers and it was quiet and happy, as if the restlessness had gone out of it forever.

Now, the moment had come. Callie held out the baby, who looked up into the bishop's face with his intent, blue stare. And the long white dress swayed like plum blossoms in a vagrant breeze, as the bishop took him on his gentle arm.



"You guys go ahead without me. If I get hungry I'll just grab a *Cassolette de boeuf suprême au gratin de la Marienne*"

JOHN A. RUGE

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MAYBE you remember, back last fall, when folks were asking if the railroads were in shape to handle an emergency increase in traffic.

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Between August and October we had the biggest increase in traffic ever recorded in so short a stretch of time.

Did we handle it? Snappy's the word. That increase was handled without congestion, delay or a hitch of any kind.

The fact is—when the railroads loaded the peak movement of 861,000 cars in the week ending October 21, there was still a daily average of 64,299 surplus cars in good order and ready for duty.

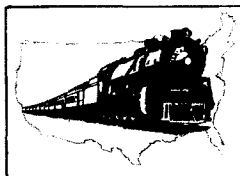
And remember that the railroads that did this job have been through ten years of tough sledding.

All this shows that railroad men know their business. It proves again that the railroads have the capacity and the ability to handle their job.

Above all, it spotlights the fact that the railroads deserve the square deal they ask for—a fair break in legislation and regulation—and the opportunity to earn a living.

This isn't the first peak load the railroads have been called on to handle. It won't be the last. They ought to have a fair chance to keep themselves ready for any emergency.

What's needed now is a national policy of equal treatment for all forms of transportation.



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Just what you want for a hearty meal!

TASTE THEM AT MY EXPENSE

You'll never know how delicious fish can be until you serve some of my mackerel fillets, prepared the Down East way. Take one of my new meaty, late-caught fat mackerel fillets. Freshen it. Broil quickly to a nice brown so all the flavor is retained and the rich, tender meat falls apart at the touch of your fork. Serve sizzling hot. Your mouth will water at its rich appetizing aroma and the wonderful flavor will surprise and please everyone.

What Makes My Mackerel Fillets So Good?

The pick of the new late catch is what you want—to get this real seafood treat. From years of experience I know how to pick out only the best mackerel to insure your satisfaction. The choice fillets I send are carefully sliced from the fat, tender sides of just-caught mackerel. Practically boneless, thoroughly cleaned, no waste parts.

Send No Money Now—
unless you wish to

Just return the coupon below, and I'll send you a pail of 18 extra choice mackerel fillets—each fillet an ample individual serving—packed in new brine in a wax-lined wooden pail to keep perfectly for many weeks. Taste one—broiled the Down East way. If not satisfied it's the finest mackerel you've ever eaten, return the balance at my expense. Otherwise, send me only $2 within 10 days. For 53 years families everywhere have sent here for their seafoods this "prove-it-yourself-way." I must say, too, this is the lowest price for this size pail of mackerel fillets I've ever offered. Send your coupon today.

18 Extra Choice Mackerel Fillets Only $2.00
Delivered FREE

Arthur C. Davis, The Gloucester Fishman
135 Central Wharf, Gloucester, Mass.

FRANK E. DAVIS FISH CO.,
135 Central Wharf, Gloucester, Mass.

Mr. Davis: Please send me, all charges prepaid, a pail containing 18 extra choice mackerel fillets, clear fish, no heads, tails, or waste parts, and practically boneless. If after trying a few fillets I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the rest at your expense and will owe you nothing. Otherwise, I'll send you $2.00 in 10 days.*

Name .....

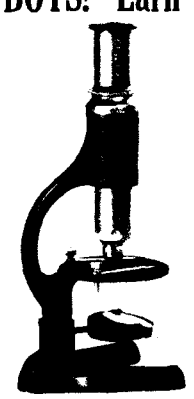
Address .....

City ..... State .....

Bank Reference .....

* If you wish to send check for full amount now, I'll include with your mackerel a copy of my 25c illustrated cook book containing 136 delightful seafood recipes. Your money will be instantly refunded if you are not pleased in every way.

BOYS! Earn This Microscope



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Kelley Won't Budge

Continued from page 20

thinks you're after him with money in your hand he's harder to find than Mr. Roosevelt's foreign policy or consistency in Russia. So Vallee telephoned Joe Stokes, secretary of the Houston office of the Musicians Union. And Joe, knowing Houston as well as Peck, found Kelley playing like an inspired archangel in the back room of a barbecue dive—for nothing. Peck quit his arpeggios long enough to hear that Vallee would give him two hundred and fifty to play a five-minute spot on Vallee's commercial broadcast. But Peck disconsolately shook his head.

"Tell Mr. Vallee I'm just not ready to make my debut yet," mourned Peck.

"Rudy says," said Joe, "he can up the ante—maybe three hundred. Listen, Peck—"

"Listen, Joe, Mr. Vallee's a big hot," said Peck. "I ain't fit."

So Peck didn't play for Vallee.

Bob Crosby telephoned twice from New York, thrice from Philadelphia and wrote letters that would have made the Statue of Liberty shake it. Peck told Joe Stokes he had to practice and Joe got a little peevish.

"Practice, hell!" yelled Joe. "It's two hundred a week and you can practice all day if you want. Listen, Peck, do you know that this country's jammed with pianos who'd trample one another to death and cut one another's throats—"

"They ain't going to trample me to death, Joe," sighed Peck. "I ain't gettin' any throat cut."

Peck Has Everything He Needs

Orville Knapp wooed Peck something scandalous. Orville had a schedule that thousands of musicians spent their lives dreaming about—the Mayflower in Washington, the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, the Drake in Chicago, eight weeks in the big movie houses and then a picture in Hollywood. Knapp was leaving nothing to agents or go-betweens. He tracked Peck down.

"What do you say, Peck? Two-fifty until we get to Hollywood and then up she goes."

"Sorry, Hots," said Peck, his voice almost breaking with emotion. "You sure are friendly. But I gotta spot at the Tremont Tavern in Galveston."

Knapp became a trifle profane as he asked Peck how much he was getting in Galveston.

"Hittin' me with fifty bucks, Hots," said Peck.

Knapp got a little more profane.

"Hots," said Peck, "you sure can talk. Thanks just the same, Hots."

And Peck Kelley loafed around to a music store, bought several new scores and half a dozen records and leisurely caught a bus for the melancholy little house that is his home. He may too have bought himself a handful of those cigars. We didn't find out what kind of cigars they are, but they won't burn. We spent almost half the day with Peck listening spellbound while he embroidered The Shag, Star Dust, Lady Be Good, Pango Pango, Ain't the Gravy Good? and Have Your Ears Been Burnin', Baby? with Debussy, Ravel, Chopin and Bach, and watching him waste a cord of matches on asbestos cigars. Occasionally he'd lose patience with a cigar and throw it away. Those cigars bounce but never break.

"Where do you get those cigars, Peck?" we asked.

"In the store," Peck replied ruefully. "Must be okay. The man said they were okay. He sells cigars and ought to know. Maybe it's me."

Peck never met Paul Whiteman, but that wasn't Paul's fault. Whiteman tried to sign him up for thirty-six weeks at two-fifty but, when Joe Stokes told him, Peck fled to Galveston. Whiteman was playing Houston, and Peck, waiting until he was sure the hue and cry had subsided, sneaked back at night. Begging the proprietor in the name of long friendship to ignore him, he crowded into a corner of the ballroom and listened to Whiteman for three hours. He left—on the dead run—because somebody had double-crossed him—had told Whiteman that he was present.

"It ain't that I ain't grateful to all those big hots," Peck told us. "It ain't that I fluffed a fine artist like Whiteman. It's just—it's just—oh, hell, fella, I just don't wanta. I'm tryin' to be a philosopher. Look, a guy's got to live like he wantsta. Look."

And Peck got up from his piano, tightened his tie, shot his cuffs, shook down his coat and gave his shoes a few rubs on the legs of his pants. Then he flipped his hand at the room in general.

"Look," he said with a little more spirit. "Look. Look at this suit—a good suit. I got another, maybe not so good but okay. Shirt. Got shirts. Got good shoes. Got a piano. Maybe you don't think it looks so good, but nobody could buy my piano. No sir, they couldn't. Look. I got a phonograph and a mess of records. I got a good room. I eat steady. See?"

Perhaps we looked a bit vague. Anyway Peck seemed to think so—so he elaborated:

"See? I got everything I need—phonograph, piano, good clothes, three squares, sleep fine. If I had a lot of money the only thing I could do with it is buy what I already got. I could buy another piano, another phonograph, another suit. But I couldn't use two of everything. Kinda put that down, willya, so's the big hots will understand. If a man's got all he needs he don't need any more of the same. The more you got, the more things you own, the more time you gotta spend watchin' them. After a while you get so many things you ain't got time to live like you want. I ain't sayin' I'm right for anybody else. That's only how I feel about Peck Kelley."

Just before we met Peck he'd had quite an argument with a representative of a recording company. This fellow, agent for the fourth such outfit, tried to argue. After it seeped into his dazed brain that Peck wasn't interested in a hundred dollars a week and royalties he made a flank attack.

"But Peck," he reasoned, "how about the future?"

"What future?" demanded Peck.

"Your future. A guy oughta lay up something for the future."

"How do you know what's in the future?" scoffed Peck Kelley. "You don't know any more about the future than I do. That's the trouble with folks—always worrying about the future and they don't even know there's going to be any future."

He Plays What He Feels

The phonograph man with some effort steadied himself.

"Maybe," said he, measuring his words, "you don't get me. Listen. I come all the way from Atlanta because New York told me to give you—No, listen. Peck, you're forty-one. Some day you're going to be maybe sixty. Think of that. You're some day sixty maybe and, socko—you retire. You retire on money you've saved up. No more piano playing maybe. Sittin' pretty on your savings. Get me?"

"How do I know I'm going to be sixty?" asked Peck. "Even if I was sixty and had—oh, maybe a couple thousand dollars saved up, maybe more, I dunno—even if I was sixty like that, I wouldn't live any different from what I am now. And even if I was sixty who says I wouldn't play the piano? If I live to be a hundred I won't play the piano like I wanta. How do you know I wanta retire at sixty? Lemme tell you something—"

But the phonograph guy had lammed out, a wild light in his eyes, his fists menacing the oil-sprayed heavens over Houston.

It is wholly possible that by now you've concluded there's something wrong with Peck Kelley. If you think so, you're the one that's wrong. He's merely a cross between a philosopher and a guy who doesn't give a damn, rid-

"We'll sue for $50,000 and settle, if we have to, for $500; half a loaf is better than none"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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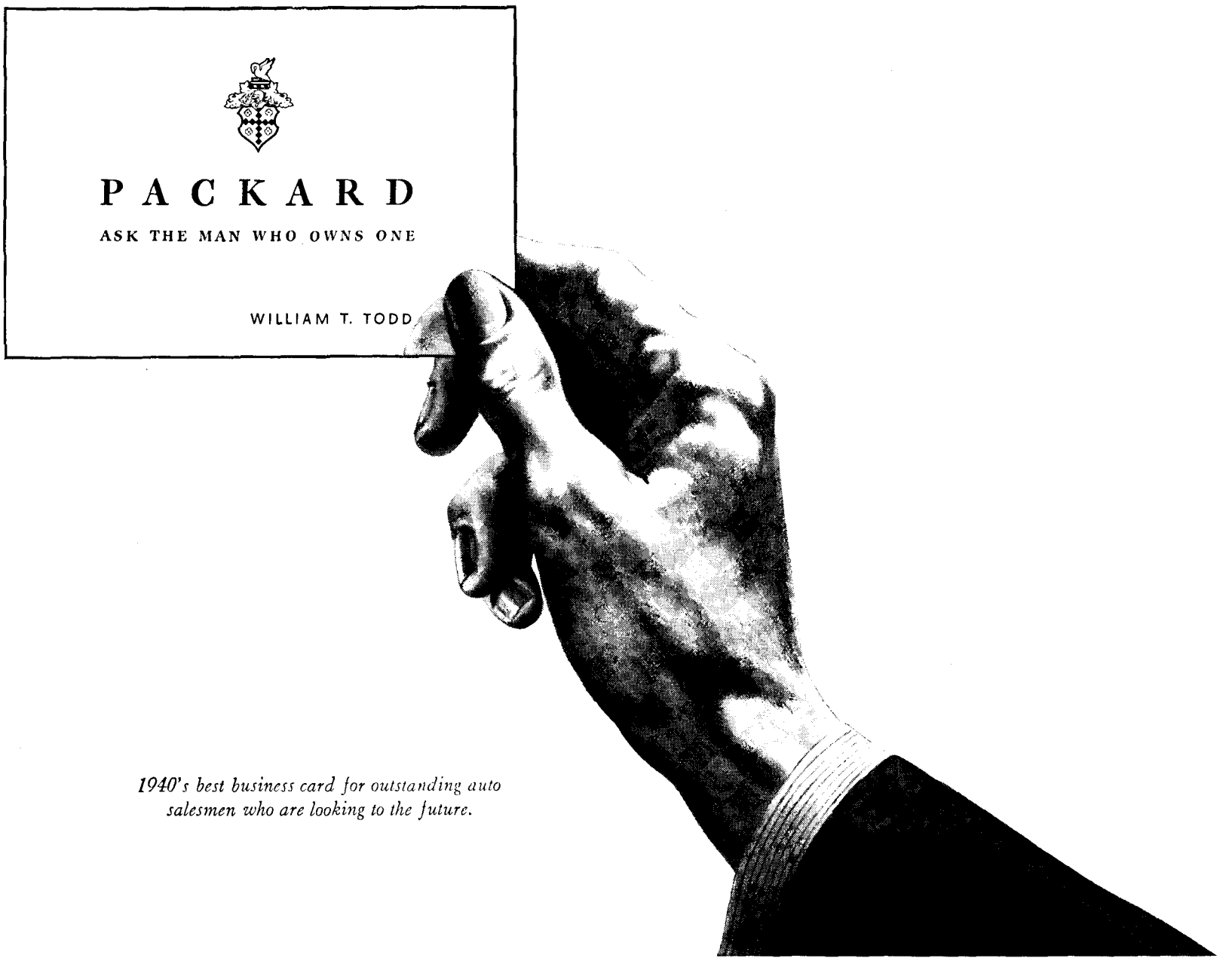

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When you join Packard, no price hedges surround you. You have four cars to offer—ranging in price from **$867 to $6300** (delivered in Detroit, State taxes extra). Every car owner is a potential Packard owner.

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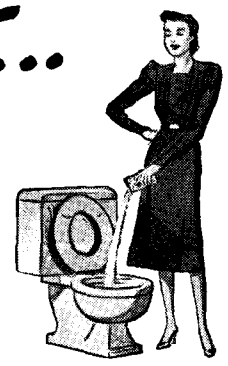
STYLES CHANGE

• When Sani-Flush was introduced, 28 years ago, dresses hung low, and hair was piled high. This odorless chemical compound freed women of a disagreeable task. It took all the work and muss out of cleaning toilets.

But...



• Although many things have changed, Sani-Flush has not. It *is still* the easiest and best known way to keep toilets clean and sanitary. Use it twice a week. *Cannot injure plumbing* connections. (Also effective for cleaning out automobile radiators.) *See directions on the can.* Sold by grocery, drug, hardware and 5-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

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Made from *purely vegetable* ingredients—Olive Tablets are wonderful! They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods, but also help elimination. Get a box TODAY. 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All drugstores.

Dr. Edwards' **OLIVE TABLETS**

ing the highroad toward a place he has never bothered to ask the name of.

Peck was baptized John Dickson Kelley. He's a tall, spare, somber man who for two cents would take his hair shirt and piano and move into a cave. He'd play a sensational John The Baptist. His father, still living, was an accountant. Peck is the only one of six children with the music talent. Neither his father nor his mother, who died a year ago, was musical although Peck quotes his father that his mother had a beautiful singing voice. He adds, however, that his father was possibly biased, having been right partial to Ma.

He got the name Peck from the proprietor of a honky where he was doing such feathery chores as bottle hustling, dishwashing, sweeping out after the night's doings, carrying beer to the orchestra, guiding overwhelmed ladies and gentlemen to the exits and hollering, "He ain't here," into the telephone. Whenever the orchestra left the platform for a breath of air, young John Dickson Kelley, aged fourteen, would drop what he was doing—even dishes—and scamper to the piano. This frequently annoyed the proprietor:

"There's that damned kid peckin' at that piano again. That's the damnedest peckin' kid. Peckin', peckin' all the time."

Hence Peckin' Kelley, which convenience subsequently shortened into Peck. All other native entertainers are known as Tex. Until five years ago he couldn't read a note of music, which accounts perhaps for his free and uninhibited transcriptions of what he reads today. Twice he has put himself in the hands of Houston teachers, neither for more than a few weeks. Both of them, able but conventional musicians, shrugged off the unhappy job of tutoring genius. Peck plays what he feels, not necessarily what the composer wrote. Inevitably he has turned to composing but says that he's not the man to add to the world's confusion by playing what he has written. But he'll play music already scored with improvisations that would stun the authors whom one can readily imagine inquiring weakly: "Did I do that?"

He played the nostalgic Night and Day for us with interweavings of Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart and Gluck. And then Ruddigore in a way that would have suited even Sir W. S. Gilbert who thought that Sir Arthur Sullivan was okay but . . . A moment later he blued Claude Debussy's Girl with the Flaxen Hair and boogie-woogied Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D Minor. Peck, you see, is somewhat uncommon.

He names no composer nor artist as his favorite—they're all hots. But he admits with gloomy awe that Jerome Kern, George Gershwin, Manuel DeFalla, Igor Stravinski and Johann Sebastian Bach are wonderful, which ought to be okay with them. He likes women provided they let him alone and don't rush around his piano—which they refuse not to do. He doesn't drink. He isn't married. His sole dissipation appears to be those fireproof cigars.

And the Money Still Rolls in

"Hell, man, I got money," says Peck. And after much fishing through all pockets he produced four dollars and twenty-two cents.

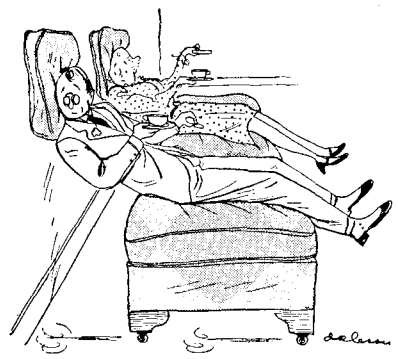
And that must have reminded Peck that Joe Stokes, at union headquarters, had got a pay adjustment check for him from somebody he had worked for last summer. So we went to see Joe, who handed him six dollars.

"Shouldn't be six," protested Peck. "Came to five in all. Wasn't worth five."

"They sent six," said Stokes. "Something about overtime."

"Wasn't any overtime," said Peck. "Send him back a buck."

"I will not," replied Joe Stokes, warming up. "Here, take it. It's your dough. Send it back if you want to. I won't."



So Peck surrendered. He turned to us.

"Sin and a shame how the money rolls in," said Peck.

"Peck," called Joe Stokes, "I got a spot for you."

"Nope," said Peck.

"This won't interfere. They want you over at the Rice Hotel. Hour and a half working lunchtime—from noon to one-thirty. Thirty-five bucks."

"Can't do it," replied Peck mournfully. "Gotta practice daytimes."

And Peck Kelley oozed out bemoaning the tribulations of man—in particular his own. Somebody was forever trying to steal from him the precious hours wherein he should be striving to make himself as great an artist as the big hots say he is.

But we lingered long enough to ask Joe Stokes how many big shots have angled for Kelley.

"You can name them down the line," said Joe, riffling through his records. "You won't make but one or two mistakes. Let's see—Artie Shaw, Kay Kyser, Paul Whiteman, Ben Bernie, Guy Lombardo, Rudy Vallee, Fred Waring, Horace Heidt, Jack Teagarden, Orville Knapp, Ted Lewis, Bob Crosby, Jimmy Dorsey. That enough? There's more. Then there's the movies, the recording companies and the radio. Did he tell you what Jimmy Dorsey said?"

"No."

"Well, Jimmy Dorsey called up one day and said he had a radio spot for Peck that would build him up to fifteen hundred dollars a week," said Joe with a catch in his voice. "And do you know what Peck said?"

"No."

"Peck said," replied Joe Stokes in almost a whisper, "that he wasn't worth it, that folks would laugh at him and if they didn't he'd laugh at himself. If I didn't know Peck so well I'd say he was a screwball. Do you know what's the matter with Peck?"

"No."

"Well, I'll tell you," said Joe Stokes. "That Peck don't give a damn about dough."

"Did any of these big hots ever try offering him fifty a week?" we asked.

"Mister," said Joe, "maybe you got something there. But Peck'd probably turn it down—say he wasn't worth it."

Death in the Present Tense

Continued from page 15

been his office was bombed the first day of the war. But as no one had been killed he was not worrying. What worried him, that night, was the fact that we had not eaten since morning and he suggested stopping near here, at a large farm that belonged to friends. The house was dark but he rang the bell and the porch lights went on. The whole family hurried us into the living room close to the high white porcelain stove. They gave us too-small bedroom slippers to replace our wet, freezing shoes; they wrapped us in furred shawls and plied us with coffee and cognac and cheese sandwiches and asked about Helsinki and the front.

Four old ladies, aunts and cousins and mothers, had come down from Helsinki to take refuge on this farm. They were anxious not to be in the way and hard of hearing and eager for news.

I showed the young son of the house some pictures of the Russian prisoners in Viborg. He looked at them and said with pity, "How thin. How awful they look." The little girl of fourteen, with the fine, discreet manners of all these people, waited on us and listened to the conversation of her elders. Her mother told her to go to bed later because she must go to work again tomorrow. I asked what work. "Everyone works," the mother said, "even the children. We have refugees from the city here and we feed them and find clothes for them and our children take care of their children."

The house was big, shabby and comfortable, not rich, though these people had the largest farm in the region. They urged us to spend the night. When we said we must go they put us in the car and the farmer called after us, into the cold night, "Come back any time you can; we'll be staying here."

The army would stay where it was too, as long as could be, against those odds. And the workers would run the factories and the farmers would stick to the fields and the women would be as enduring and quiet as the men. But if you had made schools and hospitals and universities and theaters, if you have 7,000 co-operatives and wage-and-hour laws and health insurance and old-age pensions and state-owned industry and state-owned land, if you publish thousands of books in every language every year for a literate people to read, if you have tolerance for all religions and all ideas and universal suffrage, if you have built up a hard-working, self-sufficient, law-abiding country where men are remarkably equal, it is disaster to see the villages and forests burning, to see bombs tear down the cities, to have the young men killed by shells and the women left homeless. If people wept in Finland, they would be weeping for the waste and cruelty of this; but they would not be weeping from fear.

THERE were three women and eight children in the plane. The sun shone on a young woman with a delicate mouth and a tired forehead, who slept with her child on her lap. The baby looked like a snowball, all done up in white woolens, with a limp white bow holding its bonnet on. The older children sat quietly during the cold trip.

At Stockholm the customs officials and the airport attendants and the porters were kind to us because we had just come from Finland.

A young pilot held the snowball baby while the mother opened her suitcases. I stopped to tell her goodby and wish her peace here. She straightened up and looked at her child.

"I am taking him to the country to friends," she said. "His is the right to live. But I am going back, where I belong. I shall stay in Finland."

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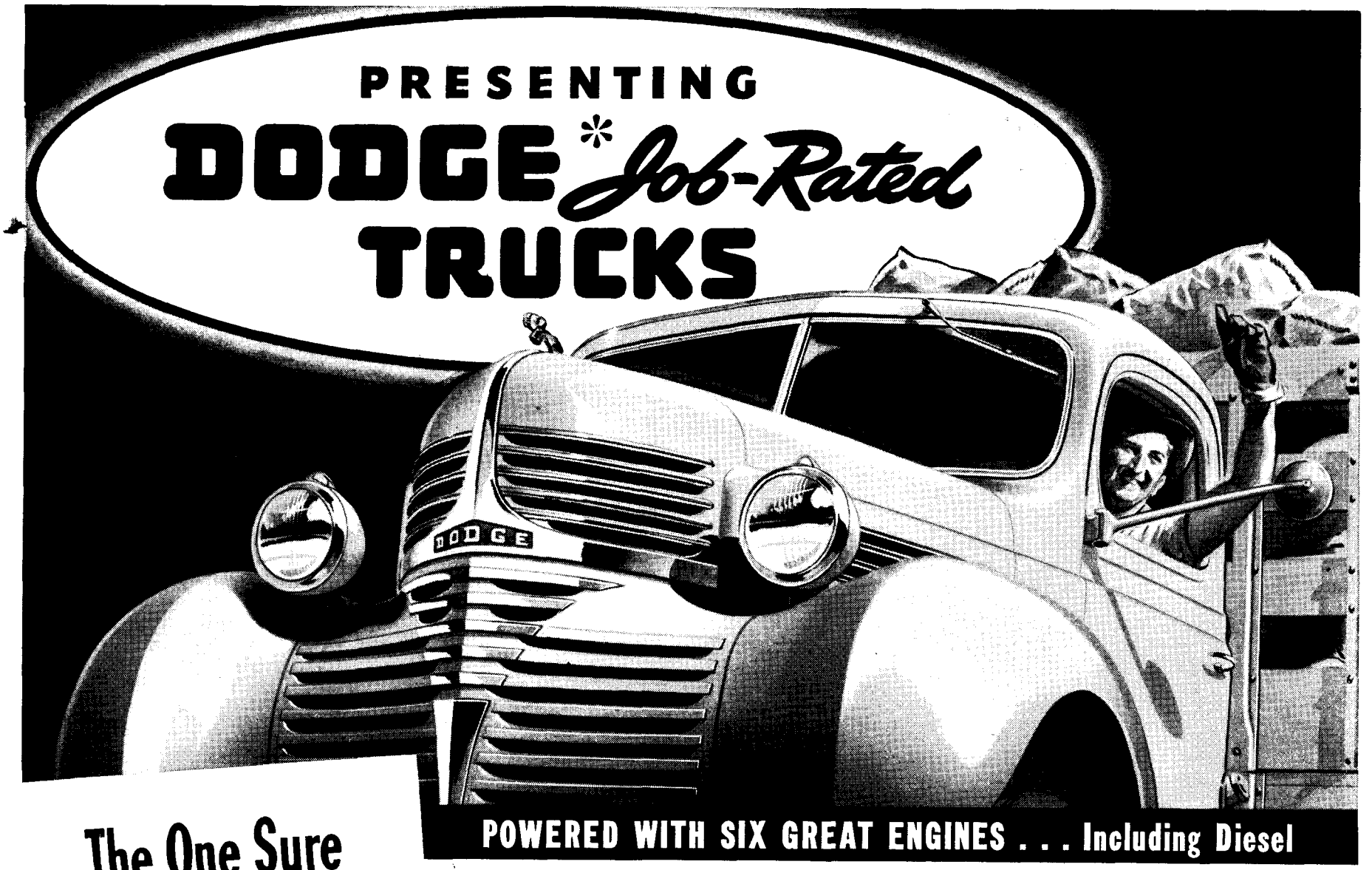

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The Wrecking Crew

Continued from page 13

Advisory Committee of Aeronautics come to install acceleration recorders. They are placed near the center of gravity. They record acceleration on smoked glass during tests. The manufacturer may see for himself exactly how his ship performed.

The last preparation is made. Nothing to do—but wait for tomorrow.

A chill dawn greets us. The sky is overcast and the ceiling is slightly under two thousand feet, but we don't need altitude. It's wind and a rough sea we're after. Dusty weather. Sometimes we've had to wait two months to get the right conditions, but this morning the wind whistles around the hangar and we've got all we need—and more.

Pop is launching the first plane. Ahead of the tractor, and tugging from it, is the silver giant in its cradle. The cradle rolls into the water, goes under. The plane floats. She rocks impatiently in the sheltered inlet. There is only a slight chop but outside, near Thimble Shoals, where we'll conduct the tests, there is spume in the air.

Joe, Pop and I go aboard. We are always together—The Wrecking Crew.

When Your Neck is Out

We are dressed as we dress for normal flight: Joe and I in aviation green uniforms, Pop in dungarees and wearing an ancient leather jacket. We've had to hold up flights while Pop went back for that jacket. There's no special safety measure for us; just an ordinary web belt to hold us in our seats. While pilots testing land planes have tape and bandages spread about their anatomy, we have no protection whatever. There is a reason. Land plane test pilots make long power dives at lightning speeds with sudden, violent pull-outs that strain every organ and fiber and so they have supports nature failed to provide. In the lingo, "their necks are out."

Our necks are out also, but in a different way. We have a very definite danger zone and it doesn't come at the end of a dive, a spin or a roll. It is that narrow band of altitude just ten feet above the water. That is where we come crashing, bouncing in. That limited space, representing a split second, is where things happen.

If during a take-off or landing we succeed in tearing the bottom out of the hull, knocking the wings off or breaking the main struts, all the protective clothing, bandages and tape we might use would never help us. In case of a severe crash we hope for two things: To remain conscious and to be able to get clear and swim. Fractured skulls, broken arms and legs, or being caught in the debris and drowned account for the great number of deaths in seaplane crashes.

The only thing that would help us would be a suit of armor that would float.

Those are the lurking possibilities when we climb aboard.

We warm up, taxi around for several minutes and head into the wind. We give her the gun and with the freshening gale she takes but a short run to get in the air. We climb into a drab sky, toward a cheerless dawn that remains a gloomy gray, and begin winging our way to the frothy Atlantic. Presently, the open sea is under us and I think of the ten landings. I wonder if she'll stand ten. Joe breaks in on my thoughts when he motions out of the window.

"We won't have to try very hard to bounce her this morning," he says. "Those waves will do it for us."

They do look ominous, like clutching hands. Then in the distance, a couple of points on the port bow, a small, squat object looms into view. As we draw nearer I see that it is the Mary Ann, a raftlike boat, and we dip down to see her better. She is part of our show; a very necessary member. Serving to remind us of her real duty is a crane rising from her deck. It is used to haul wrecked planes from the water. At its base groups of men stand huddled. They will take moving pictures of each landing and take-off we make. Following the Mary Ann is a restless, high-powered crash boat. It is another reminder—it is used to reach a crashed plane in a hurry—one more thing I hope we won't have to call upon for help.

As we sweep past I signal that we are ready. Then we turn and circle astern. This is the time. The first test.

My jaw muscles tense as we start down. Joe adjusts the stabilizer of the tail surface and I lower the flaps—they'll slow the landing. The throttles are partly closed. The engines turn at 1,000 to 1,200 revolutions a minute, with the propellers shifted into low pitch. But the ship is coming in fast in spite of the reduced power. Out of the past come the words I heard that first day: "She's coming in fast like a bat out of hell . . . you're setting her on hot!"

Down . . . down. Nearer to the water. The sea is angrier than I thought. Wind whips spume from wave crests and sends it showering. Rough water.

Skimming along about ten feet above the surface, I hold her steady. She's leveled off but still coming in fast. I throttle back gently—she's nearly stalled, barely hanging in the air. I bring the nose up a bit . . . the tail touches . . . a wave rises in our path and my hand jerks the throttles open.

"Pour the soup to her!" I hear Joe say. He's not coaching, but he is following every move I make. I know how he feels with someone else doing the flying while he rides. All pilots feel that way.

The increased power takes hold and cushions our drop as we strike a wave.

Rrrum . . . thump . . . thump!

Although I know what is going to happen, I find myself blinking. But this is what we have been waiting for—a good bounce. It comes. A shower of spray leaps around the boat, and when I open my eyes a moment later the Mary Ann, the horizon and the waves around us are hidden from view. Noises fill the air—strange noises that sink into your bones. With them comes the shock to our bodies. I leave my seat, but the safety belt cuts in and holds me against the strain. My fingers grip the controls and I hang on.

We leap clear of the spray for a split second . . . strike a second time. The full shock of it travels the length of my spine.

Wham . . . rrrum . . . thump!

Metal groans weirdly for an instant. Suddenly I feel the forward motion of the ship stopped while she rocks dizzily like a drunken fighter staggering from a blow. Water runs off our hull and from over the windows. The spray settles and once more the horizon comes into view. I feel better; much easier.

Still in One Piece

Joe looks at me for a moment and then reaches over to punch me. "Man, that was a killer-diller!" he laughs. "I guess we can put our back teeth in now."

"Not bad," Pop snorts from his position in the doorway. His hands still grip the metal frame. "I seen worse. But I can tell better after I see what she looks like under these floor boards."

He's on his knees and peering around the hull. Joe and I also look to see if anything has been carried away by the terrific impacts.

Even the people on the Mary Ann look us over, and when I glance their way they signal, "Okay." Assured we are all in one piece, we taxi into position for the next take-off.

The waves are running a little higher but they don't stop us. I hold her to the course while she plunges into it. Joe mans the throttles again and when he opens them wider the increased power lifts her a bit. But we are flying blind, blanketed by spray. It beats a tattoo against the windows, peppers the hull. Even the sound of our engines fades in the crescendo of tumbling water.

The moments drag . . . then she skims along higher . . . she's reaching, on the step . . . her keel barely touches the waves. We strike a bearded crest, bounce into the air. She stays there.

We climb quickly. The altimeter reads a thousand feet when I circle

"In the future, Finnegan, you will bear in mind that your badge is not a fraternity pin!"

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for another landing. Nine more to go.

But we never reach the full limit of her tests. When the fourth landing is behind us we rest on the water a few minutes. She's taken everything that man and sea together have imposed upon her. It has been the toughest kind of abuse—metal-fatiguing punishment.

"The next take-off," I tell Joe, "we'll try throwing the power to her sooner. We'll probably bury our nose under some green ones until she takes hold—maybe we'll smash her bow in trying it, but now's the time to find out."

Joe yanks the throttles open, watching the manifold pressure while he does it. A wave lifts us to its crest . . . we slide off, half leap to the one ahead, but the power is not enough to give us speed. The bow dips under . . . I see it coming but it is too late . . . the power takes hold but instead of helping us, lifting the ship, it only tends to drive us into the waves. It is like plunging into a series of stone walls.

We all wait . . . wait for the great walls of water that threaten to rip aside the thin shell of silver metal in front of us and come crashing in. Torrents of green seas pour over and the ship replies by quivering her protests.

After long seconds, we come out of it . . . Joe holds the throttles to keep them from creeping. In the blinding confusion of spray and wave I can't see whether my wing tips are clear or burying themselves. The plane careens from side to side and our track through the water is wild, giddy. I wonder if the tail surfaces are still intact, if I have cracked a wing . . . there are a thousand things that could be wrong. . . .

Joe looks at me and just when I am about to tell him to ease her a bit, she makes a final desperate leap from a wave. Anything can happen now; she can "stall in" with certain destruction, or she can—

This is the time you thank the powers that be for a good co-pilot. Alert to our perilous situation, Joe gives her all the power at his command. We settle and I hold my breath, expecting the unexpected. We fall . . . but only the tail creases a wave . . . the power grips the huge boat and we have flying speed. Thundering, lifting her, the engines never miss a single beat.

We are in the groove again.

The Big Smash

"Get set, boys," I sing out. "This is the one." I don't hold back a thing for this landing; it's studiedly intentional, for I want this one to be a sockeroo. After that last take-off she should stand anything. A take-off always imposes more strain than a landing in rough seas.

Her nose is up, fully stalled. The tail strikes.

It's brutal punishment—but it's in the specifications. The bow slaps down, but before we feel the full shock of it the ship jumps clear, shaking herself. She's going to strike again. It's no use, the throttles won't help a bit. We hit again and it sounds like the explosion of a five-inch gun. It sounds final, conclusive. With it comes a shooting pain from my head to the soles of my feet.

We fall off from the wind and begin rolling heavily in the trough. To bring us back I try the throttles . . . they are jammed. I try again. Force won't budge them. We've got to swing around, head into the sea or be swamped. I hear the click of Joe's safety belt. Mine comes off a second later.

The engines are still running but not enough to bring her out of the trough. I snap off the switches on one side. The other two engines bring us about. Pop is at my side with a screw driver in his hand. He begins removing the cover plate that encloses the throttle control cables where they pass over sheaves.

"What a hell of a mess!" he exclaims disgustedly when the plate is removed. "Look at them cables. Jammed tighter'n a paymaster's heart!"

"Whew!" Joe whistles.

To have caused this much trouble something had to carry away, get out of line farther aft. I leave my seat and begin looking for the cause. When I glance along the compartment reaching to the tail, I see daylight streaming in through the upper curved portions of the hull. The metal skin has been sliced through!

Closer inspection shows that the strut fittings attaching the wing to the hull are carried away. They're sheared off very oddly—in one of those unexplainable ways. But there is still greater, more important damage. The wing has fallen forward and down. It is resting near the hull. In tearing loose, it dropped enough to permit the propellers to slice through the hull on each side.

Bring on a New Ship

"Well, if this isn't something!" Joe shouts. It brings Pop running.

I shake my head and a thought pounds home.

"Good thing those throttles froze," Pop ventures.

"Best break we ever got," I say.

"Just about the time we got her in the air again that wing would have come off and we'd have—"

Pop finishes it for Joe: "Taken one hell of a dive straight for the bottom."

For a long moment we look at one another in the way all men do when things like this happen. A funny feeling. . . .

"That finishes this ship," I say. "Better signal the Mary Ann for a tow."

They tow us in and we call it a day. We've had enough. Tomorrow we'll test the second ship.

The next morning we're over the Atlantic, proceeding with the tests while wind and sea hold. Thimble Shoals Light, the Mary Ann and her tag-along crash boat, a dusty sea and an unknown plane.

We're in the groove again, coming down. It's bounce and sock 'em. Head her into it and try some more. Pop stands at his usual place in the doorway and checks off the landings.

"It's about time," he says caustically. "This next landin' oughta do it."

But she takes the next one and those following. One more left.

I wink at Joe and we swing in for the last landing. This is the scorcher. She comes on burning. Once, twice, three times the stanch flying boat strikes. Pop ducks, is down to his knees and holding on with all his strength. Joe and I lunge against our belts, hang there until a great thud throws us to our seats. The ship rattles, sways and groans. But she takes it like a veteran. Before she has a chance to stop dead we give her the gun. She catapults forward and is off.

The last test landing.

We remain quiet for a while and then suddenly we begin to talk idly, happily.

"How's that suit you, Pop?" Joe asks.

Pop waves a grimy hand. "Nothin' to it." Then adds: "I'm tired. This standin' up all day gets me."

In a few minutes we land in front of the hangar. A tractor is waiting to pull us on the ramp. Later, when the factory representative joins us, his smile is broader than ever.

"Swell ship, isn't she?" he joyfully yells. "Got the stuff."

"She'll do," Pop grudgingly admits.

Joe and I laugh, but not at Pop. She is a swell ship, a great ship, and we may be flying her in the fleet one of these days. And you can bet that Pop will be there.

Professor of Character

People often referred to Prof. Williams* as a "character builder" because so many really outstanding men had come out of his classes, and in their later successful years held him in such high regard.

But the professor scoffed at the idea.

"You can't do much about molding a man's character in four years," he said, "though you can make a good start in four generations."

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THE merican MAGAZINE

SCATTERGOOD

Scattergood Baines—best-loved character in modern American fiction—is butting into other people's business again. And very lucky it was for old Miss Seraphina Chu Ti Mansfield... First of a new series of genial, heart-warming Scattergood stories by

CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Laughing crowds in fancy dress thronged the gay Panama streets—none dreaming that one of their costumes would become a shroud... "Death Came Dancing," Kathleen Moore Knight's newest and most exciting short mystery novel—a thrilling and colorful story of romance and intrigue in the tropics—appears complete in the March American.

It's not often that the cash register rings when John Kieran answers a question on the "Information Please" program—whether the question is about poetry or sports, bird calls or painting or what have you. Now he answers the question millions of radio fans have wanted to put to him: "How did you get to know so much?" Read it in the March American—you'll be surprised!

8 SHORT STORIES

Is the woman you love too snooty? Try the cure Hank used—and enjoy the seven other grand short stories in the March American, including the one about the bridegroom who was allergic to fire sirens; the swift-paced hockey yarn; and Margaret Culkin Banning's radiant story of a boy, a girl and a dog—plus two exciting serials and the complete short mystery novel.

HOW TO CUT YOUR INCOME TAX

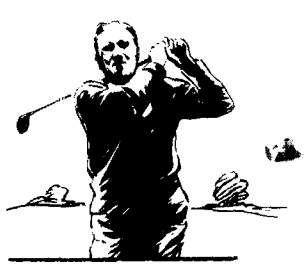
Can you deduct from your income tax for an unborn child? Can a writer deduct for an encyclopedia? How about interest on your auto installment payments? William Mapel brings you authoritative answers to these and a dozen other questions that may save you money when you pay your income tax next month.

"That Blond Hussy from BALTIMORE"

Clarissa was tired of hearing about her. "What do you care if she's tired of her bullfighter-husband?" But Vice-Consul Randolph was a southern gentleman, and he wasn't going to see an American girl ill-treated—certainly not one as beautiful as Vivian. So, despite Clarissa, he intervened in his best diplomatic manner, and the result was one of the most hilarious duels ever fought by a romantic diplomat. Winston Norman tells about it in "The Handsome One," one of the eight fine short stories in the March American.

29 OTHER FEATURES

The whole family will find page after page of absorbing reading in the March American. They'll enjoy eight really fine short stories, eight up-to-the-second articles, a complete mystery novel, two serials, two sections of unusual photographs (many in full natural color) and scores of gay cartoons and helpful, amusing shorter features, including a psychological test, a word-puzzle, and a matchless poem by Ogden Nash. Get your copy at your favorite newsstand today! The biggest quarter's worth of entertainment and help you can buy!



HOW'S YOUR STYLE?

Whatever your favorite sport—golf, tennis, badminton—if your score seems to get worse as your style improves, you need the encouraging suggestions Stanley Frank gives in the March American.

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Let Me Call You Comrade

Continued from page 10

he can possibly fritter away is his monthly income. In the years to come, as I sit on the poorhouse steps, I expect to see Touter dashing up at irregular intervals in his sixteen-cylinder sports job to give me tips on preposterous parlays. The solemn truth is, my dear Audrey, that once more you have made a chump of yourself!"

Audrey gave me a slow, stubborn, pitying stare.

"Why a chump, darling?"

"Did Touter reform?"

"No, but—"

"Have *any* of them reformed?"

"Yes!"

"Name one."

"Artie Hibbs reformed!"

I DID not have a chance to demonstrate once more that Artie's case could not be fairly cited, since he gave up women and entered a monastery only after a dozen specialists told him his heart might conk out on him with one kiss.

"I'll soon have a better example to cite than Artie Hibbs!" said Audrey, folding her arms dramatically.

"Touter, I suppose?"

"No, not Grevvy. He's a lost cause. All I ask of him now is that he go away to some distant race track where I can't see what is happening to him. I may sound harsh, but"—oh, those pauses—"I feel I must concentrate on Barney!"

"Barney Craddock?"

"No, not that horrible creature!"

"Barney who, then?"

"I cannot tell you any more now, Ralph."

"Good!"

I started to climb out of the car.

"Except that there may be a big story in it, later on. Involving a wicked organization."

"Ha! The Pinochle and Poker Club. This Barney must be a heller."

Audrey's maid, Phyllis (Tehachapi Reformatory, '37, shoplifting) rushed out to the car.

"He wants to see you, Miss Audrey!"

"Oh . . . he does?"

"He looks awful bad, Miss Audrey. Beat up like and sick. He's half-cryin', and—"

"No, Phyllis—I can't."

"The doc thought maybe if you was just to speak to him from a safe distance kind of—"

"Well, I—"

Audrey started to climb out of the car. But Clarence (San Quentin '26, burglary) hurried down the steps and spoke to her firmly.

"It's just a play fer sympity, miss," Clarence said. "Don't you go in there."

"Oh, Scoop, what shall I do?"

"Go home to bed," I said, and slid rapidly to the curbstone. "That's where I'm going! Good night!"

The next afternoon, when I got to the office, my city editor beckoned.

"Scoop," he said, with cold derision (he always calls me Scoop with cold derision) "*the* Miss Audrey Atkinson has been phoning for you since ten-thirty. She says she has a big story. Get out there!"

"It's just a stall."

"Indeed?"

"She never has anything but Girl Scout notes, doings of the happy visitors and—"

"Maybe she shot a happy visitor. Who knows? Get out there, Scoop!"

Sunny Haven, the Atkinson estate, lies snug and smug in a canyon but a short flight by a dissolute pigeon from the fleshpots of Hollywood. The house is a big white-walled Spanish affair set in acres of lawn, pepper trees, oaks and shrubbery. It all looks like a movie set for "Ramona" or maybe "The Old Mission."

Blissful calm in a naughty, noisy world might be said to characterize Sunny Haven as I turned my flivver into the big gates. George, the day watchman (Keeley Institute '38, habitual drunkenness) was dozing in the gate house. He woke up in a hurry and announced: "Miss Audrey's been expectin' you since before lunch. What took you so long?"

"I was drunk," I said.

"No! Tch . . . tch . . ." George said.

I saw Clarence pretending to flick dust off Audrey's roadster on the front drive as I parked. He whistled conspiratorily and hurried over.

"Aunt Tissy's got a scheme cooked up to cure a guy named Barney of gambling," Clarence said. "Don't take no part of it!"

"Trust me," I said.

Holmby, the butler (Jefferson City '22, confidence game) had the fidgets when he opened the door. He whispered that I was to go straight up to Miss Audrey on the second-floor sun deck.

But Aunt Tissy nailed me as I passed the library door.

"You come here, young man!" she said.

"Miss Audrey wants him to—"

"That will do, Holmby!"

Just write it down: "Duncan fears Aunt Tissy." She is a big-boned six-footer with a husky contralto voice. The Los Angeles papers frequently mistake her picture for one of the Long Island blue bloods—the horsewomen. Her favorite costume is an old-fashioned black riding habit, divided skirt, white stock, boots and all. Other dowagers have lorgnettes, ear trumpets, canes or crutches; Aunt Tissy has a whip—a short, stout blacksnake. Aunt Tissy believes she was put into the world to *tame* things. Lions, tigers, buffalo, stallions, mastiffs and men—particularly *men*.

"Oh . . . hello, Aunt Tissy," I said.

"Sit down!"

I sat down.

"I'm tired of all this drivel about Barney," Aunt Tissy said.

"Oh . . . you are?" I said.

"Audrey's too namby-pamby!"

"We-ell—"

"Either she wants to break Barney of the gambling habit or she doesn't. If she means to break him, she can't do it with talk . . . tears . . . pleading as she tried to do with that Hailsham rascal. Bah!"

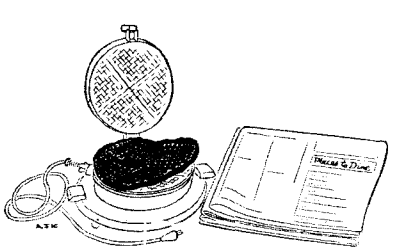
"No, I suppose not."

Aunt Tissy halted and shook the whip at me.

"I cured Audrey's Uncle Dolph of gambling!"

"Oh . . . you did?"

"Broke him in six weeks. Shut myself up with him at the Virginia place. Said: 'We're going to make three hundred five-dollar bets a day. On cockroaches.' There were thousands of 'em. We raced 'em, straightaway, track and obstacle. We fed 'em poison and bet on the seconds it took 'em to die. We put 'em in mazes and jumped 'em out of matchboxes. Three hundred bets a day. And Audrey's Uncle Dolph had to keep the books!"



"Uh . . . how long did he last?"

"Thirty-eight days. He was damn' stubborn. But a man is just like a studhorse, just like a studhorse. You've got to break 'em or knock 'em on the head!"

"Yes, but—"

Aunt Tissy scowled thoughtfully at me.

"*You,*" said Aunt Tissy, "remind me of a Hambletonian studhorse I used to have named Little Nemo."

"Yes," I said, "but what do you propose to do with this Barney Whosit?"

Audrey barged in just then.

"Oh, Aunt Tissy!" she said.

"Now what?"

"You promised not to say a word to Ralph until I talked with him. You know you did!"

Aunt Tissy snorted.

"Look at her," she said. "Frills and fiddle-faddle. Soft. Peaches and cream."

She walked over and whacked Audrey across the panties with that whip, but lovingly. Audrey winced.

"You come upstairs with me, Ralph—"

"Clear out! I've said nothing at all to him about the plan. I was just trying to stiffen his backbone."

I moved toward the door.

"I'll try to play the man, Aunt Tissy," I said.

This brought an up-and-down appraisal from Aunt Tissy's handsome brown eyes.

"Little Nemo," she said, and shook her head. "It's damn' odd!"

AUDREY dragged me very willingly to the second-floor sun deck.

Our Elsie Dinsmore of last night had changed her role. Audrey was wearing a sophisticated aquamarine frock. She was now the *femme fatale,* her thick red hair smoothed into a middle part with Dutch braids coiled about the ears.

"Purple Irish eyes should laugh and sparkle, my child," I said. "This is in technicolor."

"Stop being smart alec for just two minutes," she said, "and tell me—how is Grevvy?"

"He'll live."

"He's sent me three telegrams, already."

"Don't bother to get them. I'll take your word for it."

Audrey frowned haughtily.

"This is not *very* funny. I sent for you because Barney's whole future is at stake."

"Atkinson Says Barney's Whole Future at Stake—boy that'll sell papers!"

"It would, if you only knew!"

"I'm practically breathless."

This was Audrey's cue to do a little floor pacing. She paces floors very well, having a stride that a British novelist would describe as "a lithe, shootin' field gait."

Supposing, said Audrey, she were to tell me that the mysterious Barney was a brilliant young genius? Supposing she were to add that a sinister, criminal organization was trying to get Barney in its power?

"I'd say, 'Fancy that!' " I said.

"Oh, you *are* horrid!" Audrey said. "I am not being melodramatic. This is a real-life tragedy. That poor boy has weaknesses, and they are deliberately encouraging him in them."

"He drinks?"

"Yes."

"Gambles, of course?"

"Yes."

"He . . . er . . . likes the ladies?"

"Oh, Ralph, I'm afraid so!"

I was a bit startled.

"Why, this one must be an 18-karat

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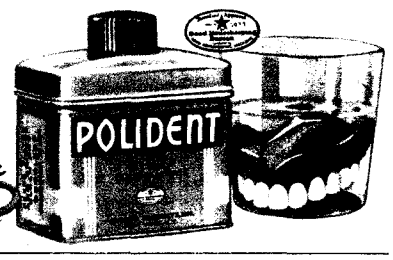

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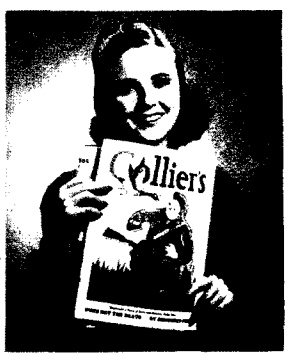

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bum, Audrey," I said. "Usually they're just drunkards or gamblers or chasers. Uh . . . by the way, he isn't a hophead, too?"

Audrey said I was callously jumping at unfair conclusions. Barney was not a hophead nor even far gone in any dissipation. His gambling fever was his worst failing and most dangerous one. If a determined effort were made immediately, Barney might be cured before he plunged too heavily into debt.

"Aunt Tissy's right, Scoop," Audrey said. "I didn't try hard enough with Grevvy. Mere moral suasion isn't enough. But Aunt Tissy's plan would work!"

"I'm all agog," I said.

"Will you really help us? Oh, darling, I knew you would. I told Aunt Tissy your cynicism was just a pose—"

"Not so fast, my girl. Tell me first!"

WELL, children, Aunt Tissy's plan was to be a modern variation on the one she had used to cure Uncle Dolph. I must lure or shanghai this Barney chap aboard Audrey's motor yacht at Santa Monica. I must then keep Barney aboard while the Skylark sailed up the coast to an island off Santa Barbara that the Atkinsons owned. Aunt Tissy and Audrey would then take over, with the help of numerous reformed jailbirds on the Atkinson staff. Barney would be required to make five hundred bets a day on the behavior of sea gulls. Marooned on an island . . . forty miles from the nearest leased wire . . . and betting on sea gulls.

"No!" I said.

Audrey looked startled.

"Don't you think it would work? It cured Uncle Dolph, poor dear. What makes you—"

At this point, I exploded. I informed Miss Audrey that the United States government strongly disapproves of kidnaping. I reminded her that I worked for a living and had no time to be playing games with unknown 18-carat bums named Barney. And I finished off with the following eloquent passage:

"Why do you keep on wasting your time over no-goods like Touter Hailsham and this Barney So-and-so? You deserve far better of life. Go fall in love with some nice, decent guy who hasn't any bad habits. And marry him. This is a voice from the gutter."

It appeared to bewilder Audrey.

"But, Scoop, I don't seem to like the good ones!" She smiled charmingly. "I like wicked men. I like you. I mean —when you're kind you're so much kinder than the ones who are kind all the time. And when you do something truly noble it's like a miracle."

I'm afraid Audrey got me, momentarily.

"You're a sweet kid," I said.

"Why, Ralph Duncan Punkun!" she gasped. "I'm going to throw my arms around you and kiss you!"

She did, but it was just kid sister stuff.

Then came the girlish confidence:

"I think I'm going to fall truly in love with Barney, dear!"

"Oh, no, you're not."

"What makes you say that?"

"When a girl really loves a guy she takes him as is. She doesn't monkey around with adolescent storybook efforts to reform him."

Audrey smiled with a you-say-that-because-you-just-don't-know superiority.

"There's more to *this* than mere reform."

"Oh, yeah?"

"They are trying to make him betray his country."

"Tch . . . tch . . . tch . . . not treason?"

"You refuse to help me?"

"Definitely."

"Merely because it's illegal?"

"That element does enter in."

"Could Barney sue us for shanghaiing him?"

"For millions."

"But Aunt Tissy cured Uncle Dolph—"

"They were *married.*"

"Oh, I see."

I put over the fast ball, the dazzler:

"Do you want to *marry* Barney? If you'll marry him, you can abduct him anywhere."

She thought a long minute.

"No, Scoop," she said slowly, "I couldn't marry Barney . . . as he is."

"Q.E.D.—she loves him not!"

I had spent several odd moments over a long stretch of years trying to figure Audrey out. I decided that the early death of her parents in an automobile accident and Aunt Tissy's upbringing accounted, somehow, for her reformation complex. But the words that Audrey spoke next were more revealing than

"He always lets the air out of the tires before he fills the tank. A guy drove off once without paying him"

REAMER KELLER

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anything she had ever told me before. Very funny, but revealing:

"I could never marry a man who had bad habits expecting to reform him *afterward*. That's what poor Aunt Tissy did. She took Uncle Dolph with all the bad habits a man can have—except drugs—and, oh, what she went through! Why, Ralph, Uncle Dolph was fifty-six years old before Aunt Tissy had him cured. And then the poor misguided darling only lived a year after that. What's so funny? Why are you laughing?"

"I'm sorry, Audrey."

"What was so funny?"

"Nothing, nothing at all."

"Is it funny . . . that two people suffered so?"

"No, no—of course not."

Audrey stood up, her eyes smoldering.

"If I ever told you what Aunt Tissy—"

"Please, Audrey—a highball. I thirst."

"If I ever told you what Aunt Tissy went through breaking Uncle Dolph of the drink habit, you wouldn't laugh. And you wouldn't ask for highballs. I was only a little child then, but I remember lying in my bed and shuddering with fear that Uncle Dolph would have delirium tremens."

"Did he . . . ever?"

"Thanks to Aunt Tissy, he did not."

I FELT a bit ashamed of myself. There is pathos under all humor, or humor under all pathos (watch young Duncan, he's deep) and even Audrey's screwball flounderings with reform had an honest rationalization.

"I'm sorry," I said, "and if you will tell me who Barney is and convince me that he stands in imminent danger of hellfire, I shall go straightway and take him by the hand and be a big brother to him!"

Have the nation's poets dabbled much with the cold, red heat of a ministering angel's temper?

"You are hardly the character I would choose to bring in contact with Barney, my dear Ralph!" said Audrey. "And since you refuse to help me with practical measures, I shall not call upon you for spiritual assistance."

"Oh, indeed?"

"Yes . . . indeed. I shall have Holmby serve you a highball in the library. Goodby."

"Now, Audrey—"

"I may add that I am deeply disappointed in you! Goodby."

Aunt Tissy, who had been giving instructions to Alfonso, the head gardener (Leavenworth, '29, income-tax evasion) halted me on the front terrace.

"Well, young man?"

"She's decided not to do it, Aunt Tissy."

"Why?"

"Well . . . uh . . . kidnaping is—"

"Fiddle-faddle! That's not the reason!"

"It's reason enough for me."

Aunt Tissy sniffed and regarded me with mild loathing.

"If Baby falls in love with that Barney person, she won't quibble about a few laws. That's what held her back with Hailsham . . . didn't love him. But she'd break Barney—in spite of hell and high water!"

"Yes'm," I said.

"Did I ever tell you how I cured Audrey's Uncle Dolph of the drink habit?"

That highball gurgled guiltily in my tummy. I said: "The very next time I come, Aunt Tissy. I got to go now. Emergency call from the office." And I fled.

During the next week, all was tranquil on the Atkinson front. Touter Hailsham gave up and went off to Flamingo Park, Florida, to spend the rest of the racing season. From there he sent me a bombastic telegram announcing that he had two hundred dollars on the nose of a 20-to-1 shot named Sweet Leilani and tipping me to a sure-thing daily double at Santa Anita. He concluded by saying: "Give my regards to Audrey." I was going to do this, just by way of proving they never reform, but I lost sixteen bucks on Touter's tip and determined his name should rest in silent ignominy.

My telephone rang at 1:51 A. M. of the ninth day.

"Scoop?"

"Wrong number—"

"Scoop! It's Audrey! I'm in terrible trouble!"

"Where?"

"At the Cosmos Club. I'm locked in a room."

"Locked in a room! . . . Why?"

"Hurry!"

She had named a tough, all-night joint in Culver City. It was no place for an old cathedral choir boy, much less for the Atkinson heiress.

I made it in eighteen minutes flat, which is not bad.

Pounding on the locked front door, I grabbed the waiter who opened it by a handful of shirt front.

"You've got a girl locked in a room here!" I said.

The waiter shoved me back.

"We got twenty gals locked in a room, mister," he said. "You can look 'em over, if you'll just calm down!"

I was on the edge of hollering copper and maybe doing a little fist work, when Audrey stood up in a booth near the door and cooed: "Yoo-hoo, Scoop! Here I am!"

John Dorsey, one of the Atkinson lawyers, was with her. I'd trust my best girl with Dorsey, the fatheaded old poop.

I walked to the booth, and I'm afraid I snarled.

"The next time you cry 'Wolf!', I'm going to bite your silly head off," I said. "This is a voice from the pit."

Audrey was the white sister tonight, in an ermine-trimmed snood and heavy white velvet theater cloak. She wore no make-up, her face was pale and her eyes shone with spiritual fire. Grabbing both my hands, she pulled me into the booth.

"Forgive me, Scoop darling. I had to see you. I need your help, after all—with Barney!"

"Oh, is he here?"

"Yes! And I'm *in love with him* . . . really in love for the first time in all my life!"

Old man Dorsey got up.

"Ahem . . . it's very late," he said. "I have pleaded with Miss Audrey to leave this place. I must now telephone her aunt for instructions. Excuse me."

"Yes, yes . . . so good of you," said Audrey, not paying any attention.

I swiped Dorsey's drink and gulped it.

"Aren't you going to ask me which one is Barney?"

"No."

Audrey pointed dramatically toward a table at the edge of the dance floor.

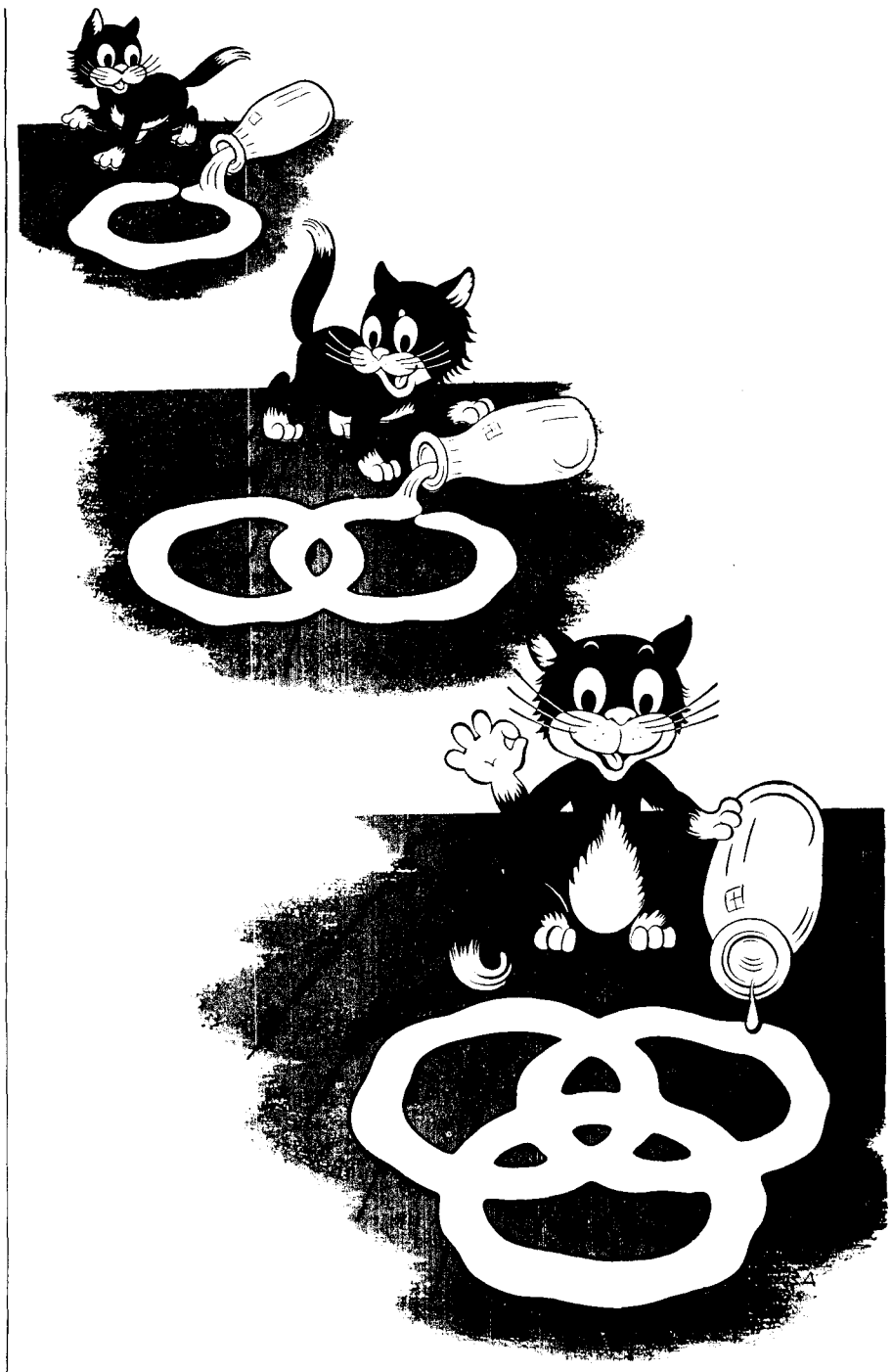
"It's that man . . . right over there!" she said.

In spite of myself, I looked.

THERE were three couples at the table. I knew Herman Beckstein, editor of a Hollywood trade journal; Dot Walker, a magazine and movie writer, and Joe Hollis, the actor. But Audrey was pointing at a tall, thin guy seated next to a blonde. I suppose a casting director would peg him somewhere between Jimmy Stewart and Freddy March but, thank God, I am no casting director. All I saw was a pleasant-looking chap who had drunk about three sidecars too many and was not in very good company.

"Isn't he the most wonderful creature you ever saw?" Audrey whispered raptly. "Aren't you tingling, just to look at him?"

"I never tingle," I said, "but I am surprised. I thought I knew every bum



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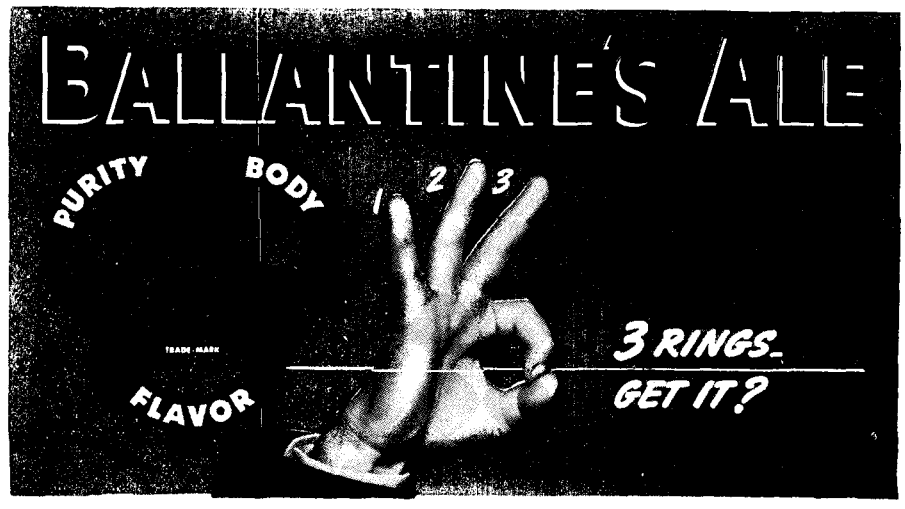

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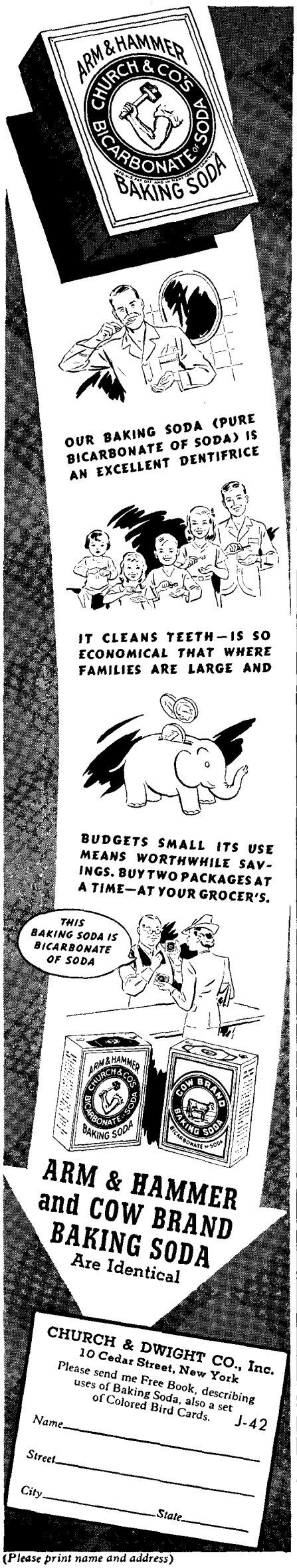
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in town. He must have just got in from Sioux City."

Audrey gave my arm a vicious pinch.

"He's not a bum and he isn't from Sioux City," she said. "He's the man I'm going to marry!"

"Will it be soon?" I said.

"Perhaps."

"Why not tonight?"

"I've got to meet him first."

"You mean to tell me, you haven't—"

"No! I had to be sure I loved him. But now that I *am* sure, I've got to meet him before we can be married."

"There's something in what you say."

"And that's where *you* come in, Scoop. I wanted you to be the one to introduce us—"

"Nope. Big Bruvver Scoop goes home now."

But it wasn't any use. Audrey's sentimentalism had gripped her like a powerful drug. She began a gaspy, starry-eyed monologue during which I learned a number of startling things. The boy's full name was Bernard J. McGill, but everybody called him Barney. Such a sweet nickname! He was twenty-seven years old, a graduate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology and a brilliant aeronautical engineer employed by one of the big airplane companies. A brave, daring pilot, too! Audrey had first laid eyes on him at a polo game in Santa Barbara. He was with the Baroness Thiele, a *notorious woman.* Audrey had seen at once that he was a babe-in-the-woods, a tender, innocent, poetic soul in thrall to *that woman.* She plied him with liquor—

"Tch . . . tch . . . tch—and in Santa Barbara," I said.

AUDREY had found out all about him from Madge Condict, but before she could arrange to have him introduced *that woman* spirited him away. She knew, however, that the baroness and her crowd infested Cloverdale, a high-stake gambling resort on the coast road. Sure enough, when Audrey just dropped in there that evening, with Clarence for bodyguard, poor Barney McGill was at a table gambling. He was in a party containing Joan Bakewell, the movie star, that horrid, immoral thing. But before Audrey could be introduced to warn him—

"Stop it!" I said. "Liquor . . . gambling . . . and now Dot Walker! I can't bear to think—"

Tears in Audrey's eyes stopped me cold.

"Oh, Scoop," she said, "for once in your life quit wisecracking. If that poor boy was just sowing a few innocent wild oats, I wouldn't *dream* of interfering. But remember who Dot Walker is. *She's in the Trojan horse.*"

"Hunh?" I said.

"You can ask Mr. Dorsey! She and that Beckstein man and Joan Bakewell and the baroness are all parts of the Trojan horse."

She jumped to her feet. "Come," she said, "you're introducing me!"

She marched straight toward Barney McGill and party. What could I do but follow?

Then a very odd thing happened.

Young Mr. McGill looked up when we were about at the table. He seemed to recognize Audrey.

"Oh!" he said. "Excuse me!"

He leaped to his feet and walked rapidly away in the direction of the men's room.

Audrey stopped in her tracks and gasped.

Beckstein tried to cover up.

"Hello, Scoop," he said, coming over to us. "Isn't that Miss Audrey Atkinson?"

"Miss Atkinson, Mr. Beckstein," I said.

I rather imagine that Audrey would have gone right after Mr. McGill, men's room or no, but old Pop Dorsey bumbled into the situation. He grabbed Audrey by the arm and said: "Your Aunt Tissy says to come home at once!"

Dot Walker got off one of her celebrated cat's miaows.

"I'll bet Aunt Tissy's in a snit!" she said.

Audrey didn't bother to listen. She turned to me, the white sister about to depart from scenes of sin, yet not a whit dismayed.

"Go talk to that poor boy, Scoop," she said. "Be a friend to him!"

Then she made a beautiful exit on Pop Dorsey's arm.

Even Beckstein was awed.

"Does Barney know *her?*" he asked.

"Not yet," I said.

I should have gone away from there in a hurry. But Mr. Barney McGill interested me mightily. I had never seen any man, bum or saint, turn his back on Audrey Atkinson.

"Excuse me," I said to all and sundry, "I go to the little boys' room."

"If it's that nice, I wish I was a little boy," Dot Walker said.

Mr. McGill was bent over a washstand soaking his head when I entered. He straightened up, mopping with a towel. He was in pretty good condition.

"I'm Ralph Duncan," I said, "of the Journal."

"Who is that girl?"

"Miss Audrey Atkinson."

"Friend of yours?"

"Yes."

He looked embarrassed.

"I didn't mean to be rude," he said, "but I had a hunch she might be the one."

"The one what?"

"Well, I've been getting notes."

"Oh, you have?"

This Barney guy was beginning to impress me. He didn't know who Audrey was and didn't care. I gathered that he had fled more to spare Audrey an awkward situation than himself. He frowned worriedly and dug through his pockets. Then he stopped.

"No," he said, "you're a reporter."

I told him a little huffily that I wasn't prowling washrooms at the Cosmos Club for news. I mentioned knowing Beckstein and the others, adding that in fairness to Audrey I didn't want him to get any wrong ideas.

"Just my jitters, I guess," he said grinning sheepishly. "Of course, Miss Atkinson couldn't be the one. I—I apologize to you both. Forget it."

I said: "I'd still like a peek at the notes."

Barney turned back and handed me a wad of papers. They were all signed "A Well-Wisher" . . . and they went like this:

1. She is beautiful, but that isn't *everything.*
2. Should you really drink so much?
3. Can you afford to gamble here?
4. That girl in gray should wear scarlet.
5. Surely this is not your better self?

There were several more—all in Audrey's schoolgirl scribble. I knew that nothing was to be gained by denying that I recognized her fine Foxcroftian hand. Audrey must be thwarted in her noble designs on Barney McGill.

"Miss Atkinson wrote them," I said.

Barney looked decently astonished.

"A gag?"

"In a way," I explained. "She comes of a fine family with forty million dollars, but there's a strong missionary taint. Audrey wants to save young men from the dogs."

RUBBING the side of his face, Barney thought this over a moment.

"They told me all that kind were dead."

"That's right, pal. Audrey is the reincarnated spirit of Elsie Dinsmore." Then I uttered a cautious word of warning: "Shun her as you would a plague. Reform is always her objective, but her methods smack of Lucrezia Borgia."

Barney started.

"Oh, she wouldn't try . . . but that's preposterous. Of course!"

"You wouldn't want to be reformed?"

"Good Lord, no!"

"Not even if she insisted?"

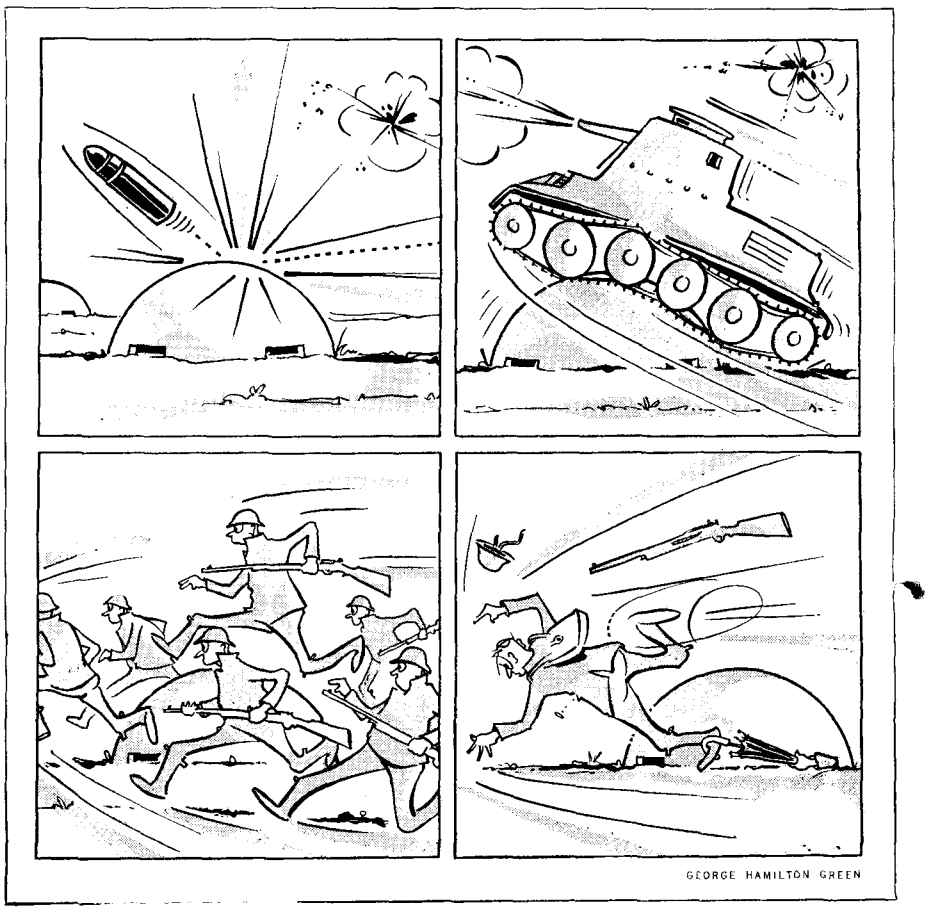
He clutched me with frantic hands.

"I *can't* be . . . understand? There's reasons why . . . not at liberty to explain . . . thank Miss Atkinson for her interest . . . but no thanks . . . positively not! Uh . . . sorry . . . good night!"

Mr. B. J. "Barney" McGill, with the groaning squawk of the hunted, lunged out the washroom door.

I sat down. I had to think.

(To be continued next week)



GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

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Ed Mahoney's Boy

Continued from page 17

have traced the letter. But I thought of you every night, as God's my judge. Every night for twenty years!"

His mind still caught in that frozen inaction, Eddie could think of nothing to say. The stout man sobbed then, while he stared at him; he put his head in his hands, and the choked sounds he made roused in Eddie an uncomfortable embarrassment.

"Here," he said, his voice sounding strange to himself. "You'd better rest. There's a bed inside, and you'd feel better for some sleep. I'll be back in an hour from the hospital. We'll—we'll talk then."

"Better!" Joe Mahoney said bitterly. "When a man's heart is broken, boy—" Five minutes later, when Eddie finished dressing and looked in at him, he was asleep.

AT THE hospital Big Tom O'Rourke was sitting on the same bench. They went in to Ed Mahoney's room together. His eyes were open now, the fingers of one hand moving a little on the blanket.

"I don't know," O'Rourke said angrily, "but that I'm ashamed of you. Will you never learn to be properly careful, man?"

On the pillow Ed Mahoney moved his head sideways to them, and then winked.

"Next week," Eddie said, "he'll be eating a big steak. The doctor says you came through fine; all you got to do now is take it easy. How're you feeling?"

"Good," Ed Mahoney whispered painfully. "Good, son."

But the paleness in his cheeks was mottled and ugly, his hand was dry.

"You can't kill a Mahoney with two little holes," Eddie said, and grinned at him. He had been almost reluctant to come in; there was a feeling in his heart that something had changed between them. And yet, when he saw the old man, nothing had changed. The feeling vanished completely. Joe Mahoney seemed not to exist.

"Don't talk, Pop," he said. "I'll be in tonight again. Kathleen and Mr. Stone wanted us to say hello for them."

Ed Mahoney winked again. When they turned to go his eyes followed them.

On the steps outside the hospital Big Tom blew his nose loudly. "It's a hell of a world," he growled. "But he'll be all right. It's only his looks that—" He came down the steps at Eddie's side with a heavy breath, and did not speak again until they stopped at the Automat on the corner for a sandwich and coffee.

"Tom," Eddie said then. It was difficult to speak, an effort to mention Joe Mahoney. For a moment he did not know how to continue. When Tom grunted and looked up he said it some way, not thinking of the words at all, watching the other man's face.

"If you know," O'Rourke said slowly, after he had finished, "why, then you know."

"It's true?" Big Tom, looking helpless and sullenly angry, nodded after a moment. "Pop never told me," Eddie said quietly. "Why?"

"Because his brother is a bad man, good for nothing but trouble and worry. He never wanted you to know him, or hear of him."

His voice was low, rather savage; he spoke without looking into Eddie's face: "I'll not tell you much about him; I know Ed wouldn't want me to. But he never took care of your mother, or of you. Ed is a kind man, and a good one. I don't think he ever wanted another man dead in his life but your father. He didn't hate him. It was because of you. He—" Stopping there, he shrugged his shoulders.

Eddie nodded slowly. A lot of things became clear to him—little pictures rose up in his memory. He said: "Pop was afraid I'd be like him?"

"God forbid," Big Tom said harshly. "There's this you should know: he killed your mother with neglect and abuse. What food there was for her and for you, Ed bought. Wherever you lived, Ed paid the rent. What clothes you had, Ed provided. And when the trouble came—"

"The trouble," Eddie nodded. "He used that word too. What was it?"

Big Tom looked at him deliberately. "It was a man that died one night, with a bullet in the back of his head. An honest little man who ran a tailor store, and who had a bit of money in the till. When they found him the money was gone, and your father was gone too. There was no proof—the girl that saw it happen was not sure it was your father. But Joe Mahoney did not wait to learn that. Or was he running from himself? Men do, lad, when something's heavy on their minds."

Whiteness touched Eddie's lips. Softly, as if he was making an effort to clarify his own thoughts, he said: "I felt that sometimes—about Pop being afraid. For me. I never understood it. I knew I wasn't like him; sometimes I wondered about it. I did things he'd never have done. I—"

Under his thick brows Big Tom O'Rourke's eyes were steady and piercing. "You're Ed Mahoney's boy," he said. "That's the thing you're to remember. That's the thing you've got to be proud of. You'll not forget that, Eddie, because there's nothing can change it. Nothing in God's world. There was no one else that Ed ever lived for but you. He gave you what he was. He made your heart and soul. And they're the things that count—they're more important than arms and legs. You're not to forget them."

"No," Eddie said. He wasn't thinking of O'Rourke's words at all; they weren't coherent to him till long afterward. There was something else in his mind—the memory of Joe Mahoney's eyes, and his own.

WHEN he got back to the apartment late that afternoon Joe Mahoney was sitting in the parlor, shaved, with one of the old man's clean shirts on, and the whisky decanter empty at his side. While Eddie broiled a steak for supper he sat by the kitchen table and talked, telling him how he'd just got back from the West the week before, and had been trying ever since to find them.

Listening, Eddie said little. There was a curious deadness of emotion inside him, as if Joe Mahoney were something inanimate that he neither despised nor hated; something that was here, before him, and gave him no feeling for or against, as empty of ordinary human reaction as a chair or a table. He talked of all the places he'd been—Cuba, the Southwest, Alaska—and he talked well and vividly, with a crude humor that made them live.

"Perhaps," he said, as they sat down to eat, "'twould be as well for you to say nothing of me to Ed yet. The shock, d'ye see, might do him harm. When he's better, when he's home—that's the time to let him know."

"Yes," Eddie said. "I guess it is."

"Fine places," Joe Mahoney said, sighing, "I've seen, boy. I was born with wandering feet. That was a thing Ed could never understand. Set him in a

Heavy Date
...BUT LOOK AT MY NOSE!
GRACIOUS, HELEN YOUR NOSE IS RED AS A STOPLIGHT! WHAT'S WRONG?
THAT'S WHAT A COLD DOES TO ME.... RAW RED NOSE AND DOZENS OF HANKIES TO WASH.
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I'LL TRY ANYTHING.... WHY I'LL DIE IF I'M NOT AT MY BEST FOR PROM!
PROM NIGHT
.... AND WHAT REALLY GOT ME, HELEN, WAS YOUR CUTE PUG NOSE.
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TRY LEMON and SODA

IT'S RIGHT to keep "regular." *And equally right to use the gentlest laxative you find effective.*

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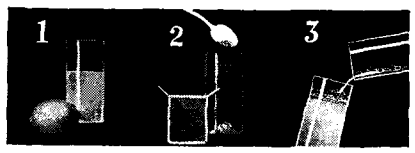
This also helps keep the system normally alkaline and supplies vitamin C, abundant in fresh lemon juice.



Try lemon-and-soda for ten days. See if you do not benefit when you make it *your "regular" rule.*

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Sunkist Lemons

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As Outstanding as Arrow Shirts

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place and he stayed there. . . . But tell me now—he's looked out for you well? He's got you a fine job?"

He nodded over great forkfuls of steak while Eddie told him about the bank. At the end, small eyes gleaming, he pointed the knife out.

"You're your father's son, for all that. It isn't the job you should have, Eddie. You'll have felt that, many a time. You'll have wanted to get out—"

Eddie said shortly: "It's okay."

Stretching enormously, Joe Mahoney leaned away from the table.

"It's rotting while you live, boy, while you're young. Ah!" He yawned and got up, watching Eddie curiously, but he said nothing more. With the evening paper in his hand he went in and sprawled on the couch, while Eddie washed and dried the dishes. At half past seven, as Eddie was leaving, he coughed and sat up.

"I'm low," he said. "I've had the rotten luck lately. There wouldn't be a dollar or two, or maybe five, you could let me have for my pocket?"

The five-dollar bill Eddie handed him he took and flung carelessly on the table.

"It won't be long," he said, "till you see more like that in my hands than you ever dreamed of. I've made fine money in my time; I'll make it again. And I'll not forget you for this."

It was only when Eddie was downstairs, in the street, that he remembered Joe Mahoney had not asked about the old man at all.

THAT night Kathleen went to the hospital with him. They sat in Ed Mahoney's room for five minutes, talking cheerfully to him, and telling him all the things that had happened. He listened with his eyes half closed, not speaking very much. When they were going he raised one hand and waved to them; it fell back on the pillow, limply, before they reached the door.

"I can see he's better," Kathleen said. "Much better. You mustn't be worrying about him any more."

"Yes," Eddie said. "I saw it too." He wanted to believe his words; there was no reason, he thought, why he shouldn't, there was no logic to account for the intolerable oppression that weighed down his heart. But he could not lose that oppression; it stayed with him even after he left Kathleen at her home, and walked on alone. It frightened him. He fought it savagely, and could not lose it. When he got back to the parlor, to Joe Mahoney, he took a long drink out of the fresh bottle of whisky on the table.

And he sat up for a while, talking, finding it a relief to talk, to be forced to think of something else besides the look on the old man's face—the blue-lipped, tired look that would not leave his mind. He had seen that look on other faces before, on faces that did not lose it, and changed it only for another, cold, tranquil, still.

But Joe Mahoney was not touched by that feeling. He laughed at it. What was the sense in worrying? He talked of all the places he'd been, all the things he'd done, all the men he'd known. And then somehow, insensibly, he wasn't talking so much; he was only putting in a question now and again, while Eddie told him what he had to do at the bank.

It wasn't much of a job, but Mr. Stone liked him, and it might lead to something better. He worked in the cage, and sometimes he made up the pay rolls, with Barnes the messenger. He could handle a gun; the old man had taught him that long ago. So occasionally, when it was Markham's and Markham's pay roll, or something big like that, he went out with Barnes and Bill Langford, the guard.

Joe Mahoney said it would be nice to get out of the office, even for a few minutes. It would give him a chance at some fresh air and sunshine. But it didn't happen more than once a week, he supposed. Fridays?

Fridays, Eddie said. Tomorrow. They pulled out about half past ten, and walked over; it was only two blocks. They'd never had any trouble. The streets were crowded and—

He stopped there suddenly, watching Joe Mahoney's face. What did he want to know all that for? And Joe Mahoney laughed, throwing his head back to the ceiling. It was a huge joke. He began to talk of Florida, and the things a man could do there with a few thousand dollars. The beaches, the pretty girls, the moonlight, the fine clothes—

"Living," Joe Mahoney said. "Not rotting, boy. Not rotting. Life is sad and short, and it's a sin to waste it. Do you never wish for the things you've missed? Thirty-five dollars a week—can a man live on that?"

"Some live on less," Eddie said. His voice was unsteady; he couldn't seem to lower his eyes from Joe Mahoney's.

"Ah," the fat man said quietly, "let the slaves and the fools take that. Let them rot that were made to rot! You're not one of them, boy. You've got your father's head, and it's shown you things. They give you a gun, and a few rotten dollars; and you'd risk your life for them, if you hadn't a chance in the world. Why?"

"It's my job," Eddie said. "But nothing ever—"

"It was Ed Mahoney's job too. D'ye think he'd do it the same way again, if he had the chance?" Putting his hands on the table edge, he leaned his body forward between them. "If you got a call in the morning, at half past ten, before you went out with the pay roll—a call about Ed, let us say, that would be from the hospital—they'd send no one in your place. There'd be but two men to go to the store—the guard and the messenger. It could happen you'd get that call, boy. It could happen that afterward you'd get more money—"

"Listen," Eddie said. His eyes were dangerous, and then something changed in them, something changed in himself. He felt it as a flow of weakness—a sudden, thick flood that left him without words. Joe Mahoney, bent forward from his chair, was silent a moment. Then he laughed again, and drew back.

"What's in your mind?" he asked. "Is it taking me seriously you are? Go to bed, boy. You need some rest. You're tired and worked out. A night's sleep will fix you up."

But a long while after, in his room, Eddie was still awake, remembering that the laughter had never touched Joe Mahoney's eyes.

IN THE morning he was gone before Eddie awoke. There was a scrawled note on the table, that said something about a job, and an appointment downtown. But even as he picked it up Eddie knew what it meant.

He called the hospital mechanically. There was nothing new; Mr. Mahoney had spent a comfortable night. Then he made some coffee, in the kitchen, and went downtown in the subway.

At ten o'clock he started to work on the pay roll. The heaviness inside him seemed not to affect that; he ran the figures off quickly and without error, and together with Barnes the messenger he stowed the bills tightly away in the bag. They were nearly through when one of the tellers came in.

"Mr. Stone wants to see you," he said.

Mr. Stone was standing in the office, by his desk. He said quietly: "They just called from the hospital. Collins couldn't find you, and asked for the message. I'm damned sorry, Eddie. Your father was a fine man."

"The hospital?" Eddie said. He thought this would be Joe Mahoney; it was just twenty-five past ten. He could tell Mr. Stone now, and—

"His heart," Mr. Stone said. "There was nothing they could do; he'd been too weakened."

For a moment Eddie had the strangest feeling that it was true, that the old man really— All he did was grin foolishly

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at Mr. Stone, to nod his head at the other man's words. Then he was out in the corridor, and someone yelled, "Mahoney! Phone."

"Eddie?" Joe Mahoney said. "I'm at the hospital. Poor Ed is bad. He wants to see you. Will you come right over?"

"You called already," Eddie said. "You called just now."

"Me?" Joe Mahoney's voice broke a little, nervously. "What are you saying? Five minutes I've waited to get in the damn' booth. Hurry now. Poor Ed—"

His words lost themselves as Eddie put down the phone. If Joe Mahoney hadn't called the first time, the hospital had. His heart—there was something Dr. Lincoln had said about the condition of his heart. It had to hold out; because if it didn't—

Barnes came in with the bag in his hand. "Okay," he said. "Time to get started, Eddie."

THEY met Langford the guard at the cage door, and walked out together through the long stone lobby to the street. It was a bright day of wind and sunshine; the streets were crowded, traffic passed, a boy went by them whistling, the bag made little thumps on Barnes' leg with every step he took.

Bill Langford looked at Eddie curiously as they turned into the entrance of Markham's and Markham's. He said: "What's the matter with you? You look dopey."

Then the elevator doors closed on them, and they moved upward. The floors dropped past them smoothly, numbered, monotonous, stupid, like the years of Mahoney the cop's life. That had been a shaft too; he'd never got out of it. Forty-two, forty-three, forty-four, forty-five, forty-six—that's where his shaft had stopped. That's where it ended. What had he wanted? He'd believed in something that wasn't true, and that he knew wasn't true. Yet he'd held on to it. Why? What was there in it for him? Mahoney the cop, who couldn't talk any more, or listen—who was lying somewhere now, finished and done. A sad life and a short one, a wasted one too. Because—

When the elevator stopped Eddie got out before the others, and saw Joe Mahoney standing at the wall desk ten feet away, facing him. There was a man by the elevators—a short man with a strained white face, who put out one hand and touched the down button as soon as they got off.

Joe Mahoney was pale too; his small eyes narrowed and glittered when he saw Eddie. Casually, not too fast, he walked toward them at a right angle to their way, so that he'd meet them just before they came to the cashier's door. Watching him, for a moment Eddie forgot the other man.

He must have moved up behind them, and smashed his gun against Bill Langford's head. The guard fell forward limply, into Eddie, rolling off him to the floor. And then Joe Mahoney had a gun pressed into Barnes' stomach, he had the bag out of Barnes' hand, in a fraction of time.

Still the only thing Eddie thought of was Mahoney the cop coming around the corner, swinging his club—a big man as solid and steady as a rock, so vivid that for an instant he winked at Eddie, in the habitual gesture that was his smile. There was no reason for Eddie to pull his gun; even as he did, he knew no one would ever blame him or question him or suspect him. Before he had it out the short man fired at him, snarling, and his hat jerked off his head as if a hand had caught it. And then he fired, and the short man's hat stayed on his head; it didn't roll off till he hit the floor, and shuddered a little, and moved one hand in a feebly groping motion across the cold marble.

Joe Mahoney ran. An elevator door had opened at the end of the corridor, and while he ran for it time stretched out; it was so intolerably long that before he was halfway to the door Eddie had his gun raised and leveled. He wouldn't miss; he couldn't. Now—

He didn't fire. Something heavy and moving, striking his legs, knocked him off balance. There was report over report from the floor at his feet, from Bill Langford's prone body twisted catlike now to face the elevators. Joe Mahoney reached the open door and pitched through it, all but his legs. From the knees down they sprawled outside, the soles balanced awkwardly on the narrow-pointed tips of his shoes. They wobbled a bit and then they stopped, tipped over on their sides.

Eddie followed Bill Langford down to them, and looked in over the guard's shoulder. A woman passenger screamed; the operator stayed frozen motionless against the wall of the cage, his eyes held downward. "Boy," Bill Langford said, breathing heavily. "Dead center. Twice. He's stiff as a ball bat, Eddie."

"Yes," Eddie said.

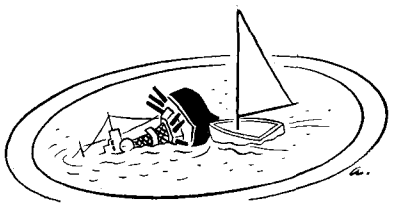
The fact was meaningless. Joe Mahoney, on the floor of the elevator, meant nothing to him, conveyed nothing, left nothing; he was not even a stranger. Everything he had, everything he was, had died with him. It was a death different from Mahoney the cop's, who had left something at the end after all, as fragile as mist perhaps, but as enduring as memory, too. Something that if you did not see it, you would feel forever in the heart.

KATHLEEN was waiting at the hospital, when he got there an hour later. Her father, she said, had called her this morning; and she'd wanted to be there when he came. But Eddie went in alone to the old man, and stayed a long while in the quiet room, his hat in his hands, his mind quiet, too, cold and clean, steady within him.

When he came out at last to Kathleen it was strange to think that he'd almost lost her, that in the end it was the old man who had saved her for him. Palm Beach, girls, money, moonlight—Kathleen's small dark face, the touch of her fingers in his, made those other things words now, fantastic and incredible. They had no place with her, or with himself. Was it Kathleen who had changed them, or the old man? There was no way of telling, but it did not matter greatly. They had changed; that was the important thing, the thing that mattered.

At the desk they met Inspector Bohannon, from Mahoney the cop's old precinct. "Are you—?" he asked, clearing his throat and looking at Eddie. "Are you—?"

"Yes," Eddie said, not as if he were explaining to them, but to himself—as if it was so clear in him now that he could never question it again. "Yes. I'm Ed Mahoney's boy."



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There are right and wrong ways to lose excess fat. The plan outlined in the free Ry-Krisp booklet is the sensible kind of reducing method doctors recommend. No drastic diet, no strenuous exercise.

JUST FOLLOW THESE 3 RULES

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2. Exercise moderately. Take a brisk walk each day or regular amount of any exercise.

3. Enjoy 2 or 3 Ry-Krisp wafers as your bread at each meal. Ry-Krisp, made of pure whole rye, with no sugar or fats added, has only 20 calories per wafer—yet is a source of energy and helpful bulk.

It's important, in following this reducing plan, to insist on genuine Ry-Krisp. It comes in the red-and-white checkerboard box, has the name Ry-Krisp baked in every wafer. Order Ry-Krisp from your grocer today. Ask for it on trains, planes, at hotels. Serve these delicious wafers with fruit juices, salads, soups, spreads. See how your whole family enjoys their satisfying goodness.

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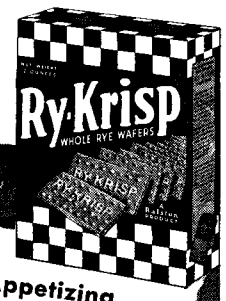

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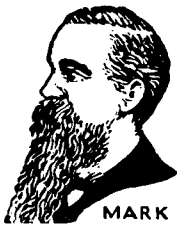

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COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor

CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor

THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director

Do We Need An Antilynch Law?

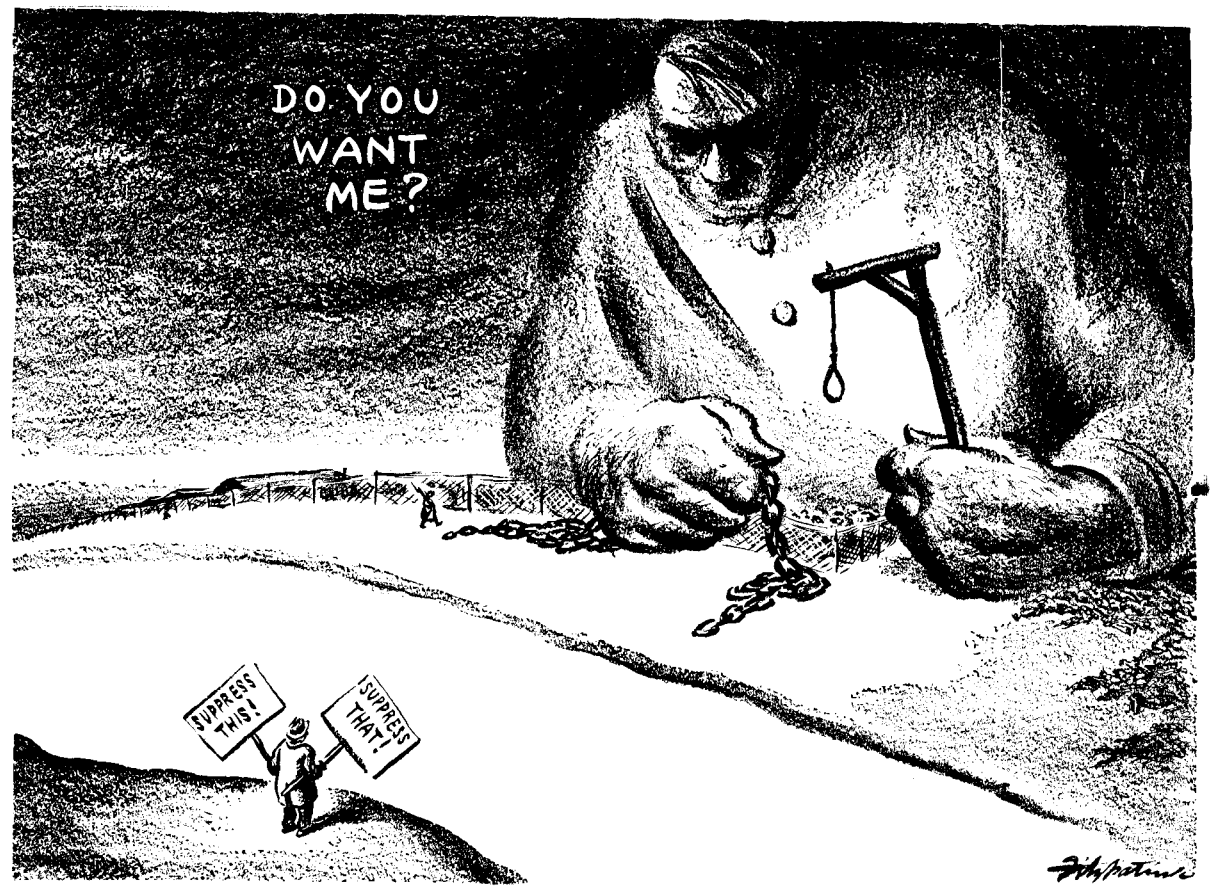
IT COMES out that lynchings in the United States during the year 1939 hit an all-time low—three for the whole nation, with one of the victims a white man.

The news makes us wonder whether we need the antilynch legislation that bobs up in almost every session of Congress, causes various lawmakers to fight the Civil War all over again with their mouths, and comes fairly close to passing but has never passed yet.

Without such a law, lynching has been cut down in this country from a peak of 231 mob murders in 1892 to the three reported last year. The thing has been accomplished by education of public opinion. Press, educators, clergy—all the forces of civic decency—have crusaded against this barbaric custom for sixty years.

Lynching seems to be definitely on the run in this country, though, of course, the total may swing above three this year or next or later.

But until and unless lynchings threaten to go a long way toward that 1892 peak of 231, we'd say it would be wise to keep up the nonpolitical crusading and sidetrack the proposed legislation. A law decreeing some reform should be the last recourse. It's far better to bring about a reform by bringing public opinion around to favoring it—and civic decency, in the matter of lynching as in all others, is better generated voluntarily inside any community than imposed from outside.



Stop the Witch-Hunters

A CHICAGO AFL labor leader named James C. Petrillo has recently tried, unsuccessfully, as it turned out, to use his position as Grand Mufti of the Chicago musicians' union to keep John L. Lewis' name from being mentioned in any play showing in Chicago.

The Cambridge, Mass., city council recently ordained that the name of Nikolay Lenin must be struck out of all books, magazines and newspapers in Cambridge. This ordinance, among other things, would, if enforced, have sent censors snip-snipping with their scissors into the library of Harvard University and wherever else printed matter reposes.

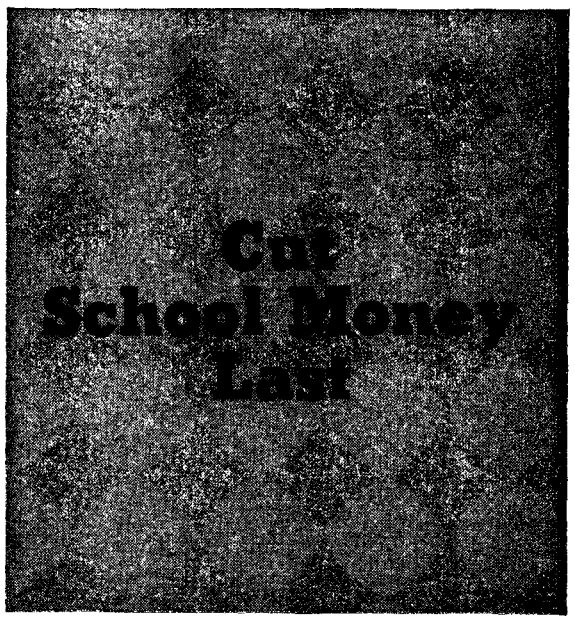
When such things happen, we wonder what kind of nut tree, anyway, is blooming in the United States. For our own sanity let's slash down this kind of idiocy whenever and wherever it rears its head in this country.

Such witch-hunt stuff reminds you of ancient days in England, when you could be hanged, drawn and quartered for "imagining the king's death." It also reminds you of present times in Russia and Germany, where you can be concentration-camped, shot or have your head trimmed off at the neckline for mumbling in your sleep that the government might be a shade better than it is.

We cannot let witch-hunters chisel chips out of the Bill of Rights if the Bill of Rights is to survive. And if the Bill of Rights does not survive, our democratic system will not long outlast it.

The mayor of Cambridge, Mass., pocket-vetoed the Lenin monstrosity like a statesman, a gentleman and an American who knows what Americanism is. Assorted civil liberties groups started after Petrillo and the Lewis gag, and George White, the well-known producer, said no show of his would obey Petrillo's hush-hush order.

More power to all such smackers-down of witch-hunters. As hates and prejudices grow fiercer on the other side, let's keep our heads screwed on.



PRESIDENT AMY H. HINRICHS of the National Education Association views the next few years with alarm, as regards the schools. She says:

There are few public enterprises so economically managed as schools. On the average, throughout the United States, counting in all expenses of instruction and supplies, it costs less than $900 to send a child through one entire twelve years of grade and high school. It is hard to see how the amount could be decreased without reducing the advantages of education. Yet there are organized forces trying to curtail support.

Tax levies are being cut. School funds are being diverted. No sooner had the schools survived from the blows of economic depression than they were hit by demands for revenue from the increasing number of public welfare agencies such as old-age pensions and relief. "Deficit" vacations will be enforced in some of our wealthiest cities in 1940. Schools will close early in thousands of rural communities.

Here is the punch line in Dr. Hinrichs' statement:

Unfortunately, those services of the schools which mean most to the maintenance of democratic government are often eliminated first in the name of democracy.

We don't know that we can add much to that—except to advise interested readers to clip this Collier's editorial for any use that may suggest itself when their local politicians propose to lop off another school service.

After the heavy spending of the thirties, we're more than likely to have to do some heavy economizing in the forties, if our financial setup is to remain solid. But the last institutions on which economy should be practiced are the schools. And by schools we mean all the educational institutions from kindergarten to college, inclusive.

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"Boy, you shoulda seen me breeze by Doc Tompkins, comin' up Elm Street hill!"

PERFORMANCE! You'll Find It in a Ford!

The only place you'll find 8-cylinder performance is in an 8-cylinder engine. That's why the Ford V-8 stands alone in the low-price field!

You can *read* about Ford performance—you can *hear* about it from pleased and proud Ford owners—*or you can feel it for yourself.*

It's most fun, first-hand. See what this big car really has under its hood. Test it in traffic—on the hills—or out where the roads run long and straight. *Notice, also, how little gas you use as you go!*

We hope you'll be hard-boiled about it. We know what this car *can* do, because we built it. We know that the most skeptical prospects come back from their first Ford ride with a grin of genuine pleasure.

Beautiful lines—rich interiors—extra equipment—these things you can see and appreciate on the dealer's showroom floor. But the smooth surge of 8 eager cylinders, the smooth safety of big hydraulic brakes, the smooth comfort of the quiet Ford ride—*all* deserve much closer acquaintance.

In a very few minutes, any 1940 Ford V-8 will show you the vital difference between promise and *performance!* And you'll surely enjoy being shown!

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"I GET

[redacted]

EXTRA FLAVOR

in slower-burning Camels," says Bill Corum,

famed sports writer and columnist

LIGHTNING-FAST in the press-box. Why, Bill Corum's been known to file 3,000 words of sizzling copy during a single big sports event. But no speed for him in his smoking—slower-burning Camels are Bill Corum's cigarette.

And here's Bill at work in the quiet of his office. Bill . . . typewriter . . . books . . . pictures . . . and *Camels*—*slow*-burning Camels. "I find them milder and cooler—and thriftier," he says. And, being a Camel fan of many years' standing, he ought to know.

BILL CORUM'S sports news isn't just printed . . . it's *sprinted* . . . at lightning speed from press-box to press and the Five-Star Final. But when the candid camera catches Bill in his office with a cigarette—well, "No speed for me in my smoking," he says.

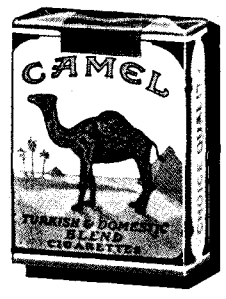
His own common sense and smoking experience tell him what scientists have found out in their research laboratories—that "slow-burning cigarettes are extra mild, extra cool, fragrant, and flavorful."

Cigarettes that burn fast just naturally burn hot. And nothing so surely wrecks the delicate elements of flavor and fragrance in a cigarette as excess heat. No wonder you get a hot, flat, unsatisfactory smoke.

The delightful mildness, coolness, fragrance, and flavor of Camels are explained by this important finding—Camels proved to be the *slowest*-burning cigarette of the sixteen largest-selling brands tested! *(The panel at the right explains the test.)*

So take a tip from Bill Corum—and find out for yourself how Camels give you more pleasure per puff. And . . . more puffs per pack . . . a *plus* equal, on the average, to five extra smokes!

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to



5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

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MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF . . . MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

Camels — *the cigarette of Costlier Tobaccos*

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